

THRILLER

# TALES:

FROM THE

# CRYPT



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! BACK AGAIN, EAT BACK FOR MORE CHILLS AND SHIVERS? WELL, COME IN! WELCOME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR AND I'LL GIVE YOU OUT YOUR SHARE! YEP! IT'S ME, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, YOUR MOST FRIGHTENING HORROR! JUST SIT YOURSELF DOWN ON THAT FOWL-SMELLING, EARTHENWARE URM OVER THERE, AND I'LL ENTERTAIN YOU WHATEVER IN THE GORY ON THAT'S WHAT'S LEFT OF WHITNEY WHITTAKER? WHO'S HE? WELL, YOU JUST SETTLE DOWN AND I'LL LET YOU HEAR WHITNEY'S STORY IN HIS VERY OWN HORROR! READY? WHITNEY CALLS THIS GABBERING CREATION...

## GAS-TLY PROSPECTS!



JEFF WHITTAKER'S MY HANDLE! THOUGH SOME OF THE BOYS FROM THE WAGON TRAIN I'D JOINED UP WITH TO COME WEST TO CALIFORNIA HAD NICKNAMED ME 'WHITNEY' / THAT'S 'CAUSE I WAS SO CHICKEN, AND MY NAME'D TURNED GRAY-WHITE LONG YEARS BEFORE! BUT I'D BEEN A PROSPECTIN' FOOL ALL WIFE, AN WHEN THEY FOUND THE RICHER STUFF OVER AT SUTTER'S SAW MILL IN 1848, I PACKED MY ODDS AN HEADED WEST WITH THE REST OF THE FORTY-NINERS...

WAL, WHITNEY! WE'LL BE IN CALIFORNIA BY THIS TIME. NEXT WEEK! WHAT'S YOUR PLANS?

ME? I'M HEADED RIGHT FOR THEM GOLD FIELDS! GONNA STAKE ME OUT A CLAIM AN FARE ME A FORTUNE!



YEP! THERE WERE MY PLANS! I HAD LOTS O' HIGH HOPES IN THEM DAYS! SOON AS WE HIT SACRAMENTO, I LET OUT UP THE VALLEY—KEEP GOING, STRANGER! TRY THIS LAND'S ALL STAGED OUT!



WOULDN'T TAKE ME LONG FIND OUT THAT MOST O' THE GOLD'D BEEN PLAYED OUT BY THE TIME THAT I GOT THERE! YELLER-HUNNERY CHITTERS'D TAKEN SLIPPED SHIPS 'ROUND THE CAPE O' GOOD HOPE AN' BEATEN US OVER-LANDERS TO THE FIELDS...



FINALLY! I DECIDED TO TRY UP IN THE HILLS! I'D HEARD TALK ABOUT HIGH YIELDS NEW' FOUND! I BOUND ME A-BEFOREHAND SO'S I COULD HUNT BY OWN WITTLES, A PICH-AGE AN' A SHAKEL T' DO WITH, AN' SOME CANNED BEANS! SPENT EVERY LAST DIME I OWNED...



LE'ME TELL YOU, THAT'S BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, THEM CALIFORNIA HILLS! TOMORROW MORN' PINES WHISPERIN' OVERHEAD! BUSHIN' STREAMS CASCADIN' OVER ROCKS! QUIET LAKES LAYIN' LIKE LOOKIN'-GLASSES! I PYOTED ME A TENT NEXT TO ONE O' THEM QUIET LAKES AND MADE ME A CAMP...



IT WERE GOLD ALL RIGHT! AND LORDY, WHAT A HIGH DEPOSIT! THAT THERE STREAM MUSTA BEEN HOLLIN' THEM NUGGETS DOWN FROM THE HILLS SINCE TIME BEGUN... AN' THEY WERE ALL LAYIN' RIGHT THERE FOR ME...



I TRIED A FEW SPOTS WITHOUT MUCH SUCCESS! THEN I FOUND ME A STREAM FEEDIN' INTO THE LAKE! SHE WAS A FAST-RUNNIN' STREAM—A-COMIN' DOWN FROM THEM HILLS AND A-BUBBLIN' OUT INTO THE QUIET LAKE... STREAM! IT ALL UP 'ROUND THE SPOT.



SO I STARTED PANNIN'! I FIGURED ON CLEANIN' OUT THE MOUTH O' THE STREAM WHERE SHE EMPTIED INTO THE LAKE... THEN WORKIN' MY WAY UP-STREAM TILL I'D PLAYED THE STRIKE OUT...



THEN, 'BOUT A MONTH AFTER I'D STARTED WORKIN' BY CLAIN, IT HAPPENED. THIS BIG BURLY-LOOKIN' CRITTER SHOWS UP? I'D PAID HIM ME 'BOUT FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH O' GOLD BY THAT TIME AN' WAS FEELIN' PRETTY GOOD. THAT WAS WHERE I MADE MY BIG MISTAKE? I GUESS HE'D BEEN SPIN' ON ME...AN' I LET HIM GET TOO CLOSE.



HE WHIPS OUT HIS GOLT 'N' ASS PANS IT THREE BEFORE I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS...



THE TWO RED-HOT LEAD SLUGS CAUCH ME IN THE BUTT AN' I REEL OVER! THE PAIN IS SOMETHIN' AWFUL, AN' I'M BEIN' MAD! WHEN HE COMES OVER TO SEE IF I'M DONE FOR, I KICK OUT AT HIM? HIS GOLT GOES FLYIN'.



THE GOLT LANDS OFF IN THE BRUSH AND THE BURLY GUY DIVES AFTER IT? I SEES MY CHANCE AND, GETTIN' T'WY FEET, HOO-TAILS IT FOR CAMP.



I KEEP GOIN', EVEN THOUGH THE PAIN IS BLUIN' MEY BACK O' ME, I HEAR HIM SHOUT WHEN HE SPIES ME 'G'.



A BLUE WHISTLER PAST MY EAR AS I TUMBLE INTO CAMP? I GRAB MY SHOTSUM AND THE BOX O' SHELLS, OVER BEHIND A ROCK, AN' LET GO WITH BOTH BARRELS.



THE BURLY CRITTER MUSTA CAUGHT THE BURLIEST SLUGS ON THE SHOTSUM BARREL, 'CAUSE HE'S BEHIND A TREE WHEN THE BUCKSHOT PEPPERS 'ROUND HIM.





SO WE SIT THERE HIM BEHIND THE BIG OL' PINE, AND ME CRO. ON INS BEHIND THAT ROCK, BLEEDIN' LIKE A LEAKY WATER BAG.

ONE OF US HAS NOT TO FALL ASLEEP, AN' I AINT TIRED!

OH, LONGER IF WE DON'T GET ME, I'LL BLEED TO DEATH!



I STUFF THE SHOTGUN SHELLS FROM THE BOX INTO MY POCKETS AND SIT BACK TO WAIT! I KNOW I'M GONNA TO DIE, BUT I AINT GONNA LET HIM LIVE EITHER...

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE JACK CLAM, YUN SHAME! I'LL GET YUN FIRST! I SWEAR IT!

I'M WAITIN', OL' TIMER!



I GUESS I MUSTA PASSED OUT FROM THE PAIN, 'CAUSE THE NEXT THING I KNOW, MY EYES POP OPEN AND HE'S STANDIN' OVER ME WITH A KNIFE.

THAT'LL TEACH YUN NOT TO FALL ASLEEP!



I'M GRIMIN' AT HIM, AND HE'S STARRIN' BACK AT ME! THE KNIFE IS DRAININ' BLOOD! I TRY TO GRAB FOR MY GUN, BUT I CANT MOVE A MUSCLE! FUNNY, BUT I DONT FEEL ANY PAIN, EITHER! SO I KNOWS THAT I'M DEAD...



STOP GRIMIN' AT ME, YUN OLD COOT!

BUT I JUST KEEP GRIMIN'! HE SPITS AT ME, AN BOGS AN GETS MY POK-ASS AN' SHOVES.



I'M GONNA JURY YUN, YUN OLD BEETTER! THEN I'M GONNA FINISH WORTHIN' YER CLAIM! ONLY NOW, IT'S MY CLAIM!

SO HE STARTS GRININ'! THE GROUND IS HARD AND HE CURSES A LOT! I JUST KEEP GRIMIN' AT HIM! HE'S GETTIN' MADDEN AND MADDEN.



AH, TO DECK WITH IT! SHE IS GOOD ENOUGH!

HE GRABS ME AND DRAGS ME OVER TO THE SHALLOW GRAVE HE'S DUG OUT OF THE ROCKY LOAM! HE KINGS ME IN.



THERE! REST IN PEACE, YUN OLD PRANK-BOO!

SO I ROLL INTO THE GRAVE AND LAND FACE UP  
STAYIN' AT HIM AND GRINNIN' AT HIM! AND HE'S RED  
AS A BEET, HE'S SO MAD! HE TELLS AT ME AND  
PLUNGES A SHOVEL-FULL OF DIRT INTO MY FACE...

STOP STAYIN' AT ME! STOP  
GRINNIN' AT ME! SHUT  
YOUR EYES WHEN YEN  
DEAD! CLOSE YER  
MOUTH!



FORTY SOON I'M ALL COVERED, AN' LAYIN' NICE AN'  
COZY IN MY GRAVE! I HEAR HIS HOR-RALED BOOTS  
CRUNCHIN' AROUND OVER ME AS HE STAMPS THE  
GROUND DOWN HARD. SO'S IT MOST LOSE FRESH  
BUR-...

HEH, HEH! YOU WERE WRONG,  
OH, OLD TIMERS! I GOT YOU  
FIRST, AFTER ALL!



I FIGURE I LAY THERE A WEEK OR  
SO IN THE SAGDUN! THE CRAWLIN'  
THINGS START WORKIN' ON ME! I  
I DON'T FEEL 'EM, BUT I KNOW  
THEY'RE THERE 'CAUSE I CAN HEAR  
'EM SCRATCHIN' AROUND ME! THEN,  
AFTER A LONG TIME, I HEAR  
SOMETHIN' UP ABOVE, CLAWIN'  
AT THE GROUND...



IT'S A WILD CAT GRABIN' ME UP!  
IT CLEARS THE SOO OFF'S MY  
FACE AND SHOULDER, BRASS  
MY COLLAR BETWEEN ITS PANGS,  
AND PULLS ME UP TO A SITTHIN'  
POSITION...



THEN, AFORE IT KIN START WIPIN'  
ME TO SHREDS, ANOTHER WILD CAT  
SHOWS UP...



RIGHT AWAY THEY START SPITTIN' AND HOWLIN' AT  
EACH OTHER! I SIT THERE, GRINNIN' AT THEM



THEY BAIL INTO ONE ANOTHER, BUT SOON THE ONE  
THEY DUG ME UP GOES OFF A-SCREECHIN' AND  
A-BURNIN' HIS WOUNDS! THEN THE LATECOMER WHU'  
WON COMES OVER, SHIFFS AT ME, AND LOSES OFF  
HIMSELF! I GUESS I'M TOO FAR SURE TO MAKE  
GOOD EATIN' ANYMORE...



SO I SIT THERE STARK AT MY  
TENT, LISTENIN' TO THE BURLY  
GUY'S SNORIN'. HE SLEEPS RIGHT  
THROUGH THE MELT.



IN THE MORNING, HE COMES OUT  
OF THE TENT. FOR A MINUTE I  
THINK HIS EYES IS SOAKIN' FLY  
RIGHT OUTTA HIS HAIR.



HE COMES OVER TO ME, LOOKIN' A  
LITTLE GREEN AROUND THE EYES.  
HIS MOUTH IS DRIBBLIN' A LITTLE  
SPITTLE, LIKE HE'S BEEN SUCKIN'  
ON A BAR O' SOAP.



BUT I JUST SIT THERE GARRIN' AT HIM? I CAN  
TELL HE'S GETTIN' SOME 'CAUSE HIS EYES IS RED-  
DENIN' UP. HE HAULS OFF AND KICKS ME IN THE  
FACE, AND I FLOPS BACKWARDS INTO MY SHALLOW  
GRAVE.



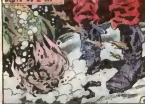
HE SCRAMBLES OFF TOWARD THE TENT AN' COMES  
BACK WITH THE PICK-AXE AN' SHOVEL. HE GRABS  
HOLD OF ME AND GRABS ME DOWN T' THE LAKE.



HE TIES THE SHOVEL AN' THE PICK-AXE T' MY  
FEET WITH SOME ROPE.



THEN HE HAULS ME INTO THE LAKE. HE PULLS ME  
OUT AS DEEP AS HE CAN SO AN' LETS ME SETTLE  
TO THE BOTTOM. I SHIP AT HIS HOB-NAILED  
BOOTS AS I HIT.



THE WATER STARTS FILLIN' INTO MY GUTS. AN  
 'BURGLIN' INTO MY LUNGS! SOME NOBBY FISH DOOME  
 'ROUND...PEERIN' AT ME! ONE OF 'EM TAKES A BIP  
 AT MY HAND! I SWAY BACK AND FORTH LAZILY...



WHERE THE RUSSIN STREAM EMPTIED INTO THE LAKE.  
 A SADDY CURRENT SWIRLS! I'M LAYIN' RIGHT SNACK IN  
 THE MIDDLE OF IT! PRETTY SOON, I'M TURNIN' AND  
 TWISTIN', AND THE ROPES IS RUSSIN' ON THE SHARP  
 CORNERS OF THE SHOCKS...



IT TAKES ABOUT A WEEK FOR THE ROPES TO SAW  
 THROUGH! MEANWHILE THE FISH HAVE BEEN PECKIN'  
 AWAY... AND BY THE TIME I'M OUT FREE, I'M IN PRETTY  
 BAD SHAPE! I'M ALL WATER-LOGGED AND EULATED.  
 AND THE SADDIES THAT HAVE FORMED IN MY INSIDES  
 FORCE ME TO THE SURFACE...



I GUESS THOSE CRAZY CURRENTS MUSTA DRAGGED  
 ME 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, 'CAUSE I POP UP RIGHT AT  
 THE MOUTH OF THE STREAM WHERE SUAST-BOY IS  
 PANNIN'! HE NEARLY FALLS IN THE WATER WHEN  
 HE SPOTS ME...



HE STARTS YELLIN' AND SCREAMIN'  
 AT ME, BUT I JUST STARE AT HIM  
 HIM AND BRIN REAL BILLY-LIKE!  
 ONLY I DON'T LOOK TOO JAWBROODIN'  
 ANYMORE! FACT IS I CAN'LL PRETTY  
 BAD POP! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT  
 HE COMPLAINS OF AS HE GRABS ME  
 ANOTHER...



HE LUNGES ME OVER TO THE CLEAN  
 INS AND LAYS ME IN THE MIDDLE!  
 THEN HE STARTS SWAGGIN' OVER  
 LOSS HE'S BEEN COLLECTIN'...



I GUESS HE WAS GETTIN' READY TO  
 BUILD HIMSELF A CABIN WITH THEM  
 LOSS AND STAY OVER THE WINTER!  
 ANYWAY HE DECIDES TO SACRIFICE  
 'EM ALL FOR ME! HE TOSSES ME  
 ON THE FIRE...



I'M LAYIN' THERE ON THE FLE OF LOSS IN THE MIDDLE O' THE CLEARIN'! ALL AROUND THE BRUSH IS DRY, 'CAUSE IT'S BEEN A DRY SUMMER! RIGHT AWAY, THE FLAMES ARE LEAPIN' TOWARD ME...



THERE'S A TERRIFIC BOOM... AND I BLOW OFF! THE SHOT-GUN SHELLS I'D PACKED INTO MY POCKETS GO OFF LIKE A DYNAMITE CHARGE! I RIP INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, AND THE EXPANDING GASES AND COMPRESSED STEAM INSIDE ME SENDS THE FLAMIN' WINGS FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR...



WAMP! A FIRE I START' IN A COUPLE O' MINUTES, THE WHOLE CLEARIN' IS SURROUNDED BY A CIRCLE OF FLAME. A WHITE HOT WALL ROVIN' HIGH THE BURLY CRITTER! HE DON'T STAND A CHANCE O' GETTIN' THROUGH IT! TANT LONG 'TIL HE STARTS SHRIVELIN' UP PAW...



THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC! OF COURSE, I DON'T FEEL NOthin', BUT I CAN HEAR MY WATER-LOGGED BODY A-WHISH' AND A-PONCH! I GUESS I BLACKENED UP A BIT, AND THE WATER IN MY ROTTED CLOTHES OBIES OUT! SOON THEY START TO BURN! I AM SURE SOMETHIN' STRANGE GOIN' ON INSIDE ME... LIKE I'M EXPLODIN' FROM THE STEAM AND GASES! THE...



SOME OF 'EM LANDS ON THE BURLY GUY, AND HE'S SO BUSY FEELIN' ME OFF N HIM AND PATTIN OUT HIS BURNIN' CLOTHES THAT HE DON'T NOTICE I'VE ALSO LANDED ALL AROUND THE EDGE OF THE CLEARIN'... IN THE DRY BRUSH... IN THE T-MOOR-LIKE PINES... EVERYWHERE.



HEH, HEH! YOU PLUMB MAKE, WHITEY! AND IT SHOW WAR A... AHEH... IT BURE WAS A DOOTY OF A TALE, EH, KID-DIE? YOU KNOW, WHEN I FIRST TOLD THIS YARN TO MY IDLE EDITORS, THEY CONFESSED THAT THEY NEVER KNEW A CORPSE COULD WRITE HIS OWN STORY! I STRAIGHTENED THEM OUT, THOUGH! WHITEY COULDN'T WRITE HIS OWN

NAME I'VE OUTPATED THE WHOLE THING TO ME! HEH, HEH! A REAL GHOST WRITER, EH? WELL, NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE KNUT-KEEPER! I'LL SEE YOU LATER ON!



...BUT AFTER A WHILE IT'S QUIET... 'CEPT FOR THE CRAGGLIN' OF THE FIRE AS IT SWEEPS ON THROUGH THE DRY WOODED HILLS! I GUESS I CAN REST EASY NOW! I PLUMB FINISHED MY WORK!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

GREETINGS, BORY BRAVE-SHOULD IT'S ME, THE VAULT-KEEPER, AGAIN TIME TO QUEST-SPOT THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAG CHIEF MORE! SO BRAG YOUR BATTERED BOODIES INTO THE VAULT AND STRETCH THEM OUT ON THAT CASE OF ICE OVER THERE! IT'LL KEEP YOU COOL...WHICH IS THE PROPER MOOD FOR THIS CHILLING TALE OF ICE, SNOW, AND HOT LOVE I CALL...

## A Hollywood Ending!



HUGH HOWARDS, FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD MOVIE PRODUCER AND CELEBRATED SPORTSMAN AND WORLD TRAVELER, GUIDED HIS PRIVATE TRANSPORT PLANE LOW OVER THE GLARING ICE-FIELDS OF THE FROZEN NORTH.

"THERE'S AN AWKING  
SETTLEMENT...DOWN  
FARRE, MR. HOWARDS!"

ALL RIGHT, EVANS? TELL  
THE PUBLICITY BOYS TO  
FASTEN THEIR SAFETY  
BELTS! WE'RE GOING IN!



DOWN BELOW THE BLEAKING AIRPLANE! FUR-CLAD FIGURES  
PANTED FROM THEIR HIGHS, WAVING AND CHATTERING...



THEY SEE  
US!

THERE'S A LEVEL SPOT...  
CAST OF THE SETTLEMENT!  
I'M GOING TO BRING 'EM  
DOWN ON IT!

SOON THE SKY-BIANT'S SKI-RUNNERS  
TOUCHED THE SURFACE OF THE CHOSEN  
ICEY EXPANSE AND CAME TO A STOP! THE  
DRUMS BEATING POPULATION ERUPTED  
ABOUT THE PLANE...



WELL! C'MON YOU BUYS!  
LET'S GET SOME FUR  
POWER AND GET OUT  
OF HERE!

YEE.  
MR.  
HOWARDS!

OHAY,  
MR.

MR. HOWARDS STEPPED FROM  
THE PLANE AND ADDRESSED THE  
GATHERED ARCTIC INHABITANTS...



ANYBODY  
HERE SPEAK  
ENGLISH?

I I  
SPEAK  
ENGLISH!

MR. HOWARDS TURNED TO THE  
FUR-CLAD FIGURE THAT STEPPED  
FORWARD THROUGH THE CROWD!  
IT WAS A GIRL...



GOOD! MY NAME  
IS HOWARDS! HUSH  
HOWARDS! I'M A  
HOLLYWOOD PROD-  
UCTION! YOU'RE  
NOT AN Eskimo!

NO, MR.  
HOWARDS!  
I AM AN  
AMERICAN!

THE GIRL SMILED AT HUSH! HER  
EYES SPARKLED! SHE WAS  
BEAUTIFUL!



WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
IN THE SOO-  
FORGOTTEN  
PLACES?

I LIVE HERE  
WITH THESE  
PEOPLE! THAT  
WOODEN BUILDING  
IS MY HOME! MY  
GUARDIAN BROUGHT  
ME HERE SIX  
YEARS AGO!

HUGH STUDIED THE ATTRACTIVE GIRL STANDING  
BEFORE HIM! HE'D NEVER SEEN A MORE PHOTO-  
GENIC FACE...



YOU SAY YOU LIVE  
THERE IN THAT SHACK?  
IS IT HEATED?

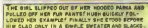
WHY, YEE! THERE'S AN  
OIL STOVE IN IT! WHAT  
WAKES YOU ASK?

HUGH TOOK THE GIRL'S HITTENED HAND AND  
STARTED TOWARD THE SNOW-LADEN FRAME  
BUILDING...



C'MON! I WANT TO  
TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR  
FRAME!

MY FRAME? WELL,  
REALLY NOW, MR.  
HOWARDS...?





TWO DAYS LATER, THE SHINING PRIVATE AIR-TRANSPORT STILL SAT ON THE OPEN ICE-FIELD OUTSIDE THE SETTLEMENT. HUGH HOWARDS HAD STAYED WAITING FOR DOCTOR WHEEDS TO RETURN BY DOG-SLED FROM THE DISTANT TRADING-POST.

LOOK HERE, EVANS? WHEN IN GLAZES ARE WE LEAVING THIS FROG-HOLE? IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS! I GOT A WIFE AND KIDS!

SORRY, BOYS! MR. HOWARDS HAS BUSINESS HERE!

YEAH! BUSINESS WITH THAT GANDY'S SEEN 'EM TOGETHER!



HUGH CAUGHT TERRY IN HIS ARM!



OH, HUGH! WHEN?



AND ARE YOU SURE, TERRY?

NEVER! I FORBID IT! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING, TERRY! YOU'RE STAYING HERE WITH ME!

BUT DOCTOR! I LOVE TERRY! I CAN GIVE HIM SO MUCH

HUGH WANTS TO MAKE A MOVIE-STAR OUT OF ME! HE'S A PRODUCER!

THE FLU-GLAD DOCTOR STAMPEDED INTO THE BOOM..

GET OUT! LEAVE HER ALONE! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

WELL, DADDY! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HUGH WANTS TO MARRY ME AND TAKE ME TO HOLLYWOOD!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!



INDEED THEY HAD BEEN TOGETHER... ALMOST EVERY CHANCE THEY COULD! THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT TERRY. SOMETHING HUGH NEVER FELT ABOUT A GIRL BEFORE...

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, TERRY! I NEED YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK TO THE STATES WITH ME! I WANT TO MARRY YOU!

OH, HUGH! DO YOU MEAN IT? I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE! NOW CAN I BE SURE?

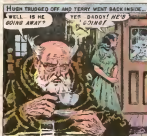


SUDDENLY A BLAST OF ICE WIND SWIFT THROUGH THE BOOM AS THE DOOR WAS PLUNG OPEN...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER!

HUH? I GASP... DADDY!





HEH, HEH! SO HUGH-SPIRITED  
TERRY OUT OF THE COLD-  
COUNTRY TO THE LAND OF  
PALM TREES AND RIVER LIGHTS...  
HOLLYWOOD! THEY WERE  
MARRIED AS SOON AS THEY  
ARRIVED, AND THE FILM  
COLONY WENT WILD OVER  
THE PRODUCER'S NEW BRIDE  
AND FUTURE STAR! SCREEN  
TESTS WERE MADE, A  
SCRIPT WAS CHOSEN, AND  
SHOOTING BEGAN.



ALL WENT WELL FOR A FEW  
WEEKS! THEN, THE MAKE-UP  
MAN CAME TO SEE HUGH...

I GET... I GET EES  
ABOUT YOUR *NOSE*.  
WHEW! HOWARD!  
SHE EES A COMELY  
WOMAN... BUT HER  
SKIN LATELY...  
WELL...



SPEAK UP,  
MARKEL!  
WHAT IS  
IT?

I HAD TROUBLE  
LATELY, HUGH!  
SHE IS *HARRASD*!  
HER SKIN EES *OFF*  
*CRACKING*! I  
CANNOT DO ANY-  
THING WITH  
EET!

I... I  
HADN'T  
NOTICED!  
I'LL SPEAK  
TO HER!



THAT NIGHT, HUGH TOLD TERRY ABOUT THE MAKE-  
UP MAN'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT IS IT, DEAR?  
AREN'T YOU BETTING  
ENOUGH *HEST*?  
AM I *WORKING*  
YOU TOO HARD?

I DON'T KNOW, HUGH!  
I HAVEN'T BEEN *FEEL-*  
*ING* WELL! I *AM*  
*ILL*!



THE NEXT DAY, TERRY DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE  
STUDIO! HUGH RETURNED TO THEIR PALATIAL  
RESIDENT WIFE HOME TO PATCH HER...

TERRY! WHAT'S *WROG*?  
WHY ARE YOU WEARING  
THOSE *SLONES*... AND  
THAT *REN*?

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG, HUGH! SOME-  
THING'S *TERIBLY*  
WRONG! BUT I *WILL*  
GET OVER IT!



HOWEVER, TERRY *DIDN'T* GET OVER IT! IN FACT,  
STRANGER THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN...

LORD, HONEY! WHY  
SO MUCH *PERFUME*?  
YOU *REEK* FROM IT!

OH, HUGH! *MOON*!  
I *NEVER* SHOULD  
HAVE COME TO  
HOLLYWOOD!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, TERRY LOCKED  
HERSELF IN HER ROOM, REFUSING TO COME OUT!  
SHE SHOWED HER FOOD SENT UP AND LEFT OUT-  
SIDE HER DOOR.

TERRY! YOU'VE GOT  
TO LET ME IN! TERRY!  
PLEASE! I'LL GET  
A DOCTOR!

IT'S *TOO LATE*.  
HONEY! SO *AWAY*!  
LEAVE... ME...  
*ALONE*!



AND THEN DOCTOR WHEEDS ARRIVED! HE'D TRAVELED BY DOG- sled, MAIL-PACKET, TRAIN, AND PLANE TO GET TO THE HOWARDS HOME...

DOCTOR WHEEDS: WHERE IS SHE, HOWARDS? I'VE GOT TO TAKE HER BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! YOU MOTHER SHOULD HAVE TAKEN HER HOME!



SHE'S UP IN HER ROOM, DOCTOR! SHE REFUSED TO SEE ANYONE! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER! FIRST MY MAKE-UP MAN COMPLAINED ABOUT HER JAZZ, THEN SHE STARTED WEARING GLOVES AND A FEEL! NOW, SHE'S DECIDED HERSELF! HER VOICE SOUNDED SO STRANGE! TODAY, SHE EVEN REFUSED TO ANSWER ME WHEN I CALLED!



THEN IT... IT IS TOO LATE! TAKE ME TO HER!



WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR? TELL ME! HER FATHER, PROFESSOR ARLEN, AND MYSELF WERE COLLABORATING ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT WHEN THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED! WITH HIS DYING BREATH ARLEN BEHEADED ME TO TRY OUR NEW PROCESS ON TERRY!



THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED ON THE HIGHWAY JUST OUTSIDE MY LABORATORY! WE WORKED WITH MONKEYS, BUT FOUND THAT EVEN THOUGH WE REVIVED THEM AFTER THEY'D BEEN A FEW MINUTES DEAD, THEY CONTINUED TO DEGRAD! GOLD WAS THE ONLY ANSWER! GOLD... TO PRESERVE THEM!

YOU REVIVED THEN AFTER DEATH?



YES, MR. HOWARDS! TERRY ARLEN WAS DEAD! I REVIVED HER! THAT WAS THE EXPERIMENT PROFESSOR ARLEN AND I HAD BEEN WORKING ON! I RUSHED HER TO THAT ANESTHETIC TO KEEP HER FROM DETERIORATING! I HAD TO TEACH HER EVERYTHING ALL OVER AGAIN! THE REVIVING ACTION REVERTS THE PATIENT TO INFANTHOOD! TERRY HAS ACTUALLY BEEN DEAD FOR OVER SIX YEARS!

GOOD LORD! HERE, DOCTOR! THIS IS HER ROOM!



HOWARDS AND WHEEDS FORCED OPEN TERRY'S DOOR! AS IT SWUNG AHAIR, THE PETID RAMBIC ODOR OF DEATH BURSTED THEIR NOSTRILS! TERRY LAY UPON HER BED IN A FLIMSY PINK GOWN! HER FLESH WAS ROTTEN UPON HER BONES! HER FACE WAS A GRAY, SKULL-LIKE DEATH-MADE... ITS BARRED TEETH SET IN AN IDIOTIC GRIN! A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEPED OVER HOWARD AS HE STARED AT THE SHAPELESS PUTRID REMAINS OF HIS ONCE LOVELY WIFE...


COME, MY BOY! WE CAN'T HELP HER NOW! CHASE!



HER, HER! SO THAT'S WHY TERRY DOWNED HERSELF WITH PERFUME! AFTER ALL... HOW MUCH CAN A BODY STAND, EVEN A DEAD BODY! POOR HUSBAND! WELL, A DEAD WIFE IS BETTER THAN NO WIFE AT ALL... STONE COLD, THAT IS! MAYBE, IF TERRY'S STATED UP NORTH, SHE'D HAVE LASTED INDEFINITELY, INSTEAD OF GETTING ON THE MOOF! I'LL GET THOSE HOT BLIES! LIGHTS DIDN'T HELP THE SITUATION, EITHER! OH, WELL! SHE'D PROBABLY HAVE BEEN A ROTTEN ACTRESS ANYWAY! NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE DRY-KEEPER 'UTE! SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG... THE RABBIT OF HONOR!



THE END!



## ACID TEST!

"If you think I'm going to divorce you, Homer Wormwood, you're insane! I know how much you've come to hate me . . . and the feeling is mutual . . . but you're not getting away from me so easily! I've given up the best years of my life to you and you'll continue to support me as long as I live!"

Homer watched his wife disappear into the kitchen, and a weary smile flared across his face. *Here it goes out n' way, Edna, be thoughr . . . as long as you live, eh? It may be a good deal less time than you think!*

His fingers shook as he took from his pocket a small bottle marked: CAUTION: SULPHURIC ACID! He glanced furtively toward the kitchen door, then removed the bottle cap and poured the contents of the vial into the drink he had been preparing for Edna. *This was the easiest way out!* But Edna to the acid test, in a manner of speaking . . . and watch the agony of her fatal failure!

His wife's voice was grating on his ears again, continuing the argument he had purposely begun the moment he had returned from work that night. He wouldn't have so submit much longer to that despicable voice, Homer mused. *Sulphuric was great at bring'ing peace to people!*

It was year six of Homer Wormwood's marital hell, and just the night before he had determined to make this the last year . . . the last month, week and day! He had quietly cried so quiet a tear by divorce, but it had resulted only in Edna redoubling her vituperative squalling about his inefficiency as a help-mate, provider and companion. Divorce was totally out of the question, she had screamed at him so often that it had become only a vague rumble in his ears. They were stuck with each

other . . . forever! And Homer had gradually come to realize that Edna liked the state of things . . . thrived on his being trapped for life . . . exulted over her ability to make him cringe and quail before her razor-sharp tongue. And realization that Edna derived enjoyment from these furious ruses, had inspired Homer's plan for freedom. He had begun the fight tonight with the idea of getting her wound up in another of her turbulent tantrums . . . was praying that she would become blind with pent-up rage! So blind that she would gulp down her drink without a moment's hesitation!

"Haven't you got anything to say in your own defense, you miserable fool?" Edna had roared the room and was standing opposite him, her face flushed with the heat of her own words.

*Not another word, Homer cautioned himself. My silence always infuriates her. A couple more minutes of ranting with no answer from me, and she'll grab that drink with unreasoning fury and gulp it down!*

Words continued to pour out of Edna like a raging torrent, and Homer stood his ground and looked sheepishly at the carpet. Suddenly, as though exhausted by her own violent clamoring, Edna stopped and picked up the cocktail glass Homer had filled for her. She held it poised in front of her lips.

*She's going to drink it now!* he thought. *If I keep up this defeated act just a moment longer . . .*

"Pahhh!" Edna started at that moment. "If there's anything I detest, it's a man who acts like a whipped dog! Maybe this will stir you up!" And with that, Edna hurled her drink in Homer's bewildered face.

A blanket of pain seared into his brain. His eyes became orbs of screaming hot agony . . . the stretch of his own tortured flesh choked his nostrils. And the last thing Homer Wormwood heard, before a veil of unconsciousness descended upon him, was the wail of his own voice stretching aloud a single word: "ACID ACID. . . ACID. . . !"

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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Crawl into the old Crypt crawls! Not to be confused by those other two art lovers, V. E. and G. W., who have been mesmerizing you with miserable morbid music from their rotting record racks, I have recently obtained a collection of folk songs from some dead folk! Later some while I found a few pieces on my pulsating piano! I'll start my next melody with that old favorite, "On Top of Old Spooky", ... wind my way through "The Lion Grown-up", and for my last offering I'll give you with my noted condition of the latest-time made popular by Country Music, "Ghost Train"! But while my local bubble blower is tickling the brain, let us discuss more earthly things!

First of all, the noted Car "Queen-of-the-Isles" write-essence ... **THE FICKELY GRAVE-DIGGERS AND MONUMENT CHIMELERS (WE WRAP 'EM, THEN TAG THEM, CLAMMING AND SHOP-LIFTING ASSOCIATION OF CHERRYSTONE, MAINE** ... have just dug up the heaviest set possible! First please go to **Donovan Park Drive (MY BOY)**, for his bloody **GROUNDS FOR MORMON** School which is taken by **Coating his Cranium**, for his shocking **ROTTIN' THING** To **Gleefully Graham** legs to third place house ... for his cowardly **EDGER FOR A SPIN**! Every Jack Brown, who thank spot with his best-selling **BOARD TO DEATH**! The last, **WERTHOOP**, heads to fifth.

And now a message from my idiot editor! They have instructed me to inform you authors who have written in that EACH of your letters has been carefully read, and the contents as well as compliments awarded, digested, and in most cases acted upon! They have asked me to sincerely thank all of you who have written! Their only regret is that they find it impossible to answer each and every letter personally, so they would like as much to do! (The above statements constitute a paid political machine contract! The opinions expressed in these statements are not necessarily those of your columnist! In fact, I don't give a damn's opinion! They if you write or not! Come I'm not in the habit of hiring those ridiculous social and business organizations to assist your various, vulgar tastes! Now let's not get HASTY, old boy! These words constitute your **BREAD AND BLOOD**! Their wish is now command—Ed! So don't any of them with you are serious should drop dead! (Aww, stop leaving your toothless gums and tell me about your **Intestinal**—Ed! Oh, yeah! As I'm sure you've noticed, there has been a deluge of quotations on the words making use of key EC title words such as **TERROR, HORROR, FEAR, and WORDS**! While it's true that EC was the first to use these words ... along with **HAUNT, CRYPT, and TALENT** ... in the comic mag field, these words cannot be repeated! Any old slob can come along and use these words as long as he doesn't use them in the same combinations that E.C. has used them in its titles! That this has caused much confusion among you clever readers who have yet to learn to recognize an EC mag by its format and words is laugh! The bigger issue when I was informed that some publisher had put out a book called "Telling Terror" the title of our comic! Needless to say, I jumped down my idiot editor's throat ... and they in turn jumped down the rival publisher's

throat ... and the name will be changed! As far as those other titles that were equally close to EC's are concerned, all I can do is to ask you to open your blood-shot eyes, try not to clatter, and look for the EC seal ... the words re-plastered with 'em! So get smart, babies ... wake up! (Aww, shoo! You're over-doing it!—Editors!) So stop relating my twisted story!

And now for some mail ... a letter from Grace is left for us!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

... I notice that you always get the impression, "kiddie"! That I don't like because although I am only 14 years old, I'm sure that many adults read your mag. And I don't think of myself as a "kiddie" either!

Robert Kettle  
San Antonio, Texas

Well, old man, when you're as old as I am even an adult is a "kiddie"! But when I call you "kiddie" it's really a form of endearment ... an acknowledgment of my admiration whether you be 5 or 50! But if enough of you kiddies write in and complain, I'll not be able to ignore a possible!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My father is a barber, and now he only has your magazine in the rack to his shop. When the customers read them, their heads stand on end and it makes my old man a job easier!

Eddie Festina  
Lansing City, M.I.

Larry Barker kindly asks!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

The store keeper where I get your mag keeps a copy hidden for me so I'm sure of getting it!

Robert Foster  
Greenwood, Dela.

Never can tell when the store might be hidden, kiddie! Why don't you make doubly sure of getting every copy by subscribing ... The let me post a supply ... all necessary items!

And sets of pictures of the Three Ghoulies are still for ... might as well not wait any longer to order ... the price isn't going down ... and this offer is limited! It will expire in 1957! And remember ... only 125 sets to a customer (each of a quarter of covered! No wholesale price!)

The address for mail, picture orders, subscriptions, and inserts is

The Crypt-Keeper  
Room 708, Dept. 30  
225 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

**THIS LITTLE GEM OF BLACK  
HORROR IS CALLED...**

*"Auntie, it's  
Coal Inside!"*



TOMMY BROKE HIS SEVEN-YEAR-OLD HEAD ANGRILY! THE VOICE CONTINUED! IT GRATED IN TOMMY'S EARS! THIS TIME IT WAS HIGH-PITCHED AND EXCITED! IT WAS ALWAYS DIFFERENT! LAST TIME IT'D BEEN LOW AND SOFT! THE TIME BEFORE THAT, IT'D BEEN LOUD AND BRUFF...!

SO ON, TOMMY! YOUR AUNT'S NOT HOME NOW! IT'S A GOOD CHANCE! YOU NEED A FEW PIECES, AUNT! SO AHEAD! SO ON DOWN!

NO! AUNT ASKED FORBID ME! I MUST! AUNT ASKED SAID.



SHE'LL NEVER KNOW, TOMMY! NOW ARE YOU GOING TO BE ABLE TO WALK UP THE SIDEWALK WITHOUT A HUNK OF COAL? JUST ONE PIECE... ONE SMALL PIECE!

SEE, I DO NEED IT BADLY! TODAY'S THE GAME! I GOTTA KEEP SCORE! OKAY! I'LL DO IT! I'LL GO DOWN INTO THE COAL-BIN!





TOMMY OPENED THE DOOR IN THE KITCHEN THAT LED TO THE CELLAR AND TIPTOED DOWN THE STEPS. HE HESITATED AT THE BOTTOM, PEERING THROUGH THE BLOOM AT THE BOARD-PARTITION NEXT TO THE FURNACE THAT SECTIONED OFF THE COAL-BIN FROM THE REST OF THE CELLAR.

OVERHEAD, A BOARD CREAKED! TOMMY STOPPED BESIDE THE COAL-BIN DOOR, LOOKING UP.

MOTHER... MAYBE? SAW SHE COULDN'T HAVE COME TO THE STORE AND BACK SO FAST?

TOMMY LISTENED FOR A MOMENT. THERE WAS NO SOUND! HE SWUNG OPEN THE COAL-BIN DOOR AND STEPPED IN... ONTO THE BLACK DUST-COVERED FLOOR...

SEE! THE COAL'S DON'T WORK! ALMOST ALL USED! THE MILL'S UP! AUNT AGNES' DUCK'DRAB OUGHT TO ORDER A FEW PICES MORE!



SEE! LAST TIME AUNT AGNES SAVED ME A GOOD LICKIN'!

LAST TIME YOU GOT CAUGHT? NOT THIS TIME, TOMMY!



A FAINT LIGHT FILTERED THROUGH THE BLACKENED CELLAR WINDOW HIGH UP IN THE WALL OF THE COAL BIN. TOMMY KNELT AND PICKED UP THREE OF THE LARGEST LUMPS HE COULD SEE...

BUT! THESE ARE ROSE DRESSES!

GRAT! NOW, GRON, LET'S GET UPSTAIRS BEFORE SHE COMES BACK!



TOMMY WENT OUT OF THE COAL-BIN... CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, AND TIPTOED UPSTAIRS JUST AS HE CAME THROUGH THE CELLAR DOOR INTO THE KITCHEN, THE FRONT DOOR SLAMMED!

GOLLY! AUNT AGNES...

TOMMY! I'M HOME! ARE YOU AROUND? COME HELP ME WITH THESE BUNDLES!



TOMMY'S FIRST URGE WAS TO RUN AWAY. BUT BEFORE HE COULD MAKE A MOVE, HIS AUNT WAS IN THE KITCHEN BLARING DOWN AT HIM...

TOMMY! DIDN'T YOU HEAR WE CALL YOU TO HELP ME WITH THESE BUNDLES?

L. I'M SORRY AUNT AGNES! HERE THEY ARE! ONE!



TOMMY EXTENDED TWO BLACKENED, COAL-DUST COVERED HANDS! HIS AUNT GASPED! HER FACE GREW PURPLE WITH RAGE!

TOMMY! YOU'VE BEEN IN THE COAL-BIN AGAIN!

NOO! WHO, ME?



AUNT AGNES SLAMMED THE BUNDLES DOWN ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.

LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE FILTHY! I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU WENT DOWN THERE AGAIN!

SEE, AUNT AGNES! I NEEDED A HIDE TO KEEP SCORE! THERE'S A GAME THIS AFTERNOON! THE VOICE REMINDED ME!

ARE YOU GOING TO START TELLING ME ABOUT THAT STUPID VOICE YOU KEEP HEARING? YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER! A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LIAR!

I'M NOT A LIAR! I HEAR A VOICE! HONEST! IT TALKS TO ME. IT MAKES ME DO THINGS!



LIAR! LIAR! YOU'RE JUST BAD. THAT'S ALL! NO GOOD LIKE YOUR FATHER! OH, I WARNED MY SISTER NOT TO MARRY HIM!

STOP IT! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT! MY DADDY WAS WONDERFUL!

MAN! HE WAS A WORTHLESS DRUNKARD! IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM, YOUR MOTHER'D BE ALIVE TODAY!

HE WASN'T A DRUNKARD! HE WASN'T!

NO? HOW DO YOU THINK HE AND YOUR MOTHER WERE KILLED? HE WAS DEAD-DRUNK WHEN HE DROVE HOME THAT NIGHT!

NO! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!



HE USED TO HEAR VOICES, TOO! VOICES, MAN! THEY WERE THE D.T.'S! HE CAUSED NOTHING BUT TROUBLE FOR ALL OF US! LOOK AT ME! NOW, I'M STUCK WITH YOU!

THE VOICE SAYS YOU HATE ME. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ALWAYS YELLING AT ME!

I YELL AT YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE BAD! NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, YOUR MAN! THE NEXT TIME YOU GO DOWN INTO THAT COAL-MINE, I'LL SEND YOU AWAY TO THE CATHAN HOME!

NO, AUNT AGNES! PLEASE DON'T SEND ME AWAY! PLEASE! I'LL BE GOOD! I'LL BE GOOD!





THE VOICE WAS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW NOW! IT DRIFTED BACK TO TOBY FROM HALF-WAY DOWN TO THE GROUND...

"OH NO! IT'S GEEF! IT LOOKS BABY!"



TOBY SLIPPED ONE FOOT OVER THE WINDOW SILL... THEN THE OTHER! HE STARTED DOWN THE MELLIES! SUDDENLY A TRUCK PULLED UP BEFORE THE HOUSE...

"GEEF! A TRUCK! THE DRIVER SEES ME!"

"HEY, GEEF! YOU'LL GET HURT!"



TOBY DROPPED TO THE GROUND AS AUNT AGNES EXPLODED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR...

"I'M THE LOCKSMITH. MA'AM! I SAW HIM AS HE DROVE UP!"

"FOUR BET IN THE HOUSE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER!"



TOBY SCRAMBLED INTO THE HOUSE AND UP TO HIS ROOM! AUNT AGNES TOOK THE LOCKSMITH INTO THE CELLAR...

"OHAY, MA'AM! I BOY YUH! YOU WANT A LOCK ON 'ER SO THE KID CAN'T OPEN IT, ENT ONE THAT OPENS WITH A KEY?"

"THAT'S IT AND... OH, DEAR! IT'S BETTER ORDER SOME MORE COALS!"



WHILE THE LOCKSMITH BURED HIMSELF ON THE COAL BIN DOWN, AUNT AGNES PHONED THE COAL COMPANY...

"THERE'S A LOT OF COAL FOR ONE DELIVERER, MA'AM!"

"I SAID FOUR TONS AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT! WE HAVE A BIG COAL BIN! I ALWAYS ORDER FOUR TONS AT A TIME!"



OF COURSE, TOBY WAS PUNISHED FOR BREAKING OUT OF THE WINDOW, BUT HE PROMISED ONCE MORE THAT HE'D IGNORE THE VOICE FROM THEN ON! THE NEXT DAY...

"NOW YOU'RE TO STAY IN YOUR ROOM WHILE I'M AT THE STORE! IF THE COAL SHOULD COME, JUST TELL THEM TO PUT IT IN THROUGH THE CELLAR WINDOW! AND DON'T FORGET WHAT YOU PROMISED LAST NIGHT!"

"DON'T WORRY, AUNTIE AGNES! I'M NEVER GOING TO LISTEN TO THE VOICE AGAIN!"



A LITTLE LATER, TOBY LOOKED UP FROM HIS TOWER! SOMEONE WAS CALLING HIM!

"TOBY! TOBY, HELP ME! COME DOWNSTAIRS PLEASE!"

"HUNT! WHY IT'S AUNT AGNES CALLING ME!"



TOBY THROD DOWNSTAIRS! THE VOICE WAS COMING FROM THE CELLAR.

IS... IS THAT YOU, AUNTIE AGNES?

YES, TOBY! COME DOWN! PLEASE! LET ME OUT OF THE COAL-BIN!



THE COAL-BIN?

YES! THE DOOR LOCKED SHUT ON ME! I CAME IN TO SEE IF THE WOODS WERE OPEN SO THEY COULD DELIVER THE COAL! HURRY! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



AW, NO! I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ME INTO ANYMORE TROUBLE!

FORGET FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! COME DOWN HERE AND LET ME OUT! THE KEY IS IN THE LOCK! JUST TURN IT! PLEASE! QUICKLY!



I PROMISED I WOULDN'T LISTEN TO YOU ANYMORE, AND I WON'T! YOU JUST SOUND LIKE AUNTIE AGNES! YESTERDAY YOU TRIED TO SOUND LIKE MY MOMMY.

TOBY! I AM YOUR AUNTIE AGNES! PLEASE COME DOWN! PLEASE!



WAS MY DADDY A DRUNKARD, AUNTIE AGNES?

NO, TOBY! YOUR DADDY WAS A GOOD MAN! NOW PLEASE COME DOWN.



SEE? YOU'RE NOT! FORGET FOR, MY AUNTIE AGNES! GOOD! MY AUNTIE AGNES! LORD! THE ALWAYS SAID DADDY WAS A DRUNKARD! OPENING!



THE SHRIEL SCREAMS OF DELIGHT FROM THE CHILDREN BANGING AROUND THE COAL TRUCK AND THE DEAFENING ROAR AS THE BLACK FUEL CASCADED DOWN THE TIN SLIDE DROWNED OUT AUNT AGNES'S SHRIES OF TERROR! LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE HYDRAULIC-LIFTED THE TRUCK-BODY UNTIL FOUR TONS OF COAL HAD POURED INTO THE COAL-BIN BEYOND THE TINY CELLAR WINDOW! FOUR TONS! ENOUGH TO CRUSH THE STRONGEST OF MEN, AS LAST A FRAIL, BUTTER OLD MAN.



NOW DOESN'T THAT STORY LEAVE YOU WITH A LUMP IN YOUR THROAT? MEN, NOW! IT DID OLD JOSEPH! IN FACT THEY FOUND ONE IN HER THROAT, AND TWO MORE IN HER MOUTH WHEN THEY FINALLY DUG HER OUT! LUMPS OF COAL, THAT IS! AS FOR TOBY... WELL, HE DOESN'T HEAR VOICES ANYMORE! NOW, IT'S A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA! THEY SAY THE KIDS GOT A GREAT FUTURE... WRITING THE MUSIC TO THOSE SINGING COMMERCIALS! NOW CAN A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WRITE MUSIC TO A SINGING COMMERCIAL? COME, COME, NOW! DON'T TELL ME YOU NEVER HEARD ONE! MEN, HERE! BUT

IF THEY HAVEN'T DRIVEN YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, MY SET ACTUAL PHOTO WILL FREED MY COLUMN, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, FOR ALL THE INFO!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELLO! SO I GOTTA WIND UP THE GHOST-KEEPER'S MAD-MAD AGAIN, EH? YOU KNOW WHY THEY GIVE ME THIS SPOT? 'CAUSE I'M THE MOST HORRIBLE! DON'T WORRY! MY 1000+ EDITORS KNOW A BAD THING! YEP, IT'S THE OLD WITCH MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! THE FIRE IS LIT UNDER MY FODDER-SNOW-WHAT, AND I'M READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER UP MY PUTRID-PORTIONS OF POLSATING PLEASANTRIES! THIS LITTLE LADLE OF LURID LOATHSOMENESS WILL DEFINITELY WHET YOUR APPETITE! I CALL IT...GWA...

**NOURNIN,  
AMBROSE...**



ANDREW CEMENT PUSHED OPEN THE HUGE IRON GATE OF HIS UNCLE'S VAST ESTATE AND MOVED UP THE TREE-LINED ROAD TOWARD THE PALACIAL HOUSE THAT LOOMED UP BEFORE HIM IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS.

SO THIS IS HAWLEY

MANOR? I KNEW THAT UNCLE AMBROSE WAS WEALTHY, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED THIS! I WONDER WHY THEY'VE BECOME

RECLUSES... HE AND AUNT ELNA! OH, WELL! I'LL GET ALL THE DOPE EVENTUALLY...



ANDREW STEPPED ONTO THE PORCH OF THE IMPRESSIVE MAN-  
SION AND LIFTED THE HEAVY  
BRASS KNOCKER THAT ADORNED  
THE MASSIVE OAK FRONT-DOOR.  
THE HOLLOW BOOM ECHOED AND  
HE EDGED WITHIN.

AS THE DIN OF THE DOOR-  
KNOCKER DIED AWAY, SLOW  
FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED! THE  
HUGE DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND  
A WITHERED WRINKLED FACE  
PEERED OUT.

THE OLD MAN'S AGED FACE LIT  
UP AND A SMILE SPREAD ACROSS  
IT! HE STEPPED BACK PRESENT-  
ING ANDREW TO ENTER.

UGH! THIS PLACE  
GIVES ME THE CREEPS!  
HOW ANYONE COULD  
STAY HERE FOR THREE  
YEARS WITHOUT  
LEAVING IT BEATS  
ME!

Y-YES?

ARE...ARE YOU MY  
UNCLE ANDREW?  
ANDREW HARLEY?

THAT'S ME! COME  
IN! YOU MUST BE RIGHT, OR!  
ANDREW, MY WIFE'S  
SISTER'S BOY!  
I'VE BEEN  
SO ANXIOUS  
TO MEET  
YOU AND  
AUNT ELZA...

THE OLD MAN CLOSED THE DOOR AND LOOKED  
AROUND NERVOUSLY! THEN HE MOVED CLOSE TO  
ANDREW.

DON'T, DON'T BE TOO  
DISAPPOINTED WITH  
AUNT ELZA, WBY!  
SHE...SHE JUST  
WELL!

OH! I'M  
SORRY TO  
HEAR IT!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

THE OLD MAN CONTINUED TO PEER FROM SIDE TO  
SIDE! THEN, HE TAPPED HIS TEMPLE.

SHE...SHE'S NOT WELL...HERE!  
EVER SINCE THE FIRST DEATH...

THE FIRST  
DEATH?

OF COURSE! YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE KNOWN! IT HAPPENED  
THREE YEARS AGO! ONE OF  
YOUR DISTANT COUSINS CAME  
TO STAY WITH US! LOVELY  
WOMAN! SHE...SHE DIED...  
IN HER SLEEP!

NO! I...I  
DON'T KNOW!  
BUT YOU SAID  
THAT WAS THE  
FIRST! WERE  
THERE...OTHERS?

TWO OTHERS! MY AUNT  
BROTHER CAME TO STAY  
WITH US ABOUT TWO YEARS  
AGO! HE...HE WAS OLDER  
THAN I! HE PASSED AWAY  
ABOUT A MONTH LATER! THEN  
MY WIFE'S MACE CAME! IT  
WAS TERRIBLE! SUCH A  
YOUNG GIRL...

YOU...YOU  
BETTER TELL  
ME ABOUT  
AUNT ELZA.  
UNCLE! IS  
THERE SOME-  
THING I SHOULD  
KNOW?





HER AUNT'S DEATH! YOU  
WAS THE LAST STRAW!  
SHE TOOK THE FIRST  
TWO HARDS, BUT THE  
LAST... WELL... SOME-  
THING JUST... SNAPPED!

YOU  
HEAR  
SHE'S  
CRAZY!



SH-H-H! SHE'LL HEAR  
YOU! NO! NOT EXACTLY!  
SHE... SHE'S JUST A  
LITTLE OVER-ORA-  
MATIC... EMOTIONAL...  
YOU KNOW! SUPER-  
SENSITIVE! SHE  
TENDS TO EXAG-  
GERATE!

I... I  
SEE!



HEN, HEN! JUST  
HUMOR HER,  
ANDREW! SHE  
DOESN'T MEAN  
ANY HARM!

I... I WILL,  
UNCLE!  
AMBROSE!  
WHO WAS  
IT?

A FRAIL, THIN, WEE-EYED OLD WOMAN TOTTLED  
INTO THE LIBRARY WHERE ANDREW AND AMBROSE  
STOOD TALKING! SHE STARED AT AMBROSE.



WHO'S HE?  
WHAT'S HE  
DOING  
HERE?

THIS IS ANDREW  
HARLES, MY DEAR!  
I WROTE TO HIM...  
INVITING HIM TO  
STAY WITH US!

ANDREW!  
STELLA, MY  
SISTER'S...  
SON'S HAD IT  
COME TO  
THAT?

I... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.  
UNCLE AMBROSE!  
WHAT DOES SHE  
MEAN?

NOTHING, MY  
BOY! NOTHING!  
YOU SEE... YOU  
ARE OUR ONLY  
LIVING NEAR-  
HOW!

THE OTHERS  
ARE DEAD!  
ALL DEAD!  
THREE OF  
THEM ARE  
OUT THERE  
IN THE  
RAVINE!



PLEASE, ELBA!  
LET'S TALK  
ABOUT MORE  
PLEASANT  
THINGS!

THIS IS A  
WONDERFUL  
LIBRARY,  
UNCLE  
AMBROSE!  
YOU HAVE  
SO MANY  
BOOKS!

YES! THOU-  
SANDS OF  
THEM! SO YOU  
READ, ANDREW?

A LITTLE,  
MAY ELBA! A  
LITTLE!

EVEN READ  
'MACBETH'.  
ANDREW'S WHERE  
IT SAYS 'MURDER  
WILL OUT'!

ELBA!  
COME, ANDREW!  
I WILL SHOW  
YOU YOUR  
ROOM!





ELSA STARED AT ANDREW, AS HE PASSED HER AND FOLLOWED AMBROSE UP THE MARBLE STAIRS TO THE SECOND FLOOR! THEY STOPPED BEFORE A DOOR AT THE END OF A LONG HALL.

I HOPE YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE IN HERE, ANDREW!

I'M SURE I WILL BE, UNCLE AMBROSE!

ANDREW'S BEDROOM WAS LARGE AND LAVISHLY FURNISHED WITH EXPENSIVE ANTIQUES! A STONE FIREPLACE COVERED ONE WALL OF THE ROOM! ANDREW TOUCHED A MATCH TO THE WOODS PILED ON THE ANDIRONS, AND SOON THE FIRE'S CHEERY GLOW DANCED ACROSS THE FLOOR! SUDDENLY...

WHO...WHO'S THERE?

IT'S ME...ANDREW! YOUR AUNT ELSA!

THE OLD WOMAN STARED AT ANDREW FROM THE PARTLY-OPENED DOOR...

OH! COME IN, AUNT ELSA! SIT DOWN!

I...I'VE COME TO WARN YOU, ANDREW!

WARN ME, AUNT ELSA?

GET OUT, ANDREW! GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE! NO ONE EVER COME BACK! HE'S A FIEND...A HORRIBLE FIEND!

YOU MEAN UNCLE AMBROSE?

YES! I MUSTN'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! IT'S HORRIBLE HORRIBLE! HE...HE'S A...

ELSA!

AMBROSE STOOD FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY. HIS WRINKLED FACE PURPLE WITH ANGER! HE SHARLED AT THE OLD WOMAN.

ELSA! GET TO BED...THIS MINUTE!

Y-Y-YES, AMBROSE! I...I'M GOING!

THE OLD WOMAN LOOKED AT ANDREW. HER EYES PLEADING, AS SHE CHIFFLED OFF...

REMEMBER, ANDREW! MURDER WILL OUT!

HURRY ON, YES, AUNT ELSA!

GOOD-NIGHT, ANDREW! COME, MY DEAR!



THE NEXT MORNING ANDREW WAS AWAKENED BY A FRANTIC POUNDING ON HIS BEDROOM DOOR...

ANDREW! WAKE UP!  
IT'S AUNT  
ELSA! SHE...



HELLO! THE PLOT THICKENS,  
EH, KIDNEY? WELL, THE OLD  
GANE AND PROFOUNDLY OLD  
ELSA - DEAD OF NATURAL CAUSES!  
ANDREW'S UNCLE WAS PRETTY  
BROKEN UP OVER ELSA'S DEATH!  
THE FUNERAL WAS DIMINISHED  
AND SHORT! THEY CARRIED THE  
OLD GAL OUT TO THE FAMILY  
MAUSOLEUM... AND THAT WAS  
THAT...



ONE EVENING, A FEW DAYS AFTER  
ELSA'S ENTOMBMENT...



WHAT'S THAT?  
LOOKS LIKE A FLOWER  
DOWN THERE... GOING  
TOWARD THE MAUSO-  
LEUM! WHY, IT'S  
UNCLE ANDREW!  
AND HE'S CARRYING  
FLOWERS!

WHAT IS IT, DUTY?  
WHAT'S HAPPENED?



ELSA? SHE... SOB...  
SOB... SHE'S  
DEAD?



EVENING AFTER EVENING, ANDREW  
WOULD LEAVE THE HOUSE AND GO  
DOWN TO THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM  
TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH HIS  
DEAR DEPARTED ELSA...



POOR OLD GUY!  
HE REALLY  
MISSES HER!

THEN, ONE EVENING, ANDREW WAS BROWSING AROUND  
THE LIBRARY LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO READ. A  
TITLE CAUGHT HIS EYE! 'MACBETH'? HE COULD  
ALMOST HEAR AUNT ELSA'S VOICE...



EVER READ  
'MACBETH', ANDREW?  
WHERE IT SAYS  
'MURDER WILL OUT'?

ANDREW REACHED UP AND PULLED DOWN THE BOOK!  
HE OPENED IT...



WHY, WHY THIS ISN'T 'MACBETH' AT  
ALL! IT'S A DIARY! AUNT ELSA'S  
DIARY!

HEL, HEL! YEP! THERE IT WAS! HIDDEN BETWEEN THE LEATHER-BOUND COVERS OF 'MACBETH'! AUNT ELSA'S DIARY! ANDREW READ IT! EVERY PAGE! ELSA'S WORDS WERE TRUE... BUT SOME ENTRIES MADE SENSE...

...AND THIS ONE, INSPECTOR! LISTEN! I KNOW NOW HOW HE MURDERED THEM! SUFFOCATION! HE DOPED THEM SO THEY COULDN'T RESIST... THEN SMOOTHERED THEM WITH 'A PILLOW'! BUT, WHY NOT?

AND THIS ONE! NOW I KNOW WHY! IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! I MUST NOT LET IT! AND THE LAST ENTRY! ANOTHER HAS COME! HE WILL BE NEXT! I MUST WARN HIM! THE PERSON WILL DO TO HIM WHAT HE HAS DONE TO THE OTHERS! IF AMBROSE WERE TO FIND OUT THAT I MEAN TO TELL LADDER EVERYTHING, HE WOULD KILL ME!

MINN! AND YOU SAY AMBROSE CAME IN THAT NIGHT AND INTERRUPTED ELSA? JUST AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! BUT ONE THING PUZZLES ME! IF AMBROSE MURDERED ELSA, WHY DOES HE BLOOMH HERE?

IF HE MURDERED HER? WHY THE DOG FELT IT WAS A NATURAL DEATH?

SUFFOCATION LOOKS LIKE A NATURAL DEATH!

THE ONLY WAY TO PROVE THIS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, MR. SHERAT, IS TO GET PERMISSION TO EXAMINE THE BODY AND PERFORM AN AUTOPSY!

PROMISING NOT TO REVEAL THAT ANDREW HAD TIPPED THEM OFF, TWO DETECTIVES CAME TO SEE AMBROSE HAMLET...

EXCUSE MY LATE WIFE'S NOOD! PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON HER! NEVER! NEVER!

IF YOU REFUSE, MR. HAMLET, WE CAN GET A COURT ORDER GIVING US PERMISSION TO DO IT OVER YOUR OBJECTIONS!

AMBROSE'S AGED BODY SHOOK AS HE BOBBED! A TEAR TRICKLED DOWN HIS WIDENED CHEEK...

PLEASE! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DISTURB HER! SHE'S BEEN LAID TO REST! LEAVE HER... I SEE YOUR SON... SON... LEAVE HER BE!

LET'S GO RIGHT, CHIEF!



THE TWO DETECTIVES LEFT THE SCREAMING OLD MAN! ANDREW STOPPED THEM AT THE DOOR.



WHAT HAPPENED?

HE REFUSED!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM, GEMERT!

LATER THAT EVENING, ANDREW WANDERED FROM HIS WIN "IN AS OLD AMBROSE CROSSED THE GARDEN TO THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM...

...IT'S BETTER FOLLOW HIM THIS TIME! HE MIGHT TRY TO HIDE THE BODY!



AFTER THE OLD MAN ENTERED THE CRYPT, ANDREW WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND ACROSS THE GARDEN! THE DOOR TO THE MAUSOLEUM WAS PARTLY OPEN! ANDREW, PEERED IN...



GO O LORD!

A WAVE OF NAUSEA AND REVULSION SWEEP OVER ANDREW! HE TURNED AWAY FROM THE HORRIBLE SIGHT AND RAN TOWARD THE HOUSE! FINALLY, HE COULD NO LONGER HOLD HIS GUTS! HE RAN BACK TO THE GARDEN...



GEMERT! THAT'S YOUR WHAT'S PROBLEM?

HE'S SHAKING! WHERE'S YOUR UNCLE, GEMERT?

OH, IN THE CRYPT.

THE DETECTIVES HURRIED TO THE MAUSOLEUM AND FLUNG THE DOOR OPEN! AMBROSE HAWLEY SPUN AROUND FROM THE PARTIALLY EATEN CORPSE OF HIS LATE WIFE AND OTHER CHILDREN, HIS FOAMY MOUTH DROOLING AT THE INTRUSERS...



DEAD? YOU WERE RIGHT, INSPECTOR! HE... HE IS A SNOOZE!

THEY DRAGGED THE SHRIEKING, CLAWING OLD MAN FROM HIS VICTIM AND TOOK HIM AWAY! LATER THEY RETURNED TO THE CRYPT AND EXAMINED THE OTHER COFFINS...

...WE SEE, GEMERT! WHEN HE TOOK OUT FROM THE UNDERGROUND IN TOWN, THAT HAWLEY REFUSED TO ALLOW HIM TO EMBALM THE BODIES, HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG! THE OTHER CORPSES HAVE BEEN STRIPPED OF THEIR FLESH, TOO!

THAT'S WHY HE INVITED YOU HERE TO HAWLEY MANOR! LIKE THE OTHERS, HE INTENDED YOU TO BE ONE OF HIS MEAL-TICKETS!

YEE, YEE! LOOK! THEY CAUGHT UP WITH OLD AMBROSE WHEN THEY DID! HE WAS RUNNING OUT OF RELATIVES! THANKS TO OLD ELZA WHO WAS FED UP WITH THE WHOLE AFFAIR, ANDREW WAS SAVED FROM A VERY DISTASTEFUL EXPERIENCE! AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO BE SAVED FROM A DISTASTEFUL EXPERIENCE, DON'T SEND FOR MY PHOTO!

THE METHOD FOR OBTAINING IT CAN BE FOUND IN THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S GORMER... FOR YOU FRIENDS WHO LIKE THAT SORT OF STUFF! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU REST IN THE VAULT OF HORROR! TILL THEN, SNOOZE-BYE AND UNPLEASANT DREAMS!



# IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM



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CANADA

# CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE SPECTER



THE SPECTER



THE SPECTER











WHAT I WOULDNT  
LIKE TO BE FOR A  
MINUTE IN THE  
SHOES OF THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?

WELL, THAT  
DEPENDS  
WHEN THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?



WELL, THAT  
DEPENDS  
WHEN THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?

IT'S ABOUT  
THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?



WELL, THAT  
DEPENDS  
WHEN THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?



WELL, THAT  
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WELL, THAT  
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WELL, THAT  
DEPENDS  
WHEN THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?

WELL, THAT  
DEPENDS  
WHEN THE  
BIG BOSS-  
BROTHER-  
BROT?

JUST WHEN THE BAY DOGS OUT TO GET THE CANNON, THE FORTIFICATION GUARDS ARE... PLUCKED INTO THE JAWES OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEVIANT! NATURALLY, HE JAWED!



A JAWY VENT ANTI-AIRCRAFT?



HE'S NOT SURE, BUT I TOLD YOU THE BEST PART OF ALL WERE IN THE JAWY, CHUCKLE!

IN THE CENTER OF THE BAY, THE JAWY IS PLUCKED INTO THE JAWES OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEVIANT! NATURALLY, HE JAWED!



THEY'RE STILL A JAWY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY, BUT THE JAWY IS AWAY!



A JAWY IT WOULD BE A JAWY-PLAY IN THE BAY, BUT THE JAWY IS AWAY! BUT THE JAWY IS AWAY! BUT THE JAWY IS AWAY! BUT THE JAWY IS AWAY!

YOU'LL ANTI-AIRCRAFT? YOU'LL ANTI-AIRCRAFT? YOU'LL ANTI-AIRCRAFT? YOU'LL ANTI-AIRCRAFT?



DO YOU KNOW THE JAWY? DO YOU KNOW THE JAWY? DO YOU KNOW THE JAWY? DO YOU KNOW THE JAWY?



ONE MORE... THE JAWY IS AWAY!

THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!



THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!



THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!



THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!

THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!



THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!



THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY! THE JAWY IS AWAY!



SAFELY, THE BOAT APPROACHES THE DOCK.



THE THREE-BOARD BOAT.



AND THE BOAT APPROACHES THE DOCK.



AND CLIMBS OUT ONTO THE PLATFORM, BRINGING THE LARSEN BOAT TO THE DOCK.



I DON'T  
NOT IT  
REVENUE!

YOU'LL SEE,  
THAT'S ALL  
REVENUE!

YES, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
REVENUE!  
WE HAVE  
IT AGAIN!



THE SECOND BOAT BOGS  
OUT ON THE FRESH BOARD  
TOWARD THE DOCK.

ALL REVENUE  
IT IS A REVE!



THE SECOND BOAT BOGS  
OUT ON THE FRESH BOARD  
TOWARD THE DOCK.

YES, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
REVENUE!  
WE HAVE  
IT AGAIN!



THE THREE MEN WERE EXHAUSTED, AS THE BOAT  
WAS BEING DRAGGED THE PLATFORM, THE BOAT  
REVENUE, FROM CLIMBING BOARD TOWARD THE DOCK  
TOWARD THE DOCK.

AND THE BOAT APPROACHES  
THE DOCK, BRINGING THE LARSEN  
BOAT TO THE DOCK.

YES, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
REVENUE!  
WE HAVE  
IT AGAIN!



THE FIRST TO THE DOCK, BRINGING THE LARSEN  
BOAT TO THE DOCK.

YES, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
REVENUE!  
WE HAVE  
IT AGAIN!

YES, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
REVENUE!  
WE HAVE  
IT AGAIN!

YES, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
REVENUE!  
WE HAVE  
IT AGAIN!



WAS WHEN THE NAZI-GARRON SANK VERTICALLY INTO A DEEPER SEAL MOUNTAINOUS WAVEY LAZERS AT THE SHIP, FLOODING IT ABOUT 2' TALL OF ITS THREE DECKWAYS WERE TORN FROM THEIR MOORINGS AND LOST.



THEY'RE BEING AN A FOR BROTHERS.

CAPTAIN JESPER: THERE'S A GUN IN THE AIR TALL! WE'RE TAKING ON BOARD!

POWERS: BE JAWBROKE ABOUT!

CAPTAIN: WHAT'S YOUR CAPTAIN?



WILL POWERS: MR. JESPER! GET INTO YOUR LIFE-JACKET AND WAIT FOR THE RESCUING LATER!

POWERS: OKAY!

WILL: MR. JESPER! WAIT!



THE TWO MEN WERE PLUNGED INTO THE SEA, AND THE WATERS OF THE SEA MOVED ONTO THE SHIP! IN A FEW MINUTES, THE CROWDED LATERAL WAS UNDER THE SEA.

CAPTAIN: I THINK THE SHIP WAS DESTROYED!

WILL: WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

POWERS: NO! WAIT!



WHEN THE MEN BECAME LOST, BEHIND THE GREATLY STORMY SEA, AND BEHIND A VASTNESS.

WILL: HE SPOKE! THERE'S TWO MEN IN US HERE! THE SHIP'S SINKING! JESPER! THE SHIP'S SINKING!

CAPTAIN: THE SHIP'S SINKING! WE'RE SINKING!

WILL: MR. JESPER! WAIT! TO THE SHIP!



ON THE SHIP, A GREAT SINKING OF THE SHIP, BEHIND.

WILL: JESPER! THE SHIP'S SINKING! WE'RE SINKING!

WILL: WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

POWERS: NO! WAIT!





THE GUN EXPLODED AS IT STRUCK DEEPER INTO THE WATER, THEN LEFT AN ENORMOUS 'THE LINE'  
BENT TOWER' WATER POUND, WITH ITS GUN'S BARRAGE.











"WHEN WE'VE FOUND  
WHAT IT CAN BE? IT WON'T  
BE ANIMAL THINGS! NO  
FUTTY GAMES! NO  
CLIMBING! NO BONA FIDES!  
THEY'VE BEEN BUILT  
FOR THE HUMANOID  
PEOPLE!"

"IT IS ANY OF ANIMAL  
THINGS IT IS NOT THE  
HUMAN THINGS! IT  
IS A HUMAN THING! IT  
WON'T BE ANIMAL  
THINGS! IT WON'T BE  
HUMAN THINGS! IT  
WON'T BE ANIMAL  
THINGS! IT WON'T BE  
HUMAN THINGS! IT  
WON'T BE ANIMAL  
THINGS! IT WON'T BE  
HUMAN THINGS!"



"WHEN WE'VE FOUND  
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PEOPLE!"

"WHEN WE'VE FOUND  
WHAT IT CAN BE? IT WON'T  
BE ANIMAL THINGS! NO  
FUTTY GAMES! NO  
CLIMBING! NO BONA FIDES!  
THEY'VE BEEN BUILT  
FOR THE HUMANOID  
PEOPLE!"

Later that day, the scientist and  
the explorer approached the  
cave's entrance and saw a man  
standing.

Old Elmer stood before  
them and spoke.

The scientist and the explorer  
stood there, each holding  
the first-aid kit and the  
first-aid kit.



"WHEN WE'VE FOUND  
WHAT IT CAN BE? IT WON'T  
BE ANIMAL THINGS! NO  
FUTTY GAMES! NO  
CLIMBING! NO BONA FIDES!  
THEY'VE BEEN BUILT  
FOR THE HUMANOID  
PEOPLE!"

"WHEN WE'VE FOUND  
WHAT IT CAN BE? IT WON'T  
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THEY'VE BEEN BUILT  
FOR THE HUMANOID  
PEOPLE!"

[illegible]

▲ **ADAPTATION:** The film's director, James Cameron, takes a look at the life of the man who is the most famous of the film's characters. The film is a biographical drama.



ALL ABOUT THE  
IT WON'T BE  
THEY WOULD  
SPEAK  
AS  
OF  
IT'S A  
WOULD BE  
GIVEN  
THAT'S  
THEY WOULD  
THEY WOULD  
THEY WOULD



THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY ONE PLANT FOR \$1.99	THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY ONE PLANT FOR \$1.99	THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY ONE PLANT FOR \$1.99
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[illegible]

THE FBI REPORTS THAT THE "BOMB" WAS  
PLACED IN THE BUS AND WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE.  
BUT IT WAS NOT.



I FOLLOWED IT INTO THE GARDEN & WAS SHOWN THE REMAINS OF A CATS HEAD. WASN'T I FOLLOWING IT TO THE CATS GARDEN? I WASN'T IN THE GARDEN.

OH, BUT CATS ARE NOT IN THE GARDEN.

I WASN'T IN THE GARDEN.







THE THING STUMBLED FOR A MOMENT, ITS SHAGGLED FORM SHAKING IT STOOD BALANCE WHEN ITS LOWEST HAND SAW ITS FIRST EVER THING IN BETWEEN THE SHAGGY HAND THAT FELL OVER ITS LEADING FOOT A LOW FORM STUMBLED FROM ITS THROAT.



"KILL IT!  
KILL IT!"

"LOOK  
OUT!"

THE THING GRABBED AT SLIM AND HE LUTTER, ONE ARM TO HIS SHOULDER, THE OTHER ARM FROM HIS WAIST, AND STOOD UPON THE LAUNDERING BOLD AS IT APPROXIMATED THE THUNDERED BEYOND.



QUICK WENT DOWN IN A SHAGGLED HEAT AS ONE FROM HAND AND HAND IT TURNED TOWARD HIM, COLLAPSED...



"BULLETS...  
DON'T  
KILL IT!"

"DON'T  
RUN!"

SHAGGY SLAM STUMBLED OFF INTO THE UNKNOWING THE THING AND OVER ALL APPROXIMATED THE THUNDERED BEYOND?



"EEEEEEEEEE!"

THE THING STUMBLED AFTER THE SHAGGY IT STUMBLED UPON ITS FIRST HAND, STUMBLED ITS APPROXIMATED BEYOND...



"IT'S...IT'S ABOUT ME!  
I'M NOT IN PROGRESS  
IT'S..."

THE THING STUMBLED THAT...STUMBLED THAT THE SHAGGY WOULD BUNT THE SHAGGY BEYOND THEN CLASHED ON...



"SHAGGY THE SHAGGY  
IF I STUMBLED TO  
THE SHAGGY IT  
STUMBLED..."

**IT'S BEHIND US  
HORRIBLE!**



"THEY'VE BEEN IN  
 CONTACT WITH  
 ALLIANCE FOR  
 THE FIRST TIME. WE  
 MAY BE A LITTLE  
 MORE LIKE THEM IN  
 MY OWN MIND. BUT  
 THEY'VE BEEN  
 IN CONTACT WITH  
 THE ALLIANCE FOR  
 THE FIRST TIME."

**SOFT!**

Through the skylight window, Harry watched the "old man" working on the wagon below. Pressing up against the eaves on the corner of the window frame, the young man could see his grandfather bend twice the path, look deep into the crackly yellow bag and take it up to the open second-story door with a wretched heave. He's sleeping in a hall, Harry reflected, watching the old man pressing down on the bag once. A lot stronger than me, at 60 years old. (I could only lie down with getting help from my TOLMAN "man" but never let him see the bag.)

Looking down from the hole now, Harry thought, he knows I stole that money with the dark money... he's got him a young wife and he got me watched! (Wife too to get down on my hands and knees and beg for money... a new hat and even like a scared rabbit.) That scared old man is out of there but stronger than I am! (But once I come here to work for him, he's like a pig in a pen! The yellow... in show the world that even though everyone has the Law down he killed my pet... I won't get the girl to work with him.)

Still looking down from the top of the bag hole, Harry went down in his mind for the moments when this house the place he had desired after 2 sleepless nights of money and running. Getting the old man up here was the way, the youth thought... since he doesn't want me much anyway, he'll probably want to make sure I'm not stealing any of the bag hole! And once he comes up that hole, he's got to be awake! Kicking me and getting away with it... the way I've planned it... should be a real good!

The young man stepped up to the open window and, copping his hands around his mouth, shouted:

"Mile! Molecole! Come of the bag up here please up we caught FIRE! I've used to put a

not myself but it's in the getting into the hole...!"

With a smile of satisfaction, Harry saw the old man run his patchwork down the top corner of bag and look toward the hole apprehensively. Then the grey-haired employer looked down from the hatchback and ran frantically toward the back entrance. There he was! Harry glanced, looking, once toward the back house on the hill to make sure that the rest of the Molecole clan hadn't unexpectedly come back from town where they had all gone for the day. It was now on Harry thought, it's to SOFT!

30 seconds later, as the old man's head appeared above the top of the ladder, Harry brought the hammer down with smashing force. He had waited for a moment, but Harry found he forward and dropped him up near the hole line. Then, with a great blow of the already bloody hammer, he once again crushed the old man's skull.

It was a long time Harry thought and looked down in triumph at his victim. A month would see the bag up here, he said aloud, "I'll see this place after a moment. And by the time anyone able to help me get out the Mole, you'll be so scared that MO' COLE will be able to tell the fire didn't tell you!" A horse leaped up from the mouth which Harry kept open the rough door without a flicker of reaction. Harry seized a man the bag.

No long old man, he said as he moved toward the open second-story door. I've got a door to jump over that bag you were throwing up here! It's a 35-foot jump... but since you're so what happened in YOU my head will be SOFT!

And with that Harry leaped toward the hatchback. 30 feet he plummeted down and his landing was somewhat different from what he had planned. But, in the very next moment, due to his a spasm of pain, he landed again, only through his body from his feet to his shattered jaw... his two mouth well ripped wide open and his undergirding can waddy over the man's mouth bag. Harry knew that he had crushed himself on the marbled edge of the patchwork which old Molecole had left behind him on the wagon!





HE WOULD THEN ACTUALLY BRING IN A GUY RESEMBLING JOHN, RESEMBLING JOHN A LOT, BUT NOT JOHN CHARTER WITH JAGGER!

YUP... YUP...  
YEAH... YEAH...  
JAGGER?

BUT JOHN WOULD  
THE GUY... GUY...  
ANYWAY IN THE  
PULP... PULP...  
ABOUT THE...  
OF GUY...

LET JOHN  
JOHN WOULD  
WANT TO  
A GUY...

AM NOT  
WILL  
WILL...  
WILL...

WILL...  
O. JOHN  
WILL...  
WILL...

WILL... WILL...  
WILL... WILL...  
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WILL... WILL...













YES, FANTASY FOLK, YOU CAN BE LUCKY LIKE HALYK HERE! YOU, FOLK, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF F.F.'S! YOU, FOLK, CAN OWN...

## THE COMPLETE CRYPT



\*These Comics have appeared under the name of the Crypt in the past. However, the name is no longer used. All copies are in excellent condition. They are in good condition.

THE COMPLETE CRYPT is a 10 page comic book.

To order, call for more information, call us.

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WEST PLAIN, MO 65576  
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HEE HEE! E C'S SCIENCE-FICTION  
MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH  
TO GIVE *THESE* TWO GHOULS  
A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!

**WEIRD SCIENCE**

**WEIRD FANTASY**

THE COMPLETE WEIRD SCIENCE 4 VOL.  
THE COMPLETE WEIRD FANTASY 4 VOL.

PAUL COCHRAN, PUBLISHER  
PO BOX 488  
WEED PLAINS, OR 97148  
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ARMED, RARE BY COLLECTOR, DARED TO GO FOR HIS  
 LIBERTY, THEN FOR THE FURLOIN, BEHIND HIS BUCKLE BOWED  
 BLINDLY! HE WAS A MAN! JEREMY HADN'T WHO COULDN'T  
 BUT HE SAVED THE PRISONER BY HOLDING THEM BACK AGAIN.  
 THE CRIMINALS, OF COURSE, AND CRIMINALS! THEY  
 WOULD LOOK AT HIM, BOWING DOWN AT THE PRISONER  
 AND THEN ABOUT THEM FROM THEIR PRISON.

THE END, THE PRISON OF THE PRISON OF  
 COLLECTOR, WAS TRAPPED BY THE PRISON  
 AT HIGHER HOURS, AS THE PRISONER  
 COULD NOT GO FROM THE PRISON INTO THE  
 PRISON.



AS THE PRISONER COULD NOT GO FROM THE  
 PRISON, HE WAS TRAPPED BY THE PRISON  
 AT HIGHER HOURS, AS THE PRISONER  
 COULD NOT GO FROM THE PRISON INTO THE  
 PRISON.



AS THE PRISONER COULD NOT GO FROM THE  
 PRISON, HE WAS TRAPPED BY THE PRISON  
 AT HIGHER HOURS, AS THE PRISONER  
 COULD NOT GO FROM THE PRISON INTO THE  
 PRISON.





THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PARTY was the FINEST WHEN JOHN JAMES COULD BE FOUND IN THE HOUSE. IT WAS AN UNUSUAL SIGHT FOR A LONG, ACCIDENTALLY TO ALIAS WITH ME - AND THE NEXT NIGHT, SOME FROM OF THE MOUNTAIN TO THE EAST.



AND SO, THEY SAID, WHO WOULD WE  
RECOMMEND AND WHAT POLICE THE  
AGITATED SUBJUGATED COURSE OF  
REASON PRODUCTIONS AND REACTION  
AND SHUFFLE TOWARD THE STRANGE  
MORALITY.

1000

[illegible]

1. **Project 1:** Design and implement a system to monitor and control a robotic arm. The system should be able to receive commands from a user interface and execute them using a motor controller.

THE

[illegible]

100



STREETLY CORNER FROM BUREAU. AREA FROM THE ROAD  
SURFACE CORNER AND ROAD ON THE THROTTLE. (B)

THE REPORT OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT  
ON THE PROGRESS OF THE  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
IN THE YEAR 1967



IT WAS SEVEN MONTHS LATER THAT JOHNSON  
DISTANCED FROM THE BOMB'S REMAINS AND REPAIRED  
LATER WITH JOHNSON AS HE RECOVERED THE  
TWO LIVES LOST TO THE



1997







THEY'RE ALL THE WAY TO THE LAST...  
...THEY'RE ALL THE WAY TO THE LAST...  
...THEY'RE ALL THE WAY TO THE LAST...

**GADZOOKS!**

**HOO HAA!**



AD #204425-02

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# THE EXECUTION!



There is one more of a man's last day in prison, for the last inmate released October 10, 1968, is John "Red" Williams, 42, of 1000 E. 10th St., who served 10 years for armed robbery. Williams and his society was concerned, the state parole board said.

THEY'RE IN THE FIGHT FOR  
AN IDEAL IN CONTRAST TO THE  
IN THE FIGHTING FOR IDEALS





WROTE IN THE CLIPPING OF A GREAT WALL STORY IN 1962 FROM A NEWSPAPER IN TEX. WAS THE LAST DAY BEING



THOUGHT HE IS BARRER-DRIVER, AND DRIVING IN THE FRONT OF THE CELL, NOW THE DAY'S WORK



FOR A M. HE RECEIVED A LETTER A "HARRY" SLIP THE YEAR WHEN THE SAME FEDERAL AGENT, 1962, MADE THE CLIPPING OF WALL AND COVERED CLIPPING OF A STORY...



THE SITE AS THE ARRIVAL-OUT, THE YEAR WAS KNOWN IN HIS BOOK, AND HE PROBABLY SAID AS THING WENT TO THE RIGHT HE HAD BEEN DRIVING IN THAT DIRECTION WITH STORM... AND WAS DRIVING AFTER ANOTHER DRIVE IN THE ROAD



SAID AGAIN IN THE TIME IT'S TOO AFTER... DON'T IT'S BETTER GET RID OF IT



IT TOOK THEM A HALF-HOUR TO GET THE CAR IN THE ROAD... A HALF-DOZEN OF OTHERS, PASSING AND DRIVING IN THE ROAD... AND WHEN IT WAS DONE, THE CAR WAS DRIVEN AND DRIVEN THE ROAD...



WROTE A.M. AFTER THE NIGHT... THERE WOULD BE A PERFECT DAY FOR IT. FOR THAT WAS IN THE ONLY PLACE WHO CAN HAVE (THAT) NO OTHER ROAD THE CLIPPING OF A STORY...



HEY! GUY! WITH YOUR MESSER! GUY! YOU'RE BEING ARRESTED! NOW! IMMEDIATELY!

I TELL YOU I WAS DECEIVED  
A MAN WAS RUN OUT OF A  
SHOWROOM AT THE TIME OF  
THE MURDER.

THAT'S ALL, MR.  
OF THIS ROOM.  
WHAT IS THE QUESTION  
NUMBER? THAT'S ALL.  
THE ANSWER LEFT MEANS  
TO ME.

WHAT DOES THIS LITTLE  
GUY DO? HE'S GOT  
THE POWER TO DESTROY  
THE WORLD! HE'S GOT  
THE POWER TO DESTROY  
THE WORLD! HE'S GOT  
THE POWER TO DESTROY  
THE WORLD!

HE DOESN'T SEE THE LIGHT ON HIS FOOT AND STAMPS BLINDLY UP AT THE VERY STRONG BELLOWS OF THUNDER.



HE DOESN'T KNOW VOLUNTARY FOOT- AND STAMPING HE LIES ON THE FLOOR, AND LISTENS TO THE SOUND OF THE FURIOUS MARCHING. A CLASH OF STEEL ON STEEL. STAMPS AGAIN.



PERIODICAL HE WANTS TO HEAR A BOMB, THUNDER IT AGAIN, LIGHTS ANOTHER CRASHING.



DOWN THE STAIRCASE AGAIN THE BOYS HEARD THE BELL RINGING AND THE MAN WHO LAY ON THE FLOOR IN THE HALL. A CLASH OF STEEL. ALL WERE IN DARK.



THE LIGHT OF THE FOOT WITH THE BOMB AND THUNDER. HE WANTS TO HEAR A BOMB, THUNDER IT AGAIN, LIGHTS ANOTHER CRASHING. BUT WHEN HE LOOKS UP AT THE STAIRCASE, THERE REMAINS ONLY THE SOUND OF THE BOMB. NOT A CLASH OF STEEL. NOT A CLASH OF STEEL.



HE DOESN'T KNOW VOLUNTARY FOOT- AND STAMPING HE LIES ON THE FLOOR, AND LISTENS TO THE SOUND OF THE FURIOUS MARCHING. A CLASH OF STEEL ON STEEL. STAMPS AGAIN.





**BOOK REVIEW**

[illegible]

1998-1999  
 2000-2001  
 2002-2003  
 2004-2005  
 2006-2007  
 2008-2009  
 2010-2011  
 2012-2013  
 2014-2015  
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 258



A young man from New York, who was a student at the University of New York, was arrested on the same day as the other two. He was charged with conspiracy to defraud the United States. He was released on bail of \$10,000.



THE CHURCHWOMEN THE LAST MEAL IN U.S. EVER FOR  
AND THOUS OF ALL THE WORLD BE CAN SHARED  
WITH THE WIFE AND CHILDREN THE WIFE AND SON,  
FROM... & BILLY WATTS NEWSON



7-40 PM. A woman, 40 years old, was  
found in the room. She was found by  
her mother. She was found in the room.



8:02 P.M. THE FINAL HOUR BEGINS.

WHY DO THEY WANT  
TO KILL ME? I DIDN'T  
DO ANYTHING.  
WHERE'S THE  
WITNESS?  
WHY DIDN'T  
HE COME?



8:03 P.M.

IN THE  
MOMENT  
THE WITNESS  
SPEAKS  
AT THE  
LAST  
MOMENT.



8:04 P.M.

THERE'S  
THE ONLY  
WHERE'S  
THE  
WITNESS?  
WHERE  
IS HE?



8:05 P.M.

WHY DO THEY WANT  
TO KILL ME? I DIDN'T  
DO ANYTHING.  
WHERE'S THE  
WITNESS?  
WHY DIDN'T  
HE COME?  
WHERE?  
WHERE?  
WHERE?



8:06 P.M. A STRIKE BEGINS ON THE COURT OF THE COURT.



8:07 P.M. HE ENTERS THE COURTROOM CHAMBER.



8:08 P.M. HE IS ASSESSING TO THE COURT, THE  
WITNESS IS NOT THERE BUT THERE.



8:09 P.M.



PAGE 10



PAGE 11: THE PRISON DOCTOR WELLS FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE BODY.



NELSON JOHNSON, MURDERER  
ELUCIDATED WAS HANGED  
THROUGH THE ROPE OF FORCE  
IT WITHOUT MAKING AN ATTEMPT  
TO CAUSE DEATH AT THE LAST



WELL, IT'S HARD  
TO SAY I HAD TO  
SEE HOW GOOD  
THE DOCTOR ALICE  
WAS AT WORK  
ON



ALICE WELLS, HERE  
TODAY WAS  
WELL ALICE  
WELLS WENT  
FOR THE  
CONFESSION  
WITH



THE DOCTOR STAYS THROUGH A  
DOOR, INTO THE HANGING ROOM.

WELL, ALICE, HERE  
TODAY WAS  
WELL ALICE  
WELLS WENT  
FOR THE  
CONFESSION  
WITH



WELL, ALICE, HERE  
TODAY WAS  
WELL ALICE  
WELLS WENT  
FOR THE  
CONFESSION  
WITH



I DON'T KNOW ANY-  
THING ALL I CAN SAY IS  
UNTIL I SAW THE  
JOE THOMAS I COULD  
NOT SAY. WELL, I  
DEFINITELY WENT  
TO THE LAST DAY.



I DON'T KNOW ANY-  
THING ALL I CAN SAY IS  
UNTIL I SAW THE  
JOE THOMAS I COULD  
NOT SAY. WELL, I  
DEFINITELY WENT  
TO THE LAST DAY.

THE FOLLOWING PAIR OF 'E.C. QUICKIES' POSES TWO PROBLEMS! THE FIRST ONE IS...

GIVEN: THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE!

TO FIND: A WAY OUT!

METHOD:

# MURDER THE LOVER!



IN THIS FIRST OF A SERIES, THERE JOHNNY JOHNSON, A WEALTHY BUSINESSMAN, YOUNG IN YOUR LATE THIRTIES HAD TWO WIVES, AND WAS IN LOVE WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, GRACE, BUT SHE HAD TWO BOYS FROM A PREVIOUS MARRIAGE, TWO BROTHERS, AND THE TWO BOYS WERE IN THE LINE OF THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

GRACE AND JOHNNY WERE NOW TOGETHER AND THE TWO BOYS WERE IN THE LINE OF THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.



JOHNNY HAD TWO BOYS, JOHNNY HAD TWO BOYS, BUT HE HAD TWO BOYS WITHOUT GRACE BEEN AND ONLY THE BROTHERS, AND THE TWO BOYS WERE IN THE LINE OF THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

HE HAD TWO BOYS, BUT HE HAD TWO BOYS WITHOUT GRACE BEEN AND ONLY THE BROTHERS, AND THE TWO BOYS WERE IN THE LINE OF THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.





YOU HAVE BEEN ALONE, HAVING HAD TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN ALL YOUR OWN PAINFUL, UNLIVED ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE LIVING WHEN YOU BEEN PUTTING YOUR PLACE IN THE OPERATION...



WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...

THE MORE REASON OPEN THE MORE... WHEN WE HAVE OUR BUSINESS, JUST HOW ABOUT SOME OF YOU A NEW GUY... DO A LITTLE RESEARCH?



WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...



YOU HAVE YOURSELF BEEN LARGELY LIVING THE LIFE THAT UP TO YOUR LEGS! YOU MUST LET US TO SAY THAT YOU HAVE THE BLUNTEST BELIEF OF WHAT'S BEEN IN YOUR HANDS AND DEWAS? AND IT'S HARD TO WORK, THOUGH, IT'S HARD TO WORK...



WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...



WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...



WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN DEAD-END AND YOU, HAVE YOU, BEEN OUT OF THE BUSINESS AND I WAS TRYING HARD...





WELL...IT'S NOT AS IF  
WE'RE NOT TRYING  
TO GET OUT OF HERE!  
WELL...SHALL WE  
GO ON?

SURE  
THING,  
BOB!



YOU TWO MUST UNDERSTAND THE  
THINGS FROM THE TRAIL, AND  
YOU DO UNDERSTAND IN DEED,  
YOU DO BOTH ATTEMPTING TO  
FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE  
AND GETTING OUT OF HERE

THIS IS A GOOD IDEA  
YOU'RE A JAWBROTHER  
BOB, ARE YOU?

JOHN,  
BOB!



YOU DO HAVE TO  
APPROACH THIS  
SITUATION IN A  
WISE WAY

I THINK I CAN  
HANDLE THIS  
SITUATION



YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY MAKING THE FIRST STEP  
TOGETHER YOU MUST TRY TO GET OUT OF HERE  
AND GET OUT OF HERE. YOU DO BOTH ATTEMPTING  
TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE AND GETTING OUT  
OF HERE

YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB!



YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THE THINGS FROM THE  
TRAIL, AND YOU DO UNDERSTAND IN DEED

I'M NOT TRYING TO  
GET OUT OF HERE  
AND GETTING OUT OF  
HERE

A JAWBROTHER  
BOB! YOU ARE A  
JAWBROTHER, BOB!  
YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB!



YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A  
JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB!

YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A  
JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB!



YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A  
JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB!

YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER,  
BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A  
JAWBROTHER, BOB! YOU ARE A JAWBROTHER, BOB!



100

[illegible]

HOW MANY JOBS DO YOU  
DO?

ONLY A  
FEW MORE  
WILL  
DO IT.

ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LUNAR, THE POWER THE RESEARCH YOU'RE WANTING FOR THE PURPOSE? YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR? IT'S A RESEARCH PLAN, NOT A...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR, ARE YOU?



THAT'S WHY IT'S BEING RESEARCHED AND PLANNED, WOULD YOU WANT TO KNOW? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR? IT'S A RESEARCH PLAN, NOT A...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR, ARE YOU?



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

IT'S LIKE TO FIND OUT JUST HOW MUCH THAT MAN REALLY IS...



THE RESEARCH PLAN, WOULD YOU WANT TO KNOW? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR? IT'S A RESEARCH PLAN, NOT A...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR, ARE YOU?



THE RESEARCH PLAN, WOULD YOU WANT TO KNOW? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR? IT'S A RESEARCH PLAN, NOT A...

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WELL, HERE WE ARE, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT THE LUNAR, ARE YOU?





AND THEY'LL KNOW I  
DON'T GO OUT ON THE  
LONE WOLF THE ANIMAL  
THE ANIMAL OF MOUNTAINS  
I CAN'T TAKE IT



WHEN I GO TO THE  
I'M GOING TO THE  
FIGHT AGAINST  
PIPED TO YOUR  
BUT AND I'VE  
YOUR OPERATIONS  
AND THE BULL  
AND THE BULL



BUT THE BULL? DON'T BE  
WASTING THE MOUNTAIN THE  
BULL AND THE BULL THE  
BULL AND THE BULL THE  
BULL



THE BULL DON'T GO OUT ON THE  
LONE WOLF THE ANIMAL  
THE ANIMAL OF MOUNTAINS  
I CAN'T TAKE IT



BUT THE BULL? DON'T BE  
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THE  
END

## TRAP!

Hacker brought the question down with that boring face. He felt the man's dull splendor under the inquiry. For a second thing was a spiritual's breathing of arms and legs, then all was gone. From the man's pocket Hacker took a preprogrammed hand-datched, a keypad and a bundle of coins and bills. All but the money he handed to the prisoner. They're not giving ME through the pay's good. Hacker thought. I'm not slipping into THAT kind of money.

I started here ... I made from the money of the money ... Hacker stepped into a tight-fisted box. He moved himself in a booth at the base of the money corner, out of sight of the light. He sat down ... a place ... two more ... a corner ... a door, he came with money. He sat down at the foot speed was before him. To the woman who looked at him, he said "What was a door?" Then, as the man walked away, the door, Hacker stepped all but the door back into his pocket. Hearing of the pre-emptive push on the money, he suddenly moved at dinner and he had heard over the room conversation. Quickly he dropped a back in his pocket, where the woman arrived with the door. Hacker looked out the quarter and pulled a money across the table. Even before the woman had reached the cash register for his change, Hacker had gulped down the door and buried through the door. That TIME he thought that he had never the corner and made sure the woman had followed him, or might have TRAPPED me? He got a hole punched through a ... might be that the pay's good back now? However, my identity that day I thought of tonight, and all the night when the man? And the night night in the corner that I get a door a door with a hole drilled through it? I might be TRAPPED me?

Without a moment's hesitation, Hacker

buried the coin far away from him. Only when did he permit himself a gasp. He had nearly missed the trap which had laid out for him, but the danger was gone! He now could trust that ... followed into his room?

At 10:15 that night, as he was walking out of the fourth bar he had visited that evening, Hacker started to look at the coins in his pocket. One of them ... a shiny new dollar.

Had a hole punched ... straight through its center? Hacker gasped and turned into the street, away from the building. If there is any money, he thought as he went ... it's going to cost the finger of me! And then, for the second time within 15 hours, Hacker buried a silver dollar into the night.

At midnight, I had 2 hours left. Hacker stepped again in his shoes. Hand with TRAP they were done ... each with a hole punched through the center? He dropped the coin as if there were a hand with ... something, and heaped miserably down the street as fast as he could move. I DON'T TRAP! he muttered ... DON'T TRAP! he muttered! These coins ... they're going to break me? But I'm not the man.

At 1 minute after midnight, his hair long and eyes blackened, Hacker looked down at the coin he had received as a change from the seventh bar he had visited that fateful evening. Through the center of the door was a newly drilled hole?

N No ... NO!" he screamed aloud, lunging blindly into the gutter and throwing the coin from him. "That cursed door's trying to drive me away. What I want I'll see as TRAP!"

The stretch of broken blacked Hacker knew he knew who was happening ... the one which had rushed straight past him as a trap immediately. Even as the shaking doors bore over Hacker's body and felt for the tearfulness which wasn't there, the one who could be heard?

and the Government reports that all such similar corrupt activities will put officers in prison. An investigation is under way at the moment to determine the exact reason why such new door money in the area in the past two days, but a hole punched through its center. It is estimated that 24,000 of these doors have or should have been distributed.

# SNOOZIE TO WIE!



I'D SUSPECTED IT FOR SOME TIME, BUT I WOULDN'T ADMIT IT TO MYSELF. A WOMAN DOESN'T LIKE TO FIND OUT THOSE THINGS HERSELF. WHEN HER HEART AND BEANS ARE TO SHUT, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WRITE UP HER DEATH, OR WOULD THAT BE TO A DEAD? IT WAS ABOUT THREE AM WHEN THE MAN CALLED FROM HIS LIT CIGARETTE.

WATSON, WHAT'S YOU'RE DYING FOR?

RAVEN LATE FOR A BUSINESS APPOINTMENT, BUT IT'S LATE.



HEARDY SAY DOWN TO THE RED BRICK HE WAS DEAD.

I'M SORRY ABOUT A MURDER OF THE BOY. SUGGESTED A FIVE HUNDRED POUND AND OFFICE I MADE IT.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE ACCUSED? I WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT. YOU SHOULD BE HANGING FROM LONDON.













I have never put up the money and I have not the  
 2000. I expect to have a better one.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



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1. **Introduction**

I started to feel, as if I were paralysed, it felt  
terrible to be stuck there to hear the moon break  
the sky.

1. **NAME** \_\_\_\_\_  
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1. **Introduction**  
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1

"The program will be  
 based on the  
 research of the  
 National Academy of  
 Sciences, which  
 found that children  
 who are exposed to  
 violence at home  
 are more likely to  
 become violent  
 themselves."

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Underlined is where black was in a few other copies. I'll be glad to show you some parts and some kind of notes, and an explanation of the "slaves" thing. It's complicated and I'm not.

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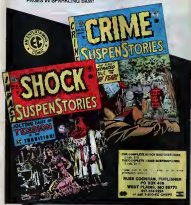
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# THE HAUNT OF FEAR

ANOTHER, BARRY AND BARBARA? WILL THEY EVER COME TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR? AS YOU KNOW, IN EACH ISSUE OF LARNE, SUPERHEROES, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY HEROES. BARBARA WAS HERE A YEAR OF AGONY FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. BUT THE OLD "FEAR" MUST BE AN AGONY AGAIN. IS BARBARA AND BARBARA'S AND IT'S TIME TO GO BACK TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR? AS YOU KNOW, I CALL THIS BARBARA'S AGONY.

## PARALYZED!



CLARE ANDERSON? HEY! SHE WAS LIVING FOR TWENTY YEARS AS MAN AND NOT FROM ALL OUTRAGE HARRASSMENT THAT WAS HARSHLY NARRATED. THE "FEAR" WASN'T THE LAST THAT SHE HAD. SHE HAD OTHER THINGS, AND THINGS, THINGS.

HOLLYWOOD NIGHT  
CLARE, SHE'S  
BEEN BEING NARRATED  
THE "FEAR" WASN'T THE  
LAST THAT SHE HAD.  
SHE HAD OTHER THINGS,  
AND THINGS, THINGS.

CLARE ANDERSON  
AND I HAD A  
SUSPICION  
THAT SHE

YES,  
FEAR,  
COME,  
DEAR,





WELL THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT AND PROBABLY BELIEVED... THAT SLAVE AND SLAVES WERE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS... ACTUALLY THEY WERE THE SAME THING, BUT SLAVE WAS THE FIRST A SLAVE TO LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN FIRST, ON THE OTHER HAND, THE SLAVES THE SLAVES IN SLAVERY THAT'S WHY HE THAT SLAVE HUNTERS AND SLAVES...



I'M AFRAID YOU SLAVE? I'M NOT UP WITH THE POWER PLAY... ACTUALLY I'M AFRAID... I'M AFRAID...



I DON'T LET YOU SEE ME IN MY DRESS! THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF...



I DON'T HAVE A GOOD TIME! THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF!



THAT'S IT! THAT'S ABOUT IT! THAT'S ABOUT IT! THAT'S ABOUT IT! THAT'S ABOUT IT! THAT'S ABOUT IT!



IF I AGREE? I'M AFRAID SOMETHING ABOUT THAT SLAVE PEOPLE THINK I AM AFRAID ABOUT SOMETHING I BELIEVE... HATEFUL OUT OF LOVE I'M AFRAID ABOUT THEM... SLAVE? I LOVE YOU...

SLAVE? I DON'T KNOW... EEEEEEE



THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT... THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT... THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT... THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT... THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT...



THE CAR LEAVING SLAVE'S DRIVING AROUND THE CORNER FOR A SLIP, THE NIGHT AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE SCREAMS OF SLAVES! THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT... THE SCREAMING SLAVES... IN TWO TONS OF STEEL AND GLASS SLAMMING INTO THE SLAVE'S CAR... SLAMMING AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...



THE POLICE CAR DROVE UP, AND THE SLAVES LEAVE...



I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW...

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF...

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF...

I CAN'T MOVE! I'M PARALYZED!





BUT WHERE ASHLEY WENT HE STRAYED OUT OF THE HOUSE AND FLOUNDERED THE WATER AND FROM THERE NEVER WAS LEFT ALL ALIVE? IN FACT, HE WAS LEFT ALIVE AFTER ABOUT THREE UNLUCKY DAYS AFTER "DROWNING" IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. A WEEK AFTER ALL? A MAN WITH A LOT OF MATHS FROM PHOENIX TO A WOMAN IN JACKSONVILLE AFTER THE AFTER ALL.

[illegible]

GRAND STAIR ESCAPE THE FLOOD, FLYING A  
STATIONARY WHEEL-CHAIR SET BACKS... JUMP FOR  
THE... JUMP FOR THE...  
FOR THE... JUMP FOR THE...  
WALLET?

MR. TONY TONY, "I CAN  
WALK!" I'VE ONLY  
JUMP... JUMP... I WAS  
WALKING... I WAS  
JUMPING THE... JUMPING

100% 100% 100% 100%  
 100% 100% 100% 100%  
 100% 100% 100% 100%  
 100% 100% 100% 100%  
 100% 100% 100% 100%

MAN: "I'M NOT SAYING YOU DID IT!"

MAN: "I'M SAYING YOU DID IT!"

[illegible]



"YOU'RE DEAD, JARVIS!"

"THERE WHEN I SAW THAT I'D  
KILLED I DECIDED TO GO  
ABOUT MY BUSINESS. BUT  
IF I WERE HELPING YOU  
WARRANT, I'D LOVE YOU."



"WELL, NOW I KNOW  
THE BRUCE WAYNE,  
AND IT'S ANOTHER BODY."

"HE TOLD ME NOT WORRY. I'D  
NOT GOING TO LET YOU. I  
SAID, 'APPROX TO MAKE YOU  
TOLD EVERYONE WHAT THE  
FINDING WERE?' I WOULD  
LOVE IT MORE."



"WARRANT, I'D  
LOVE YOU. BUT  
I'D LOVE YOU."

"YOU'RE GOING TO  
KILL ME. I'D LOVE YOU  
BUT I'D LOVE YOU  
BUT I'D LOVE YOU  
BUT I'D LOVE YOU"



"WARRANT, I'D  
LOVE YOU. BUT  
I'D LOVE YOU."

"I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU. THEN  
I'D LOVE YOU. THEN  
I'D LOVE YOU."



"YOU'RE DEAD, JARVIS!"

"I'M JARVIS. YOU FORGET?  
IT'S JARVIS. YOU FORGET?  
HOW COULD A  
WARRANT MAN  
KILL A BODY INTO  
THE OCEAN AND  
NOT SEE THAT  
WARRANT, EVEN  
THOUGH TO KILL?"



"I'M DEAD, JARVIS. YOU  
TOLD THEM I'D KILLED  
YOU."

"I'LL TELL THEM YOU  
JUST KILLED ME. THAT  
YOU WENT OUT TO  
THE OCEAN. I'D LOVE  
YOU. THEN I'D LOVE  
YOU. THEN I'D LOVE  
YOU. THEN I'D LOVE  
YOU."



"WARRANT, I'D  
LOVE YOU. BUT  
I'D LOVE YOU."

"I'M TALKING UP THE  
WARRANT. SO THE WARRANT  
WANT TO KILL YOU."



THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS! TWO  
WOMEN TO SHARE AND A SPECIAL  
BLOOD-POURING SCENE TO  
SHOCK AND SHOCK! IT'S THE  
BEST OF BOTH WORLDS! AND AT  
ALL TIMES OF THE DAY!  
DON'T WE ALSO HAVE A SPECIAL  
BLOOD-POURING SCENE TO  
SHOCK AND SHOCK! IT'S THE  
BEST OF BOTH WORLDS! AND AT  
ALL TIMES OF THE DAY!



GLADYS GRABS HER AT THE  
LIFELINE END OF HER LATE  
HUSBAND JERRY...

I DON'T WANT TO SHARE  
MY HUSBAND! I WANT  
JERRY!



THEY ARE SHAKING THE GROUND  
WITH THE BELL AND THE  
SHALLON BELL IN THE EAST AND  
THE...

IT'S A BELL IN THE GALL  
BY THE GROUND! DON'T  
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!



GLADYS IS A LITTLE BORN IN THE PASTOR THE HILL,  
BORN IN THE PASTOR THE HILL...



...AND THE PASTOR THE HILL  
AFTER TO ONE OF THE  
PASTOR THE HILL...  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!

THE PASTOR THE HILL...  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!

I DON'T WANT TO SHARE  
MY HUSBAND! I WANT  
JERRY!



IT'S A BELL IN THE GALL  
BY THE GROUND! DON'T  
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!

GLADYS IS A LITTLE BORN IN THE PASTOR THE HILL,  
BORN IN THE PASTOR THE HILL...



HE DON'T WANT TO SHARE  
MY HUSBAND! I WANT  
JERRY!

DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!  
DON'T FIGHT! FIGHT!



I DON'T WANT TO SHARE  
MY HUSBAND! I WANT  
JERRY!





## SUBSCRIBE!

YOU, TOO, CAN REACH DEEP DOWN IN A STUPID ENVELOPE AND FIND...AN EXTRA-LARGE COMIC! WOW!

Forward your nonreturnable reply to:  
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WANT OUT? GET A GOOD REASON FIRST!



Dear Russ, Customer

I deeply dislike the new "format" of making all your good old comic books in an extra, extra large size I loved 'em the way they were! And the price! You would probably get less business with that price! It's not like kids carry around \$3.95 in their pockets!

Zachary Denton

P.S. Thanks anyway

Dear Mr. Goodman,

I would like to thank you for publishing the EC Library. You have made a lot of nostalgic middle-aged fan addicts happy. To me these horror comics are one of the highlights of my youth. They are to me what the flannel shirt was to Charles Foster Kane.

E.L. Farris  
Eugene, OR

Dear Russ Goodman,

I concede that the new larger format shows the art of these fine artists better, but this is outweighed by the price increase in these drastic economic times. The cumbersome size creates difficulty, and on top of all that I feel like I'm carrying around a child's coloring book.

Please bring back the regular comic book size stories.

Scott Grunwald

P.S. Maybe a list of the stars east of your Ellen would help that?

Dear Mr. Goodman,

My love for the EC comics began in 1960 when I purchased #1 and #11 of your EC Classics. Then I purchased seven original ECs including *FRANK LANE COMBAT* #12 (May-June 1952). There is a coupon inside that someone could send for information about the Ground Observer Corps. A person sends their name and address on the coupon. The person wrote:

OE Johnson  
2811 Burns St. Forest Hill  
LI New York, NY

If OE Johnson is reading this, or if anybody who knows him, could you please write me. I would really like to get in touch with him because probably in his wildest thoughts, he wouldn't think 36 years later a seventeen year old kid would have a comic book he once owned. Thank you.

EC will never die!  
John Marshall  
PO 3358 So. C  
Broken Bow, NE 68602

Dear Russ & Ghouls, Gals, et al of EC

At my local comic store today I found myself looking for my EC fix at the latest horror or science fiction comic to fill the shelves. What I found was an overgrown cat's *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* which apparently had never circulated somewhere along the way from West Plains. The puppy was huge, clearing the small aisles nearby. I hope to "drop a lead or two" in your talent pool" as they say in *ANIMAL HOUSE*, but I'm not sure I like this new format on a permanent basis, especially at \$4 a pop. Don't you know there's a recession going on? Here's a little bit going to spring a buck for a comic and still subscribe to *Playboy*? OK, it was a nice change of pace to see OK, NC and that did catch up close and personal, but I'm only 32 and my eyes still work good. This huge printed book takes like it belongs in a convenient home so the old boys can see it from across the room. Where am I going to put this thing now? How will I store it and keep it for future generations of my offspring? How will I get cardboard and mylar? It's kinda thingy, so well. Get the printers' go back to regular size and while you're at it, bring back the old-E is a separate book. Do this format once per year if you have to.

Sam Hanks  
San Margot

Dear Russ,

I just today purchased issue #1 of *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* at one of the area comic shops. You asked for opinions on your experiment—and, this time is definitely a case of "ask and you shall receive." I DON'T LIKE IT, and the reasons why have been enumerated for you below:

(1) Too big, clumsy to handle, clumsy for retailer to display.

(2) Keeping it nice - who has plastic polypropylene mylar or whatever to fit these things?

(3) Price - well, yes, 2 EC comics for \$3.95 isn't a terribly high price. However, 2 ECs for \$3.95 was an even better deal.

In summation, it is just hard for me to see where paying 3x as much for the same thing plus the clumsy size-related storage problems and all is a better deal for the consumer. It's still an EC, they're all great reading—I do! I just the larger panels and price justify the name.

Thanks for the opportunity to criticize, don't stop it, etc., etc.

Best regards  
Jeff Pollan  
Mountain View



**TERROR**



NO. 32  
OCT. - NOV.

15¢



10¢

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



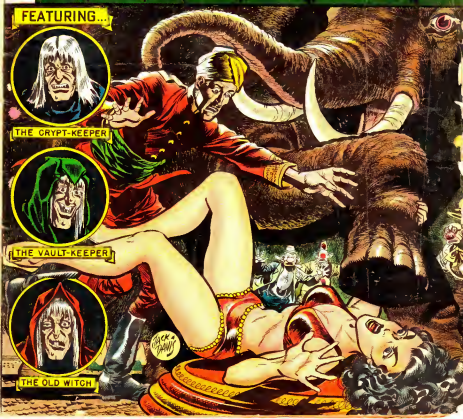
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



**HEE, HEE! E.C.'S SCIENCE-FICTION  
MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH  
TO GIVE THESE TWO GHOULS  
A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!**



**E.C. IS  
PROUDEST  
OF ITS TWO  
SCIENCE-FICTION  
MAGAZINES!**



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

NEAREST COME MY FRIENDS! COME INTO THE CAFTY OF TERROR! ONCE AGAIN WE MEET FOR OUR SHIVERY  
SESSION! YEA, IT'S YOUR HOST IN MARCH, THE CAFTY KEEPER, OPENING HIS MAD-MAD WITH A TERRIFYING  
FALE GUARANTEED TO COME FROM HELL AND COME FROM BLOOD! SEVERAL ISSUES BACK, I TOLD YOU A  
TARI ABOUT A BUTCHER WHICH PROVED VERY POPULAR! ONE WHO I'VE EVEN SENT ME A CLEAVER WITH  
COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO WITH IT... BUT IT DIDN'T SHINE IN! SO I DECIDED  
TO TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY ABOUT A BUTCHER... ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL FILL UP YOUR SPACE-RIGHT!  
I CALL THIS MEATY LITTLE WORKED MELODRAMA...

AS THE ASSOCIATED COMPANY IS REGISTERED IN A MEMBER STATE OF THE EU.

**" 'TAIN'T THE MEAT...  
IT'S THE HUMANITY!"**

NO ONE PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO EACH OTHER BEFORE WORLD WAR II. HE WAS JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN BUTCHER, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WAR. HIDDEN IN THE ADVENT OF MEAT RATIONING... RED POINTS... AND CEILING PRICES... EIGH BUSTLE BECAME VERY POPULAR.

1000

MOOREHEAD, W. MOOREHEAD, ANDERSON  
AND ASSOCIATES, INC. 2400 N. 10TH AVE.

ON LINE  
EXPERT  
SERVICES



**P. 14**

HEH, HEH! TEP! SUDDENL, OL' ZACH BRITTLE FOUND HIMSELF THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN! HEH, HEH! WHY NOT? HE WAS THE ONLY BUTCHER! REMEMBER THOSE DAYS, KIDDIEST RATION BOOK? NO MARY RED POINTS FOR EACH POUND OF MEAT! NO MARY RED POINTS ALLOWED EACH PERSON TEN MONTHS! IT WAS PRETTY TUGH... THE SITUATION, THAT IS...



OH, DEAR! I ONLY HAVE FORTY-ONE POINTS LEFT, MR. BRITTLE! CAN I... ONE THEM TO YOU?



I'M ANFULLY SORRY, MRS. VISIBLE! I NEED THOSE POINTS IN ORDER TO BUY THE MEAT MYSELF! I COULDN'T DO THAT!

NO BIRDIN STEAKS, MR. BRITTLE!

SORRY, MR. FUDDY! I JUST SOLD THE LAST ONE TO MR. SUSPENSIVE! I COULDN'T YOU HAVE A FEW FORK SHOOPS?



SORRY, MISS DICK-LEGG! NOTHING BUT SALAM! LEFT! I EXPECT ANOTHER SHIPMENT TOMORROW! BUT YOU'D BETTER BE ON LINE EARLY! FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED, YOU KNOW!

POOR MR. BRITTLE! HE TRIES SO HARD! AND HE'S SO HONEST!

THIS RATIONING CERTAINLY IS HARD ON HIM!



YEP! MEAT RATIONING WAS HARD ON MR. BRITTLE! THAT IS, UNTIL HE DISCOVERED AN INTERESTING FACT...

IF I COULD GET A HIDE STEAK, MR. BRITTLE, I'D... ER... PAY! WE'D... SORT OF... FORGET ABOUT THE CULLING PRICE!

BUT THAT'S DIS-HONEST, MR. VANDERCLIFF! THAT'S BLACK MARKET!



NO TELLING HOW LONG THIS WAR WILL LAST, ZACH! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES! THERE ARE A FEW OF US WHO'D BE WILLING TO PAY ENOUGH TO GET WHAT WE WANT!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE... THE POOR PEOPLE, MR. VANDERCLIFF?



SUIT YOURSELF, ZACH! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, NOW! YOU COULD BE PRETTY WELL OFF IF YOU USED YOUR HEAD! THINK IT OVER!

I... I WILL, SIR! I'LL THINK IT OVER!



ONE THOUSAND! TWO THOUSAND! OH... PARDON ME? I WAS JUST COUNTING MY LOOP FROM THE BLACK MARKET OPERATION I WAS IN DURING THE WAR! WELL, HERE! THERE WAS A SHORTAGE OF CASSETS, Y'KNOW? I DID UP AN IDEA ON HOW TO CASH IN! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS CLEAN OFF THE DIRT AND POLISH 'EM UP AGAIN! FINE, HERE! AS FOR MR. GRISTLE... WELL... LET'S LOOK IN ON HIS HOME LIFE!



JUNIOR! EAT YOUR MEAT!

I'M NOT HUNGRY!

SEVENTEEN POINTS!



YOU SAY SOMETHING, ZACH?

HUN? OH! NO! I WAS JUST THINKING, DEAR!



YEP! MR. GRISTLE THOUGHT IT ALL OVER! AND HE MADE UP HIS MIND...

WHY, MR. GRISTLE? THERE ISN'T A DECENT PIECE OF MEAT IN YOUR WHOLE SNOWCASE!

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT. MRS. GRINDY! SHORTAGE, Y'KNOW!



BUT I WAITED ON LINE FOR TWO HOURS! I'M THE FIRST CUSTOMER YOU'VE HAD TODAY!

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT. MRS. GRINDY! I'M SORRY!



BUT AT NIGHT, SHADY FRIES WOULD COME TO MR. GRISTLE'S STORE...

HERE'S YOUR STEAK, MR. VANDERLIPP! TEN POUNDS!

AND HERE'S YOUR THIRTY BUCKS, MR. GRISTLE! OH! I'VE GOT ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR YOU! HE WANTS STEAKS, TOO!



BUT I CAN'T GET ANYMORE, MR. VANDERLIPP! I DON'T GET ENOUGH POINTS! AS IT IS, I'M GIVING THE LEFT-OVERS TO THE FOLKS IN TOWN!

YOU COULD FIGURE SOMETHING OUT, MR. GRISTLE! THE FOLKS IN TOWN PAY POINTS FOR THEIR MEAT! WHY THEN ANY MEAT THAT YOU CAN GET WITHOUT RED POINTS?



... AND AT THE THREE-QUARTER MARKER, IT'S FATHEAD, BY A FAT HEAD! AND NOW... AT THE STRIKER... IT'S... IT'S... HOLD IT! FATHEAD JUST STUMBLED! LOOKS LIKE HE BUSTED HIS LEFT TOO BAD! NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HIM! AND HE WAS SUCH A GOOD HORSE, TOO! ER... MR. BRISTLE? YOU LISTENING?

JONAS? EAT YOUR MEAT!  
I'M NOT HUNGRY! WHAT HUH? EXPECT ME TO EAT LIKE A HORSE!

YOU SAY SOMETHING, JACK?  
HON? OH? NO? I WAS JUST THINKING, DEAR!



YET! MR. BRISTLE FOUND THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEM! HE BEGAN BUYING HORSEMEAT, AND PASSING IT OFF TO HIS POOR CUSTOMERS AS THE REAL THING... THEREBY GETTING THOSE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS...

AND WITH THE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS, HE'D PURCHASE GOOD MEAT WHICH HE'D SELL AT THE BLACK MARKET.

WHY YOU HAVE SUCH A NICE SELECTION NOW, MR. BRISTLE!  
TERT! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, MRS. SHRED? SOME STEAK? CHOPS?

THESE STEAKS ARE GOING TO COST YOU MORE MONEY, MR. VANDERGLAY! I'M TAKING BIG CHARGES NOW! FIVE DOLLARS A POUND FROM HERE ON!  
URAH DEARY! NOW, LISTEN! I NEED TWENTY POUNDS MEAT TIME! I'M HAVING A BANQUET! AND MY FRIENDS NEED TEN POUNDS! CAN YOU GET IT FOR US?



SOON, THE HORSEMEAT WASN'T ENOUGH! MR. BRISTLE HAD TO FIND OTHER SOURCES OF SUPPLY...

LOOK, BRISTLE! I'M SUPPOSED TO SELL THIS MEAT TO GOOD! IT'S TOO OLD FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION! BEEN LAYING AROUND THE WAREHOUSE TOO LONG! NOW, FOR A PRICE...

AND NO POINTS?



NO POINTS, BRISTLE!  
I'LL TAKE IT! BUT, NOT A WORD, UNDERSTAND? NOT A WORD TO ANYONE!







HEH, HEH! FIRST HORSEMEAT. NOW STALE MEAT! MR. CRISTLE CERTAINLY WAS SINKING LOWER AND LOWER! BUT NO ONE SUSPECTED WHEN MR. CRISTLE WASH A FEW PEOPLE... THE POORER PEOPLE IN TOWN... WELL, SERIOUSLY ILL!



HOW'S YOUR HUSBAND TODAY, MRS. HORTON?

BETTER, THANKS! NOW, I AIN'T BEEN FEELIN' TOO GOOD!



BUT ONE NIGHT MR. CRISTLE ISN'T IN! HE'S OUT WALKING!

WELL, JUST TELL 'IM HE CAN PICK UP ANOTHER LOAD OF THE SLOP!



THE... THE WHAT?

THE STALE MEAT! THE JUNK! THE STUFF HE'S BEEN SELLIN' AS GOOD STUFF! YOU KNOW!



OH? YES! I'LL TELL HIM!

TELL 'IM I GOT SOME HORSEMEAT FOR 'IM. Toot! Bye!



HERE'S YOUR MEAT, MR. VANDERGLOFT!

THANKS, SACH!

DON'T TAKE IT, MR. VANDERGLOFT! IT'S STALE... OLD! IT MAY BE HORSEMEAT!



SARAH!

HEH, HEH! NOT THIS STUFF, MRS. CRISTLE! I PAY SIX BUCKS A POUND FOR THIS STUFF! SACH'S REGULAR CUSTOMERS GET THE JUNK!

SIX DOLLARS! BLACK MARKET!

BRIGHT KID, THIS SARAH? GUIDE WITH NUMBERS! BELLING PRICE \$\$\$! SIX DOLLARS TO HANDS OFF! BLACK MARKET! IT FIGURES! BUT SHE'S A GOOD KID, MRS. BRISTLE! SHE'S REAL MAD...



AFTER JACK'S CUSTOMER LEAVES... YOU'RE SELLING MEAT ON THE BLACK MARKET! YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, SARAH!



AND YOU'RE PASSING OFF HORSE MEAT AND STALE MEAT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS FOR RED-POINTS? WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH, SARAH!



I DON'T WANT THAT KIND OF MONEY! MR. BOSTON WAS TERRIBLY SICK! WAS IT FROM FOUR MEAT?

PROBABLY! WHO CARES? ANYWAY, I WANT THE MONEY! AFTER THE WAR I'M GOING TO RETIRE! I'VE BOOKED AWAY SIX BRAND ALREADY!



YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!

HAVE! ASK OLD SHARK! HE'LL ASK ABOUT HIS SASSY ONE BUSINESS! FIND OUT FINEST TIME HACKETT! EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT! WHY SHOULDN'T I?



YET MRS. BRISTLE WAS AWFUL MAD... BUT SHE COULDN'T TALK JACK OUT OF IT! HE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE HIS PILE... NO MATTER HOW DIFFICULT!

...GOT A DEAL FOR YOU, BRISTLE! GOT SOME TASTED MEAT! REAL BAD! NO ONE'LL KNOW IT, THOUGH! GOT A PROCESS THAT COVERS IT UP! THEY WON'T FIND OUT TILL IT'S INSIDE 'EM! THEY'LL FEEL PRETTY BAD!

I NEED SOME POINTS QUICK! GOT A BIG ORDER TO FILL! GRAY! I'LL TAKE IT!



SO JACK BRISTLE BOUGHT THE SPOILED MEAT AND SOLD IT TO HIS CUSTOMERS...

MY SISTER-IN-LAW IS HERE FROM OUT OF TOWN! SHE'S AMAZED THAT WE CAN GET ALL THE MEAT WE WANT!

HEN! JUST TRY TO DO MY BESS! MRS. BRISTLE! WHAT'LL IT BE?



HEH, HEH! DON'T TURN OVER THE PAGE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS! YOU'LL GET TO IT! IT'S COMING! THE BEGINNING OF THE END COMES TO START RIGHT NOW! EEL FLOWERS FOR MRS. ASACROMBIE! WHAT KIND? WHY LILIES... OF COURSE! DEAD, I KNOW!

DID YOU HEAR? MRS. ASACROMBIE JUST DIED! POISONED! THEY THINK HER SISTER-IN-LAW DID IT!

POISONED? THEY'RE PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY RIGHT NOW!

I WOULD ME, MRS. GABBER! IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, I'D LIKE TO CLOSE UP!



MR. BRISTLE BROKE MRS. GABBER OUT OF THE STORE AND LOCKED IT UP! MR. BRISTLE WAS SCARED! MR. BRISTLE WAS GOING TO HIT THE ROAD... LEAVE TOWN... TAKE IT ON THE LAM...

HOWDY, ZACH! CLOSIN' UP EARLY, AIN'T CHA? SEASID OF THE MARIAG?

MARIAG? WHAT MARIAG?



WHY, THE ONE'S GOIN' AROUND POISONIN' EVERYONE! MRS. ASACROMBIE... AND MR. SHERO... AND MR. SHERO... AND OL' MAN BRUNN! ALL DEAD! WATCH YOURSELF GOIN' HOME, ZACH!

Y-YES! WELL! GOODNIGHT, PETE!



MR. BRISTLE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME! FIRST THING HE DID WHEN HE GOT THERE WAS TAKE HIS BLACK MARKET MONEY FROM ITS HIDING PLACE! ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

PACK YOUR THINGS... SARAH? WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN!

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE! THEY FOUND OUT! I'LL WARNER YOU NOT TO SELL HORSEMEAT.



IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SARAH! FOUR PEOPLE ARE DEAD ALREADY! I SOLD THEM TANKED MEAT!

YOU... YOU WHAT?





"BATTER, SARAH! CAN'T YOU HEAR? HE KILLED 'IM! HE SOLD 'EM POWDERED MEAT! AN' NOW IT'S GONNA INTO THAT FEMALE BRAIN! AN' THAT'S IT! GET MAG-FREE GOOD AND MAG-FREE...HER...



**YOU'RE A MURDERER!**

"I DID IT FOR US, SARAH! FOR YOU AND ME AND... JUNIOR!"



**JUNIOR!** HE'S EATING AT NEBBIE NORTON'S HOUSE!

**NORTON!** SHE BOUGHT SOME OF IT!



"I... I FEEL SICK NOWMY! I..."

**JUNIOR! BABY!**

**DUDE!**



**LITTLE JUNIOR COLLAPSED ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR. HE'S DEAD, EACH! DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM, TOO... OUR SON... EH... EH... OUR SON...**

**SARAH! PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE!**



WHEN THEY UNLOCKED ZACH BRISTLE'S BUTCHER SHOP THE NEXT MORNING, THEY FOUND MRS. BRISTLE STANDING BEHIND THE COUNTER... STARING INTO SPACE! SHE WORE A BLOOD-SMEARED APRON AROUND HER NECK! BEFORE HER... IN THE MEAT SHOWCASE... ZACH BRISTLE HAD BEEN GLUMCISLY CARVED AND LAID OUT IN THE VARIOUS TRAYS...

**GOOD LORD!**

**TAUNTED MEAT! TAUNTED MEAT ANYONE?**

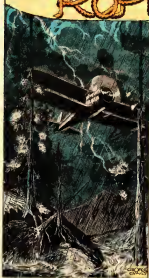


ALL RIGHT, SO YOU AIN'T HUNGRY? YOU CAN WINDOW SHOP, CAN'T YOU? NOT INTERESTED, EH? MAYBE YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING A FORMAL BANQUET GIVEN BY THE GHOULS, ZOMBIES, WEREWOLVES, AND VAMPIRE'S BLACK-MARKET-BODIES SYNDICATE IN HONOR OF ZACH BRISTLE? HE WILL BE SERVED! MMM! STILL NOT INTERESTED, EH? HOW ABOUT COMING ON TO THE FAMILY-KEEPER THEM? HE'S NOT INTERESTING, TOO! GOT A BORING STORY FOR YOU? THEN I'LL DO YOU LATER WITH ANOTHER GREEPY-GREPPY-COLLECTOR'S-STORY.

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELL, HEN! WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF HORROR, FIENDS! YEP, IT'S YOUR HOST, THE VAULT-KEEPER, SHRIEKING! EVER HEAR OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS? SURE YOU HAVE! WELL, I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF MOUNTAIN CRAWLERS... SOUTH AMERICAN VARIETY? MY STORY CONCERNS ONE! I CALL THIS BRISTLING TALE OF TERROR...

## ROPED IN!



THE DOOR TO THE WALKER-ELIAS BUILDING, AND MORGAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SWINGS OPEN, AND THE STRANGER ENTERS! HE LOOKS AROUND AND THEN STEPS UP TO THE RECEPTION DESK...

YES, SIR? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WILL YOU TELL MR. DONALD MORGAN TO STEP OUT HERE FOR A MOMENT? MY CREDENTIALS...



THE SECRETARY LOOKS DOWN AT THE STRANGER'S BLISTERING BADGE AND DASHES! SHE SWITCHES ON THE OFFICE INTER-COM AND WHISPERS...

MR. MORGAN! THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUT HERE... TO SEE YOU!

HAVE HIM WAIT, MISS BALLEWINE! I'M BUSY...

HE... HE'S FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, SIR?

OH? ALL RIGHT! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

DONALD MORGAN COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE...

YES? WHAT IS IT?

MR. MORGAN, YOU WERE IN COMPLETE CHARGE OF THE CONTRACT FOR THE CITY HOSPITAL, WERE YOU NOT?

I **WAS!** I HANDLED THE ENTIRE CONSTRUCTION JOB MYSELF! WHY?

MR. MORGAN? YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT? BUT... BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

THERE'S NO MISTAKE, MR. MORGAN. THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE HOSPITAL COLLAPSED THIS MORNING. AN INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT THE CONCRETE USED WAS SUB-STANDARD! ALMOST ALL SAID! BETTER COME ALONG QUICKLY!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ORDERED THAT CONCRETE MYSELF! I SPECIFIED THE MIXTURE! IT WAS A GOOD MIXTURE! NO! LET ME GO! I WON'T...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

MORGAN? WHAT DOES HE WANT?

I WANT HIM FOR HOMICIDE, GENTLEMEN! YOUR PARTNER, HERE, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF TWENTY-ONE HOSPITAL PATIENTS!

WHAT? MORGAN? IS THIS TRUE?

NO! NO! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!



THE ONLY MISTAKE WAS THE ONE YOUR PARTNER MADE WHEN HE USED TOO LITTLE CONCRETE AND TOO MUCH SAND IN THAT HOSPITAL JOB HE HANDLED!

GOOD LORD!

MORGAN! THAT'S HOW THAT'S COULD YOU HONEST MORGAN!



ELLIS... WAGNER SURELY I BELIEVE WE'D DON'T DO THIS!...!

BETTER COME ALONG QUIETLY. MR. MORGAN! LET'S GO!

OH DEAR! OUR REPUTATION! THE SCANDAL!



AFTER MR. MORGAN FILED FROM THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OFFICE BY THE DETECTIVE, MR. WAGNER, THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE CONCERN, TURNS TO THE OTHER TWO...

GENTLEMEN! I... I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A CONSULTATION IN MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!

Y-YES, MR. WAGNER!

OF COURSE, MR. WAGNER!



HEY, HEY! LOOKS LIKE MR. ELLIS, MR. MUCKLEBAND, MR. WAGNER ARE SHOCKED OVER THIS LATEST TURN OF EVENTS, SHARIDY! LOOK AT 'EM... CHATTERING LIKE A BUNCH OF MONKEYS! THEY SEEM NICE AND RESPECTABLE, EH. THE KIND THAT ARE APPALLED BY DISHONESTY! WELL, COME ON IN AND LISTEN! YOU'LL BE SHOCKED...



THAT'S SURELY SCREAMING, NOW

HOW DO I KNOW IT WOULD COLLAPSE? THAT MIXTURE STOOD UP IN THAT SCHOOL JOB MORGAN HANDLED LAST YEAR.

SO FAR, THAT IS!



WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT, ELLIS? YOU GOT A NICE FAT CROWN OF THE DOWN WE SAVED!

I'M NOT COMPLAINING! ONLY THEY'RE ON TO US NOW!



SO WHAT? WE'VE ONLY SUBSTITUTED CHEAP MATERIALS ON MORGAN'S JOBS! WE'LL TAKE THE BAIT! HE'S TRAPPED, TRAPPED IN A WEB OF DISHONESTY! STANTAL EVIDENCE!

WE'LL JUST KEEP ACTING SHOCKED AT THIS WHOLE DEAL! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT US!



YEP! THAT'S THE PICTURE, KIDDER! ELLIS, BUCKLEY, AND WAGNER HAVE BEEN TAKING THE HIGH GRADE CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL ORDERED BY MORGAN ON EVERY JOB HE'S HANDLED AND SUBSTITUTING CHEAP, INFERIOR GRADE STUFF! THEN THEY'VE BEEN POCKETING THE DIFFERENCE! POOR MORGAN IS RESPONSIBLE! YES, THEY'VE SPUN A NEAT LITTLE WEB OF EVIDENCE AROUND THE INCIDENT FOURTH PARTNER! NOW THE EVIDENCE IS BEING WEIGHED! LISTEN...



GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDENT, DONALD MORGAN, GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER!

NO! NO!



YES, DONALD! YES! THE WEB IS TIGHT! IT'S BEEN WOVEN WELL! YOU'RE DONE FOR...

I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU... INNOCENT!

TAKE HIM AWAY!



AT THE OFFICES OF THE WAGNER, ELLIS, AND BUCKLEY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...

WHY THE SUDDEN MEETING, WAGNER?

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MORGAN GENTLEMEN!



DO YOU REMEMBER THAT BOLIVIAN CONTRACT WE DID ON THE POWER PLANT AND DAM? WELL, WE GOT IT!

KNAPT! WHY THAT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! AND THERE'S ONLY THREE OF US TO SPLIT THE PROFITS NOW!



WHEN DO WE LEAVE, WAGNER?

TOMORROW! WE'RE FLYING DOWN... IN THE COMPANY'S PRIVATE PLANE!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, A SMALL FOUR-SEATER TAKES OFF FROM THE AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY... BOUND FOR LA PAZ, CAPITAL OF BOLIVIA...

POOR MORGAN! HE ALWAYS LOVED TO FLY WITH US! TOO BAD HE HAD TO MISS THIS TRIP!

HEH, HEH! YES! TOO BAD!





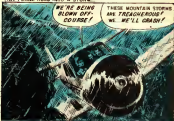
A WEEK LATER, THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S PLANE IS WINNING ITS WAY SOUTH OVER THE ANDES MOUNTAINS...

NORTH OF LAKE TITICACA ON THE PERU-BOLIVIAN BORDER, THE TINY PLANE RUNS INTO A STORM.



WE OUGHT TO REACH LA PAZ BEFORE NIGHT FALL!

LOOK AT THOSE MOUNTAINS DOWN THERE! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL!



WE'RE BEING BLOWN OFF-COURSE!

THESE MOUNTAIN STORMS ARE TREACHEROUS! WE... WE'LL CRASH!

THE STORM LASHES AT THE AIRPLANE, TORRING IT LIKE A FEATHER.

THE MOUNTAIN-TOP LOOKS UP BEFORE THE PLANE! WARNER STRUGGLES WITH THE CONTROLS.

THE THREE MEN IN THE PLANE STRAIN THEIR EYES, TRYING TO PIERCE THE GATHERING CLOUDS! SUDDENLY, AS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING FLASHES...



IT'S GETTING DARK! I CAN HARDLY SEE!

LOOK-OUT! THAT MOUNTAIN-TOP!



I CAN'T GET ANY ALTITUDE! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY GOING AROUND!



WE'RE FLYING BETWEEN TWO MOUNTAINS! GET UP HIGHER! GET UP HIGHER!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T!

THE SHOCK THROWS THE THREE MEN FORWARD! FOR A MOMENT, THE TINY PLANE VIBRATES CRAZILY.

WARNER PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW! AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHES ONCE MORE, HE SCREAMS...



WHAT HAPPENED?

WE HIT SOMETHING!

BUT... BUT WE DIDN'T CRASH!



WE'RE STILL BETWEEN THOSE TWO MOUNTAINS! WE'RE JUST HANGING IN MID-AIR!

WHAT? YOU'RE RIGHT!

SOON, THE STORM SUBSIDES! ELLIS TAKES A FLASHLIGHT AND OPENS THE PLANE DOOR...

LOOK! THE PLANE IS CAUGHT ON THESE CABLES!

BE CAREFUL! YOU'LL FALL!



ELLIS CLIMBS FROM THE TINY CRAFT... ONTO THE CABLE-LIKE STRUCTURE...

IT'S SOME SORT OF A NETWORK! I'M GOING TO CLIMB DOWN!

NO, ELLIS! WAIT TILL DAYLIGHT! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HIGH UP WE ARE!



BUT ELLIS DOES NOT LISTEN! HE STARTS DOWN THE CABLE NETWORK! SOON, ONLY THE GLOW OF HIS FLASHLIGHT CAN BE SEEN.

SUDDENLY THE FLASHLIGHT-SLOW FLAMES OUT, AND THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-SUNDERING SILENCE OF HORROR...

ELLIS! COME BACK! YOU CRAZY FOOL!



FROM INSIDE THEIR PLANE, WARNER AND BUCKLEY STARE INTO THE DARKNESS...

WHAT... WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? HE MUST HAVE FALLEN!

NO! HIS SCREAM DIDN'T FASE AWAY! IT WAS CUT SHORT! HE... HE SAW SOMETHING!



AS DAWN BREAKS WHEN THE ANDES, WARNER AND BUCKLEY BEHOLD A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING SIGHT! THEIR TINY PLANE HANGS ENTWINED IN THE STRANGE CABLE-NETWORK, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE SHEER SIDES OF TWO MOUNTAINS AND HIGH OVER THE VALLEY FLOOR...

LOOK! WE CAN CLIMB TO SAFETY! IT REACHES THE MOUNTAIN SIDES.



BUCKLEY MOVES OUT OVER THE CABLE NETWORK! WARNER HANGS BACK, A SENSATION OF TERROR COILING DOWN HIS SPINE.

C'MON, WARNER! YOU CAN'T STAY THERE TILL YOU STARVE!

I... I DON'T KNOW! I... I... OH, MY LORD...



THE GIANT Hairy THING DARTS DOWN THE NETWORK FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE! ITS EIGHT HUGE SPINY LEGS CARRY IT AT A BREATHTAKING SPEED! WARNER SCREAMS...

BUCKLY! LOOK OUT! IT'S A GIANT SPIDER!

AAAAAAEEEE!



WARNER SCAMPERS BACK INTO THE TRAPPED PLANE AND SLAMS THE DOOR! FROM A WINDOW HE WATCHES AS THE GIANT CRAWLING THING REACHES BUCKLY.

OH, LORD! IT'S DEVOURING HIM!



BUCKLY'S HYSTERICAL SHRIERS OF PAIN FINALLY SUBSIDE! THE HUGE SPIDER TURNS AND MOVES TOWARD THE PLANE...

NOW...NOW, IT...IT'S COMING TO GET ME!



THE GIANT SPIDER CROUCHES OVER THE TINY PLANE...WAITING FOR ITS TERRIFIED OCCUPANT TO EMERGE! IT WAITS PATIENTLY...HOURS AFTER HOUR...

I...I'M TRAPPED! TRAPPED! IT'S JUST SITTING THERE...WAITING FOR ME...



BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, THE WARDEN AND THE DOCTOR STARE DOWN AT DONALD MORGAN! HE SITS IN THE CORNER OF HIS CELL...MUTTERING...

WHILE HIGH IN THE ANDES, MORGAN'S EX-BUSINESS ASSOCIATE IS SUFFERING THE SAME FATE! HE, TOO, IS OUT OF HIS MIND...

HE'S BEYOND HOPE, WARDEN! A COMPLETE MENTAL BREAKDOWN!

STIR CRAZY!



TH...OH...OH... SPIDER...OH... WAITING...OH... FOR ME...OH... OH...



REN, REN? YEP! SO AFTER WARNER, ELLIS AND BUCKLY TRAPPED MORGAN IN A WEB OF EVIDENCE, THEY WERE TRAPPED IN ONE THEMSELVES...A REAL WEB. THAT IS! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING IF A SPIDER LIKE THAT REALLY EXISTS? WELL, NEXT TIME YOU SEE A LOCAL SPIDER, ASK IT IF IT EVER HEARD OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAIN CRAWLER! IT'LL PROBABLY GOOL UP AND DIE AT THE MERE MENTION OF ITS NAME! 'BYE, NOW!



# E.C. FANS!

**UNDOUBTEDLY THE ZANZIEST  
10¢ WORTH OF IDIOTIC  
NONSENSE YOU COULD EVER  
HOPE TO BUY! TRY IT...  
JUST FOR LAUGHS!**



Ramsay squeezed the trigger and felt the pistol buck violently in his hand. The young native guide in front of him spun around and crashed headlong into the heavy foliage.

"I don't need him any longer," Ramsay muttered as he slipped his gun back into its holster and stepped around the body sprawled beside the crude trail. "Now that he's revealed the hiding place of his people's treasure, I can go the rest of the way myself. As soon as I crack open the tomb where these superstitious savages buried their loot, a fortune in diamonds and rubies is mine!"

3 hours later... 3 grueling hours of incessant hacking through the matted underbrush... Ramsay staggered into a grassy clearing. Before him, rising grey and ominous as the guide had predicted, towered the mountain where the treasure of Molokko Island was hidden. A half-million dollars, intended as a sacrifice to primitive gods, was sealed up in these rocks!

The fatigue of the long trek from the coast... the painful lunging over razor-backed ridges and through evilly-sucking swamps... was forgotten by Ramsay in that moment of ecstasy. Here... somewhere along the base of this craggy mountain... was the secret entrance to a sacrificial chamber which housed a king's ransom!

The sun had begun fading when Ramsay found the cryptic designs carved into the stone. A warning, the



guide had whispered, that doom awaited anyone who dared invade the sanctity of the mountain! The only one who's perished because of that foul curse, Ramsey sneered, was the guide, himself!

In a few minutes he had jammed a dozen sticks of dynamite into fissures beside the sealed entrance. From a distance, protected by a huge boulder, Ramsey heard the shattering blast and saw tons of rock shower in every direction. When the dust had settled he raced toward the gaping hole now revealed in the mountain's side... even from this distance he could see the glimmer of precious stones within the tomb. It was all his...

A deep rumble made him stop in his tracks. The ground began to tremble wildly... far above, the mountaintop was disintegrating before his eyes! Flames leaped madly toward the clouds... hissing black lava gushed torrentially down upon him...

Before Ramsey, in his terror, could see across the grassy clearing, the searing liquid was upon him. Like fiery tar it bubbled around his legs, searing the tortured skin and tearing it loose in raw shreds. Pain stabbed instantly through his body, from head to toe... he felt stifling heat filling his organized lungs, choking his breath in his throat.

The treasure... a thought flickered through his brain as he felt himself dissolving in that blanketing sea of molten lava... buried in the side of a VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN! Dynamite... activated it...

The scorching lava rolled on, and in its midst Ramsey's body turned molten hot... simmered and split like meat boiled in a blast-furnace...



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## THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

So, now you know! So maybe my two idiot editors won't be commiserating large portions of my column any more to make some ridiculous announcement about E.C.'s latest money grubbing effort! A couple of pages back, you probably saw the cover of the first issue of the most recent addition to the E.C. trash heap! MAD, they call it! You'd be MAD if you BOUGHT it! Of all the maddening things, this new mag is actually FUNNY... eh...! How disgusting can one get? When I reluctantly agreed to be myself up with this massable outfit, and allowed my Tales from the Crypt to be published in the form of comic magazines, I never in my poorest daydreams dreamed that I would be in any way associated with funny-type magazines! Imagine a "comic" being COMIC! (That C.K. There's a HORROR story in "MAD"? —ed.) Who sells it? Does V.K. sell it? Does O.W. sell it? DO I TELL IT? WHO TELLS IT? (Harvey Kattman tells it! —ed.) THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! What does that WAR MONGER know about HORROR? Where does POW, K.A. BLAMM, WHOGGH Kattman come off writing horror stories! (But this is different, C.K. This is a FUNNY horror story! Why, we nearly died! —ed.) NEARLY, eh? Die the hell! And anyway, who ever heard of a FUNNY HORROR story! (But C.K. Your boy, Jack Davis, does it! —ed.) THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! What does... WHO? (Jack Davis —ed.) JACK... eh... DAVIS! MY son, BOY? (There, there, C.K. No more! —ed.) How... how could he do this to me! (Sample! We offered him MONEY! —ed.) RUINING HIM... THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING... RUINING HIM! DEAD BODIES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH? PICKLED WEREWOLF KNUCKLES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH? VAMPIRE GHOUFLASH (HUNGARIAN STYLE) ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH? You have to spell him with MONEY! (You do however your way... we'll do however our way! —ed.) I QUIT! (Now, now! The CONTRACT! Remember? —ed.) Hm-mm! (That's better! Now go on with your column! —ed.) Ah, yes! The column! Well, let's look at some mail!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

I suppose by now you've discovered the mistake you made in Tales from the Crypt No. 30, and have received hundreds of corrective letters. But in case you haven't, you *just* had the gold inkhorn rolled around the Cape of Good Hope which is in Africa, when you obviously meant Cape Horn in South America.

E. Kewenough  
N. Bergen, N.J.

In your last story, "I found a big mistake. It was..." writer hungry editors'd taken chopper chips, roasting the Cape of Good Hope as "bread" is... Of course the fact that the Cape of Good Hope is in Africa shouldn't matter much except that they would

have landed in India. Most of them didn't go around Cape Horn anyway! They went to the leftmost of Panama, crossed on foot to the other side, and got a boat which was waiting for them.

James Hayden  
Yonkers, N.Y.

In "Ghastly Promises" you wrote that the gold inkhorn went around the Cape of Good Hope. This facility seems possible now and Cape is at the northern tip of Africa. Was this a misprint or a geographical error?

Daniel A.V. Vandrab  
Dubuque, Iowa

All right, already! So I wrote a misprint! So what's it want? I should have geographic! Besides, my idiot editors should have caught the mistake! (Is W.B. should know geography? —ed.) (I know geography! —Harvey Kattman) WAR MONGER!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

Probably you didn't think your horror stories would strike long readers across the Atlantic to your chambers. I'd be sure to have in England they take the opportunity to say that yours are the best horror, and never want to ever read. Let's hope that your little embassies of horror (your magazines) keep coming to you! (then please) stay over here, if only to keep me entertained!

Allen Corwell  
London, England

Hi-may! We eat in bloody cocken, by Jove, and all that sort of real. It's been badly waving from you, Al, old boy!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

Your stories are the most amazing, the most repulsive, the most disgusting stories I have ever read. When I read your magazine I get sick to my stomach. I'm not alone in this opinion. All my friends think the same thing. Keep up the good work.

Wesley Gilman  
Worcester, Conn.

My friends think so too, Matt!

Dear C.K.,

I would be most pleased if you would send me the set of photographs I've devoted to and it is, and that's the grandest way I know. Enclosed is the postal fee required. Gratefully

Edwin Hammarley  
San Francisco, Cal.

For any of you other grateful readers who are looking for a way out, be advised that first by seven autographed photograph reproductions of V.K., O.W., and myself are still available... and will be for some time! So there's no rush! Mail your quarter or complete five hundred copies of Tales of Terror looking around you. Likewise two hard Subscriptions... full year... six months... or less... in coin of the realm to my address listed. Send complaints, compliments, personal orders, T. of T. orders, subscription orders, and cheer orders (make mine on file) to:

The Crypt Keeper  
Box 106, Dept. 33  
215 Lafayette St.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

READ OF THE STARK HORROR  
TWO MEN FOUND IN A GAME OF  
**CUTTING  
CARDS!**



THIS STORY IS PROBABLY THE MOST HORRIBLE, BLOOD-CURDLING TALE YOU WILL EVER READ! IT CONCERNS TWO PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS... BUS FORNEY AND LOU ORSINI! GAMBLERS... BIG-TIME GAMBLERS LIKE BUS AND LOU... ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES! GAMBLING IS THEIR LIFE! THE WAGER THE BET... IS THEIR BLOOD! BUT BUS FORNEY AND LOU ORSINI HATED EACH OTHER LIKE POISON...

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS TOWN FOR BOTH OF US, LOU!

I'M NOT LEAVING, BUS! SO, GOOD-BYE... GET ON YOUR HORSE...



I MEAN THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS WHOLE WORLD FOR BOTH OF US, LOU! AND I'M WILLING TO GAMBLE TO SEE WHO LEAVES IT!

YOU'RE PLUFFING, BUS! CARRY! YOU'RE ON! SHALL WE DRAW? HIGH CARD HAND! THE LOSER DIES! THE CHOICE OF METHOD IS HIS!





GUS STARED DOWN AT THE CARDS FANNED OUT BEFORE HIM! THE ODDS WERE SIXTEEN TO ONE AGAINST HIS PICKING ONE OF THE THREE REMAINING AGES! HE SPUN A CARD OVER...



GUS TOOK HIS REVOLVER FROM THE DRAWER AND REMOVED ALL BUT ONE BULLET FROM ITS SIX CHAMBERS...



LOU TOOK THE SIX-SHOT REVOLVER AND TWIRLED THE CHAMBER...



GUS TOOK THE REVOLVER! HE LIFTED THE BARREL TO HIS TEMPLE! THE ODDS WERE FIVE TO ONE...







GUS HANDED THE GUN TO LOU! LOU PLACED THE MUZZLE AGAINST HIS HEAD! ODDS NOW... FOUR TO ONE



GUS TOOK THE GUN! BEADS OF PERSPIRATION BEGAN TO POP OUT ON THE TWO GAMBLERS' FACES! GUS POINTED THE REVOLVER! ODDS... THREE TO ONE...



LOU TOOK THE GUN! THERE WERE THREE SHOTS LEFT NOW! ONE OF THEM HAD THAT BULLET! ODDS... TWO TO ONE...



LOU SMILED IN RELIEF AND MOVED HIS BROW! GUS'S HAND SHOOK A LITTLE AS HE RAISED THE GUN! HE HESITATED! IT WAS EVEN MONEY NOW! HIS FINGER TWITCHED... THEN CLOSED...



GUS GRINNED! LOU STARED AT THE GUN! THE ODDS HAD RUN OUT! THE BULLET WAS LEFT! GUS HANDED THE WEAPON OVER...

HEH, HEH! TOO BAD, LOU! SHORE?



LOW LIFTED THE GUN AND STEELER HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH BLOW AS THE BULLET CAME CRASHING INTO HIS BRAIN! HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...



WHAT?  
IT... IT  
DIDN'T GO  
OFF!

A... A DUD? WHY, YOU DIRTY SOB!  
YOU KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! THAT'S  
WHY YOU WANTED TO GO FIRST! YOU  
THOUGHT I'D DRAW!



DON'T BE AN  
IDiot, LOW! YOU  
TWIRLED THE  
CHAMBER!  
HOW DID I  
KNOW IT  
WOULD COME  
UP LAST?

YOU CAN'T TALK  
YOUR WAY OUT OF  
THIS ONE, GUD!  
NO MATTER WHEN  
IT CAME UP, YOU  
HAD A **SURE  
THING!**



ARE YOU ACCUSING  
ME... GUD FORNEY  
OF CHEATING?

YOU CAN  
HEAR! LUCKY  
I'M AN  
HONEST  
GAMBLER WHO  
NEVER HAS FOUND  
OUT! BUT I NEVER  
WELSH WHEN I  
LOSE!



OKAY, GUDS! IF YOU'RE  
SUCH A BIG-SHOT  
GAMBLER... THEN  
YOU'LL ACCEPT MY  
**CHALLENGE!**

YOU BEEN  
NAME  
IT?



NOBODY CALLS GUD FORNEY A  
CHEAT! GUDS... I CHALLENGE  
YOU TO A GAME OF  
**CHOP-POKER!**

OKAY, YOU  
GUDS! YOU'RE  
ON!



**TO A  
FINISH!** CALL YOUR DOCTOR!  
I'LL GET MINE!



THEN, FIELDS, BEGAN THE MOST HORRIBLE CARD GAME IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN GAMBLING! YOU'VE HEARD OF STRIP POKER? WELL... CHOP POKER IS ALMOST LIKE THAT! ONLY INSTEAD OF LOSING AN ARTICLE OF CLOTHING... YOU LOSE A **LIFE!** CHOP POKER HAD BEEN PLAYED BEFORE... IT WAS TOLD... BUT ONLY **ONCE!** AND AT A TIME NEVER... TO A **FINISH!**



THEY SAT AT THE GREEN FELT-COVERED TABLE BENEATH THE GLARING LAMP! THE HEAT CLEAVER SPARKLED BETWEEN THEM! GUS DEALT THE CARDS...



LOU PICKED UP THE CLEAVER AND STOOD OVER GUS...



GUS STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND! HIS PERSONAL DOCTOR MOVED FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT! LOU RAISED THE CLEAVER AND BROUGHT IT DOWN...



IT WAS LIKE A PRISONER DUEL! THE DOCTORS WERE THE SECOND! TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE GUS'S SECOND SURGEON WENT! THE BARBERS WAS BLOTTED RED WHEN THEY BEGAN AGAIN...



LOU DEALT THE CARDS! THEY DISCARDED... THEN...



GUS PICKED UP THE CLEAVER IN HIS GOOD HAND!  
LOU'S SECOND HAND MOVED INTO THE LAMPLIGHT...



WHICH ONE, LOU?

THE... THE  
FOUR... GUS!

AGAIN TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE LOU'S SECOND  
SERVICED HIM! SOON, THE CARDS WERE SHUFFLED  
ONCE MORE...



LET'S GO, GUS!  
YOU DEAL!

OK, IN,  
LOU!

LOU STRETCHED OUT HIS LEFT HAND! GUS TOOK  
CAREFUL AIM...



DUUUUUUUUUH!

THUNK!

HEH, HEH! YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S HOW THE GAME WAS  
PLAYED! IT CONTINUED ON LIKE THAT... FAR INTO  
THE NIGHT! AS EACH HAND WAS PLAYED AND WON...



OOOOOOOOO!

ZUNG!

BUT LOU AND GUS NEVER DID  
PLAY CHOP FORTER TO A  
FINISH! OH, YEA! THEY PLAYED  
ALL NIGHT AND INTO THE NEXT  
DAY! BUT THEY HAD TO QUIT  
TOMORROW EVENING! SEEMS THAT  
NEITHER OF THEM COULD  
DEAL THE CARDS!



WHAT? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? WELL, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS  
HOSPITAL ROOM! LOU AND GUS ARE IN THERE... STILL GAMBLING...



GO AHEAD! IT'S  
FOUR MONEY!

SO PASS THE CHEWING GUM!  
I WANT TO JUMP YOU!

THE  
END

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

PEANUTS, POPCORN... HEH, HEH! YEP, IT'S YOUR FEEDER OF FOUL FABLES... THE OLD WITCH... COOKIN' AGAIN! GOT A CIRCUS RECIPE FOR YOU THIS TIME! ELEPHANT STEAK BARRISHED WITH CRUSHED FAN-BARR! I GOT THE IDEA FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU! I CALL THIS BARBLED BRABBLING OF BORE...

## SQUASH... ANYONE?

FOR A MOMENT, THE CROWD UNDER THE BIG TOP WAS DEATHLY SILENT! THEN, FROM THE BARRIBAND, A DRUM BEGAN TO ROLL... ITS SHINING BRACARDS OF ANTICIPATION GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER! IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, THE HARE ELEPHANT LIFTED A MASSIVE "POWELER" THE BOASTFULLY GLAD WOMAN BEQUEATHED ON THE TANGULAR FLOOR! THE ELEPHANT TRAINER MARKED ORDERS! THE RINGMASTER ANNOUNCED...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING FEAT EVER PRESENTED UNDER THE BIG TOP...



THE WOMAN WHISPERED UNDER THE MAMMOTH UPRAISED FOOT OF THE ELEPHANT! THE TRAINER SHOUTED ABOVE THE DRUM-ROLL'S RISING CROSCENDO! THE ELEPHANT THUMPED, CURLING ITS TRUNK...



EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ONE SLIP... AND IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH! WATCH.

THE GIRL STARED UP AT THE HUGE HOOF! IT WAS DIRECTLY OVER HER FACE! THE TRAINER BARKED AN ORDER! THE SOLIATH LOWERED ITS UPRAISED FORELEGS! THE DRUM-ROLL THICKENED...



THE ELEPHANT HOOF TOUCHED THE WOMAN'S NOSE! A CRYAL CRASHED.



THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL BOWED AGAIN AND AGAIN! THE CROWD CHEERED...



THE ELEPHANT ACT WAS OVER! THE CIRCUS BAND STRUCK UP A HAPPY MARCH, AND THE CLOWNS SWEEP OUT ACROSS THE ARENA! THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY...



EMMA WAS GOOD! I HAVE TONIGHT, WILD! HER TRAINED HER FOOT WAS STEADY! WELL, RENÉ! DIDN'T YOU THINK THEY APPLAUDED MORE THAN USUAL, TO-NIGHT?

THE COUPLE MOVED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS TO A TRAILER! THE LETTERS PAINTED UPON IT WERE BIG AND IMPRESSIVE! 'WILD WORLD'S GREATEST ELEPHANT TRAINER!'



NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE INTO TOWN TONIGHT, WILD?

NOT TONIGHT, RENÉ! I'M TIRED.

THE INSIDE OF THE TRAILER WAS CROWDED AND MESSY! COLORFUL COSTUMES LAY STREWN ABOUT! BOOKS AND MAGAZINES SPRAWLED ON EVERY AVAILABLE SURFACE...



NOT TONIGHT! NOT TONIGHT! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! WELL, I'M NOT STAYING AROUND RIGHT AFTER NIGHT, NOT IN THIS DUMP!

I'M NOT STOPPING YOU FROM GOING INTO TOWN, RENÉ!

THE WOMAN SLIPPED OUT OF HER COUNTY COSTUME AND INTO A STREET-DRESS.

A NEED OF A MARRIAGE  
DIDN'T I WANT AS WELL  
HE MARRIED TO YOUR  
ELEPHANT?

THEN  
DIVORCE  
ME,  
RENÉ!

OH, NO! NOT THAT  
EASY, BIG BOY!  
YOU'RE STUCK  
WITH ME! I'D  
NEVER GIVE  
YOU A DIVORCE  
WITHOUT A FIGHT!  
IT'S COST YOU  
PLENTY...

OH, RENÉ!  
DEAF!  
WE'VE BEEN  
ALL THROUGH  
THIS BEFORE!

RENÉ SLAMMED THE DOOR OF  
THE TRAILER IN ANGER AS SHE  
LEFT FROM BEYOND, IN THE  
SHADOWS, A FIGURE WATCHED HER  
ENTER THE CAR...



AS SOON AS RENÉ'D DRIVEN OFF, THE FIGURE  
MOVED OUT OF THE SHADOWS! IT WAS A WOMAN!  
SHE STARTED TOWARD MILD'S TRAILER.

LEETA! DARLING!

OH, MILD!



THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER FOR A FEW MOMENTS!  
THEN...

DID YOU TELL  
HER ABOUT ME?

NO! IT'S NO USE! SHE'S NEVER  
GIVE ME A DIVORCE! I KNOW!  
WE'LL HAVE TO RUN AWAY!



LEETA LOOKED AT MILD! A FLASH OF EVIL GLISTENED  
IN HER TEMPERAMENTOUS EYES.

WHAT! WHAT IF THERE  
WERE A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT?  
WHAT IF NAME WERE KILLED?

LEETA!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
SAYING?



EMMA COULD SLEEP, MY  
DARLING! DON'T YOU SEE  
HOW EASY IT COULD BE?

NOT! EMMA  
WOULD NOT SLEEP!  
SHE'S WELL  
TRAINED! SHE  
WOULD NOT PUT  
HER FOOT DOWN  
UNTIL I SUBJUGATED  
HER.





AND IF YOU DID SIGNAL HER?

IT... IT WOULD BE MURDER... LEEFAT!



EXACTLY, MY DARLING! AND NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW! YOU COULD ACT SHOCKED... BLAME IT ON EMMA... CLAIM THAT SHE DISOBEYED YOU...

I'D HAVE TO HAVE HER SHOT!



YOU COULD TRAIN ANOTHER, MY DARLING! NEW WIFE... NEW ELEPHANT... A WHOLE NEW LIFE FOR YOU...

I... I DON'T KNOW! I JUST DON'T KNOW...



LEEFA'S EYES BURNED! HER FACE DARKENED... IT'S TRUE... ON ME, MILO! I'M NOT GIVE ME A CHANCE TO THINK OUT FOR THIS... THIS SECRET MEETING NONSENSE! I WANT IT OVER, LEEFA! YOU... ALL THE TIME... OR NOT AT ALL!



LEEFA SMILED! SHE PURSED HER LIPS... RUNNING HER HAND THROUGH MILO'S HAIR... OF COURSE, MY DARLING! TILL TOMORROW NIGHT'S PERFORM... AND... IF IT DOESN'T HAPPEN THEN... LEEFA BABY...

THE NEXT EVENING, MILO AND RENE STOOD IN THE ENTRANCE... WAS TO THE BIG TOP, AWAITING THEIR CUE... MUSIC, EMMA TRUMPETED SOFTLY... SHE SEEMED TO SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG



THERE, THERE, GIRL! EMMA SINGS MERRYFOLDS TONIGHT, MILO? SHE'S ALL RIGHT... C'MON! THERE'S OUR CUE!



THE FANFARE SILENCED THE CROWD! THE RING-MASTER INTRODUCED THE ACT AS THE SPOT-LIGHT SWUNG TO THE BOWING PERFORMERS...

AND NOW... MILO, THE GREATEST ELEPHANT TRAINER IN THE WORLD... AND HIS WONDER-ELEPHANT, EMMA, ASSIGNED BY THAT DEATH-DEFYING BEAUTY... RENE...



THE DRUM BEGAN ITS ANXIOUS ROLL ONCE MORE! WILD BARRIED AN ORDER AND EMMA LIFTED HER FOOT! REAR HOT DOWN ON THE RING-FLOOR AND BRISTLED BELOW IT...



THE THUNDER OF THE ROLLING DRUM GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER! EMMA'S HOOF HUNG MENACINGLY ABOVE RENE'S WHITE FACE! WILD BARRIED AN ORDER AND THE HUGE FOOT LOWERED SLOWLY...



FOR A MOMENT, EMMA'S GIANTIC HOOF TOUCHED RENE'S WHITE FACE! THE DRUM ROLL REACHED ITS CRESSENDO...



AS THE CROWD CHARGED, WILD SHOUTED AT EMMA! RENE SCREAMED!



THE SCREAM CAME TOO LATE! EMMA WAS WELL-TRAINED AND RESPONDED IMMEDIATELY! WILD WATCHED IN HORROR AS EIGHT THOUSAND FORMS DESCENDED ON RENE'S FEAR-TWISTED FACE.



EMMA CHAMPFED LOUDLY! SHE VEINED UP... GRUTTING! FOR A MOMENT, THE STERRED AUDIENCE WAS SHOOKED BY THE VERY SOUND! THEN SOMEONE WHISPERED... PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE! WILD HOLLERED HORRIBLY!



TWO GUARDS RUSHED FORWARD! THEY FIRED AT THE RED-EYED PANDYBORN! SMYTTING THEIR GUNS INTO HER TIGHT FLANK! THE CROWD SCREAMED AND SHOUTED AS IT MOVED FOR THE EXIT...



EMMA SWAYED AND TOPPLED OVER ON HER SIDE. DEAD! THE CIRCUS BAND BLARED IN DISCORD, ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE ORDER! THE RING-MASTER RUSHED TO WILD AS HE STARED DOWN AT RENE'S CRUSHED REMAINS IN UTTER REVOLUTION...

DON'T...DON'T  
LOOK AT HER, MILD!  
IT...IT'S HORRIBLE!

RENE!  
SOR,  
RENE!

THEY LED WILD TO THE EXIT-WAY HE WAS GIBBERING SOFTLY! BUT THAT NIGHT... FAR FROM THE CIRCUS GROUNDS... HE AND LETA LAUGHED TOGETHER...

IT WAS SO SIMPLE,  
DARLING! SO SIMPLE!

I TOLD YOU, MILD!  
I TOLD YOU IT  
WOULD BE!

WILD WAS FREE NOW... FREE OF  
RENE FOREVER! HE AND LETA  
MADE PLANS...

WE'LL WAIT A FEW  
MONTHS...JUST TO  
MAKE IT LOOK GOOD...  
AND THEN WE'LL BE  
MARRIED!

AND I'LL  
BEGIN  
TRAINING  
ANOTHER  
ELEPHANT!

FROM NOW ON,  
IT'S SMOOTH  
SAILING FOR  
US, MILD!

O'WINE,  
BABY!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR WILD TO  
TRAIN A NEW ELEPHANT TO TAKE  
EMMA'S PLACE! WITHIN A YEAR  
THE ACT WAS AGAIN THRILLING  
AUDIENCES...

...WILD...WITH HIS WONDER-  
ELEPHANT, BESSIE, ASSISTED  
BY THAT DEATH-DEFYING  
BEAUTY...LETA!

THE CIRCUS RETURNED TO THE TOWN WHERE THE  
HORRIBLE 'ACCIDENT' HAD HAPPENED ONE YEAR  
PREVIOUSLY! THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING PER-  
FORMANCE, WILD AND LETA STOOD BESIDE BESSIE,  
AWAITING THEIR CUE...

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN 'DON'T  
FAR WEEK IS OVER AND 'DON'T  
WE LEAVE THIS BIRD! ABOUT  
HERE IS BORNED  
HERE! AND EMMA... DARLING!

THE OLD PANDER BLARED! THE SPOT-LIGHT DROVE  
TO THE ENTRANCE-WAY TO PICK THEM UP! A DISTANT  
SHRILL TRUMPETING SOUNDED.

STEADY, BESSIE,  
BABY!

GASP! THAT WASN'T  
BESSIE, WILD!  
I...I...

THE LOW RUMBLING THAT BOARED INTO THE NIGHT DID NOT COME FROM THE SAND-STEAD! A COLUMN DARTED ACROSS THE ARID, DESOLATE...

I SAW THEM... MILD!  
I SAW THEM! WHAT  
OF ITS



IT BURST THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY ACROSS THE TANNAPARK FLOOR! IT TRUMPETED SHRELLY! THE STENCH FILLED THE BIG-TOPI! ITS ROTTING HIDE FELL AWAY IN SLURRY GLOBS AS IT MOVED! HERE AND THERE, WHITERED BONES PROTRUDED THROUGH ITS MASSIVE COVERED FLESH! PERCHED ON THE REMAINS OF ITS HEAD SAT THE DECAYED FIGURE OF A WOMAN, URGING IT ON...

EMMA...AND RENÉ!



IT LUMBERED TOWARD THE HORRIFIED TANNER AND HIS NEW WIFE. THE THING, ITS HEAD POINTING WILDLY...



IT WAS TOO LATE FOR MILD TO MOVE... TOO LATE TO RUN! THE THING WAS UPON HIM... LIFTING HIM IN ITS PAUL-SWELLING, DECOMPOSING TRUNK! LEEA WAS CAUGHT BENEATH ONE OF ITS HUGE ROTTED HOOPS.

EEEEEEEEEE... AAAAAAAA...



MILD WAS FLUNG TO THE FAR-BARR WITH THE FORCE OF A TWENTY-STORY FALL! LEEA WAS CRUSHED FLAT.



THEN, AS THE SCREAMS SUBSIDED AND DEATH CAME TO MILD AND LEEA, THE HUGE THING AND THE HUMAN-THING UPON IT SEEMED TO JUST FALL AWAY INTO A PILE OF PUTRESCENT SLIME.



PEANUTS, POPCORN, PUTRESCENT SLIME! HEY, LADY! BUY YER BRAT A BAG OF PUTRESCENT SLIME! HEE HEE! YEP! THAT'S M'WALE, RIDGES! RENÉ AND EMMA GOT THEIR REVENGE, AND MILD AND LEEA GOT DIEDIES TOO! BY THE WAY I'M SELLING COTTON-CANDY! GOT A WHOLE FRANK-FULL! REEHEE! WHAT ROTTEN-TASTING STUFF! BYE, NOW WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT-KEEPER'S MAG. THE MOULDS OF HORROR!



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DOUBLE-SIZED FIRST ISSUE!



NO. 1

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT



JULY

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



ENOCH



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THAT WRETCH, THE VAULT-KEEPER, HAS SABOTAGED THIS ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT BECAUSE I GOT MY MAG ON THE NEWSSTANDS BEFORE HIS VAULT OF HORROR! HE CREEPT INTO THE PRINT SHOP THE NIGHT BEFORE WE WENT TO PRESS AND SWITCHED AROUND PAGES 5 AND 6 OF WILL ELDER'S STORY... TWO FOR THE SHOW JUST TO CONFUSE YOU READERS AND MAKE ME MAD! BUT SINCE WE PRINT THE COVERS LAST, I FOUND OUT IN TIME TO WARN YOU! ONCE HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THIS I'M GONNA TAKE ONE OF HIS RAGS AND—HEH, HEH—GET EVEN! JUST WAIT!

#### This Issue's Credits

From *Tales From the Crypt* 33 (1952).  
Front cover by Jack Davis.  
"Lower Berth," art by Jack Davis.  
"This 'Bick'll Kill You," art by George Evans and Jack Kamen.  
"Grim Fairy Tale," art by Jack Kamen.  
"None but the Lonely Heart," art by Graham Ingels.  
From *Crime Suspense Stories* 17 (1953):  
"Touch and Go," art by Johnny Craig, adapted from a story by Ray Bradbury.  
"One for the Money," art by Jack Kamen.  
"Fired," art by Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta.  
"... Two for the Show," art by Bill Elder.  
All stories colored by Marie Severin.

# DREADFUL PLEASURES

by Jim Twitchell

Horror art is not, strictly speaking, a genre; it is rather a collection of motifs in a usually predictable sequence that gives us a specific physiological effect—the shivers. As the Fat Boy said in Charles Dickens' *The Pickwick Papers*, "I want to make your skin crawl."

We do not have to know what is going on to be affected. An audience, in fact, may search for artificial horror without much intellectual explanation or sophistication. The art demands audience participation or, better yet, conspiracy: like children huddled around the campfire asking for "just one more scary story."

No one has ever tracked the major carriers of horror—the vampire, the werewolf, and the "hulk with no name"—from their lairs in the subconscious, up through folklore, into the printed text of *Dracula*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *Frankenstein*. From them came a veritable jungle of cinematic monsters.

Critics have uniformly neglected the word they so readily invoke—horror. It is a difficult word primarily because we think we know what it means: what is horrible is what we are frightened of. Give any journeyman moviemaker a razor and a young lady, or lumbering beast and a shrieking ingenue, and he should be able to scare the wits out of any audience. This is true as far as it goes, but horror really refers to a rather specific effect of that fright. To understand the meaning of

"horror" we are initially taken back to the latin word *horre*, which means "to bristle," and it describes the way the hair stands on end during moments of shivering excitement. From this comes creeping flesh or, more simply, the "creeps." Hence both real and artificial horror—such as in *Tales From the Crypt*—offer a moment of ecstatic dread, a second of full-passioned fixity, of panic and exultation. The experience is commonly known as gooseflesh. What we call gooseflesh is usually caused by abrupt changes in body temperature and is the warm-blooded animal's attempt to shove up its thermostat. Our teeth chatter, knees knock, and skin shivers. We stand still and shudder, suddenly paralyzed.

At the height of horror we must scream or the tension, the pressure inside us, will cause us to go insane!

Terror, as differentiated from horror, must start anew in each generation, not because the objects we fear are so changeable, but because the images of them are. We now don't fear space invaders; we fear what we might bring back from space. A generation from now there will be a different "terror in the aisles." But horror is different. We will keep returning to watch the werewolf transform, or the vampire bite the virgin, or Dr. Frankenstein experiment in the laboratory, or Dr. Jekyll meet Mr. Hyde, and we will probably continue this interest until we resolve whatever it is in these myths that is unresolved within

(continued on inside back cover)

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEN, HEN! GOT A COLLECTORS' ITEM FOR YOU FENOS! GOT A REAL GREAT CHILLER-DILLER! GIVE THE MAN YOUR GRIMY LITTLE DIME IF YOU HAVEN'T DONE SO ALREADY, AND COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS IS THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY WITH ANOTHER OF MY TALES OF HORROR! SO SIT DOWN ON THE TANBARK FLOOR, AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURLING YARN I CALL...

**LOWER  
BERTH!**

LONG BEFORE THE ADVENT OF RADIO, MOVIES, TELEVISION AND COMIC BOOKS, THE ONLY ENTERTAINMENT FOLKS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ENJOYED WERE THE TRAVELLING CARNIVALS, WHICH SET UP THEIR GAILY COLORED TENTS ON VACANT TRACTS OF LAND AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THEIR TOWNS! ABOUT 80 YEARS AGO, ONE OF THESE CARNIVALS CAME TO A SMALL TOWN IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS...

RIGHT THIS WAY, FOLKS!  
SEE THE **SIDE-SHOW!** SEE  
THE **GREATEST COLLECTION**  
OF **ODDITIES EVER TO BE**  
**ASSEMBLED UNDER ONE**  
**TENT!** RIGHT THIS WAY,  
FOLKS!



THE SIDE SHOW OF THIS PARTICULAR CARNIVAL WAS OWNED BY A MAN NAMED ERNEST FEELEY! PATIENTLY, OVER THE YEARS, HE HAD ASSEMBLED A FABULOUS COLLECTION OF ODDITIES AND FREAKS! HE HAD THE USUAL ATTRACTIONS...

SEE FANNY, THE FAT LADY, FOLKS! FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF FEMALE PULCHRITUDE! SEE HADNAR, THE SWORD-SWALLOWER... SKULL-FACE, THE LIVING SKELETON... FEGO, THE FIRE-EATER...



BUT ERNEST FEELEY HAD ONE ATTRACTION... A HEAD-LINE ATTRACTION... THAT NEVER FAILED TO DRAW THE CROWDS... TO SEPARATE THE CURIOUS FROM THEIR QUARTERS...

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, FOLKS... THE STAR ATTRACTION OF FEELEY'S SIDE-SHOW... THE MOST UNUSUAL ODDITY EVER TO BE PUT ON DISPLAY ANYWHERE... ANYTIME! INSIDE... IN ITS ORIGINAL SARCOPHAGUS... IS MYRNA, THE ONLY FEMALE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN EXISTENCE! TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, FOLKS! RIGHT THIS WAY.



MYRNA, THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY, WAS OWNED BY ZACHARY GLING, A RETIRED ARCHEOLOGIST! ERNEST FEELEY PAID ZACHARY GLING A VERY LARGE SALARY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF EXHIBITING MYRNA...

...AND NOW, FOLKS... IF YOU WILL STEP THIS WAY... DOCTOR GLING, WHO FOUND MYRNA, THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY, WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HER AND SHOW HER TO YOU...



FIVE TIMES A DAY, ZACHARY GLING WOULD NARRATE HOW HE DISCOVERED MYRNA, AND THEN SHOW HER TO THE GAFING CUSTOMERS! HE'D EVEN UNDO PART OF HER WRAPPINGS...

MYRNA, THE ONLY FEMALE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN AMERICA WAS FOUND IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS BY MY EXPEDITION! HER TOMB WAS DEEP IN THE CLIFFS THAT TOWER OVER THE NILE RIVER...



'ON THE TOMB WALLS, WE FOUND THE INSCRIPTIONS DESCRIBING HER INCARCERATION! IT SEEMS THAT MYRNA, OR MYRANAH, AS THE EGYPTIANS CALLED HER, WAS A LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE PHARAOH'S WIFE...

BRING ME MY PERFUME, MYRANAH!

YES, MISTRESS!



'MYRANAH WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL, AND SOON CAUGHT THE PHARAOH'S FANCY! BUT LOYAL MYRANAH, FAITHFUL TO HER MISTRESS, REPELLED THE PHARAOH'S ADVANCES...

DO NOT STRUGGLE, MY PET! I AM YOUR KING! YOU MUST DO AS I WISH!

NO! NO! I WILL NOT! NEVER! NEVER!



'THE PHARAOH, IN ANGER, ORDERED THAT SHE BE BURIED ALIVE AS PUNISHMENT! MYRANAH WAS FORCIBLY WRAPPED IN THE CEREMONIAL BURIAL WRINDINGS...

SHE FIGHTS LIKE A CAT, SIRE!

SHE WILL FIGHT NO MORE! HURRY!

EEEMNNPH!



AND SO, FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, THIS POOR GIRL LAY IN HER TOMB UNTIL I UNCOVERED HER! AND NOW... I GIVE YOU...

MYRNA!

GASP! CHOKE!

THE MUMMIFIED BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE SERVANT GIRL STOOD IN ITS SARCOPHAGUS, ITS ARMS FOLDED ACROSS ITS CHEST! THE CARNIVAL CUSTOMERS NEVER FAILED TO GASP AND SCREAM WHENEVER DOCTOR CLING WOULD UNCOVER IT.

AND NOW... I WILL REMOVE SOME OF THE WRAPPINGS!

IF THE SIGHT OF THE MUMMY WAS REVOLTING, HER UNWRAPPED FACE WAS EVEN MORE SO! THE WRINKLED, DRIED FLESH CLUNG TO HER SKULL LIKE WET TISSUE PAPER! HER EYES HAD RECEDED DEEP INTO THEIR SOCKETS! LIPS WERE DRAWN TIGHTLY BACK IN A LEERING GRIN! SOME CRIED OUT... SOME TURNED AWAY...

GOOD LORD!

BUT THERE WERE ALWAYS MORE THE NEXT NIGHT! MORE OF THE CURIOUS! WORD TRAVELED FAST IN SMALL TOWNS! THEY FLOCKED TO SEE MYRNA... SHE WELL EARNED HER KEEP! ERNEST FEELEY PAID ZACHARY CLING HIS SALARY HAPPILY! AND THEN, WHEN THE CARNIVAL HIT THAT SMALL OZARK TOWN...

YOU MR. FEELEY? MY NAME'S JEB SICKLES! I UNNERSTAN' YOU OWN THIS HERE SIDE-SHOW, MR. FEELEY! I THINK WEDBE YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN WHAT I GOT!

WHAT'S THAT, MR. SICKLES?

I'M THE DOG 'ROUND THESE PARTS, MR. FEELEY! AINT GOT NO LICENCE OR NUTHIN', BUT FOLKS LIKE WHAT I DO FOR 'EM SO THEY COME T'ME! 'BOUT TWO YEARS AGO, THIS HERE CRONE CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS! I'D NEVER LAID EYES ON 'ER B'FORE! SHE BEGGED ME T'COME BACK WITH HER...

LOOK, MR. SICKLES! I'M A BUSY MAN! GET TO THE POINT! WHAT IS IT YOU'VE GOT THAT I'D BE INTERESTED IN?

I'LL GET TO IT, MR. FEELEY! TAKE IT EASY! ANYWAY, THIS OLD CRONE BEGGED ME SO BAD I WENT! SHE TOL' ME HER SON WAS SICK... TERRIBLE SICK! SHE SAID HE WAS A-DYIN'! SHE TOOK ME UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO THIS HERE CAVE! I NEARLY THROW'D UP AT WHAT I SAW!

WHAT WAS IT, MR. SICKLES?

'IT WAR HER SON, MR. FEELEY!  
HER SON HAD TWO HEADS! IT WAS  
HORRIBLE...

CHOKO!

KIN YUH...  
KIN YUH DO  
ANYTHING  
FOR ENOUGH?

'HE WAS TOO FAR GONE FOR ME  
T'SAVE! HE DIED 'BOUT AN HOUR  
AFTER WE GOT T' THE CAVE...

I'M SORRY, MAM!  
I DONE ALL I  
COULD! ENOUGH  
IS DEAD!

TAKE 'IM  
AWAY! TAKE  
'IM... SOB...  
OUT OF MY  
SIGHT!

HE MUSTA BEEN TWENTY-  
TWO, MR. FEELEY! I TOOK  
HIS BODY BACK DOWN  
THE MOUNTAIN AND PUT  
IT IN A MOONSHINE  
STILL! I DIDN'T  
WAN' NOBODY T'  
SEE IT!

AND  
YOU  
STILL  
HAVE IT...  
THE TWO-  
HEADED  
BODY?

IT'S BEEN IN THE STILL  
FOR TWO YEARS, MR.  
FEELEY! THE MOONSHINE  
SEEMS T'HAVE PRESERVED  
IT! YOU...

TAKE ME TO IT!  
QUICKLY!

MR. FEELEY AND THE QUACK DOCTOR PUSHED THEIR  
WAY THROUGH THE CROWD OBLING AT MYRNA, THE  
MUMMY! OUTSIDE THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS, A HORSE AND  
WAGON WAITED! THEY DROVE TO A HIDDEN STILL...

THAR SHE  
IS, MR.  
FEELEY!

G'MON!

THE LIGHT FROM THE LANTERN CAST AN ORANGE GLOW  
INTO THE HUGE WOODEN STILL-VAT! BELOW THE SUR-  
FACE OF THE MOONSHINE, THE PULPY WHITE FACES  
OF THE TWO-HEADED CORPSE STARED UP AT ERNEST  
FEELEY...

THAT'S HIM...

GULP!

ERNEST TURNED TO JED SICKLES... HIS EYES WIDE... HIS  
FACE FLUSHED...

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN  
MY SHOW, JES? DO WHAT OLD  
DOG CLING DOES! EXHIBIT  
THIS HERE ENOUGH! TELL HOW  
YOU GOT HIM! I'LL PAY YOU  
A GOOD SALARY!

JOIN UP WITH  
YOU FELLERS,  
EH? WELL, I  
DUNNO! I... I  
GUESS I'D  
LIKE THAT!

SO, JEB SICKLES TOOK HIS TWO-HEADED PRESERVED BODY OUT OF THE STILL AND JOINED ERNEST FEELEY'S SIDE-SHOW! ENOCH WAS PLACED IN A SPECIALLY MADE GLASS TANK FILLED WITH FORMAL-DEHYDE, AND PUT ON EXHIBIT...

AND NOW FOLKS, I GIVE YOU DOCTOR JEBSON SICKLES... AND ENOCH!

FOLKS! I DISCOVERED ENOCH IN THE CAVE OF AN OLD MOUNTAIN CRONEBACK IN THE OZARKS! HE DIED IN MY ARMS...

WHEN JEB DREW BACK THE CURTAIN REVEALING THE PASTY-SKINNED BLOATED TWO-HEADED CORPSE OF ENOCH, THE SIDE-SHOW CUSTOMERS WOULD GRINCE AND SHUDDER IN REVULSION...

AND NOW, I GIVE YOU... ENOCH! THE TWO-HEADED MAN!

CHOKES! GULP!

COUGH

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ERNEST FEELEY TO REALIZE THAT THE THING IN THE HUGE GLASS TANK WAS A REALLY VALUABLE EXHIBIT AND DESERVED STAR BILLING, LIKE MYRNA...

THAT'S RIGHT, JEB! I'M MOVIN' YOU UP TO STAR ATTRACTION! YOU'LL SHAKE IT WITH DOG CLING, HERE!

THANKS, HMMPH... MR. FEELEY!

SO ENOCH WAS PLACED OPPOSITE MYRNA... AND FIVE TIMES A DAY, JEB SICKLES AND ZACH CLING EXHIBITED THEIR ODDITIES TO THE CURIOUS WHO'D PAID THEIR QUARTERS TO SEE THEM.

...MYRNA...

...ENOCH...

FIVE TIMES A DAY, MYRNA'S ROTTED BROWN WRAPPINGS WERE REMOVED FROM HER MUMMIFIED FACE...

GASP...

CHOKES...

AND FIVE TIMES A DAY, THE CURTAIN HIDING ENOCH'S TANK WAS WITHDRAWN REVEALING THE TWISTING, TURNING PRESERVED CORPSE...

AND FIVE TIMES A DAY, AS THE CROWD OGLED AND GASPED... PASTY-SKINNED, TWO-HEADED ENOCH, FLOATING IN HIS FORMAL-DEHYDE WORLD, STARED WITH GLAZED EYES AT THE PUTRID, MUMMIFIED, UNWRAPPED FACE OF MYRNA THE MUMMY...

THE CARNIVAL MOVED ON FROM TOWN TO TOWN! THE CROWDS FLOCKED TO SEE ENOCH AND MYRNA! AND JEALOUSY BETWEEN ZACH CLING AND JEB SICKLES FLAMED...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE CUTTING MY SALARY? IF IT WASN'T FOR MYRNA...

ENOCH PULLS 'EM IN TOO, ZACH! I'VE BEEN UNDERPAYING JEB! HE AND YOU GET THE SAME FROM NOW ON! I'M LOWERIN' YOUR PAY, AND RAISIN' HIS!



THE BLOATED BODY WITH THE STARING PAIRS OF EYES SWAYED IN THE FORMALDEHYDE! THE DRIED REMAINS IN THE ROTTED WRAPPINGS STOOD SILENTLY! FIVE TIMES A DAY THEY GAZED UPON EACH OTHER...

... ENOCH ...

... MYRNA ...



THEN ERNEST FEELEY... ALWAYS THE BUSINESS MAN... ANNOUNCED...

I'M MOVIN' YOU AND MYRNA OUT FRONT, CLING! WE NEED A DRAW FOR THE ADMISSIONS! JEB AND ENOCH ARE THE STARS NOW...



AND SO, WHEN THE ROTTED WRAPPINGS WERE REMOVED FROM MYRNA'S SUNKEN, MUMMIFIED EYES, SHE LOOKED OUT ACROSS THE CROWD AND SAW NOTHING...

I GIVE YOU... MYRNA...



AND WHEN THE CURTAIN WAS PULLED BACK UNCOVERING ENOCH'S TANK, HE LOOKED OUT ACROSS THE CROWD AND SAW NOTHING...

I GIVE YOU... ENOCH!



THUS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, WHEN THE CARNIVAL FOLK LAY ASLEEP, A DRIED AND BONEY HAND MOVED SLOWLY... HESITANTLY... PULLING AWAY ITS ROTTED BROWN WRAPPINGS...



... WHILE A BLOATED, PALE HAND SLID UPWARD AND OVER THE TANK-RIM, PULLING ITS CHALKY, PULPY BODY AFTER IT...



THE MORNING HEARD THE SIDE-SHOW TENT ECHO WITH ANGRY VOICES...

HE STOLE ENOUGH!  
HE STOLE MYRNA!  
CALM DOWN, YOU TWO!



ERNEST QUIETED THE RAGING ODDITY OWNERS...

USE YOUR HEADS, YOU FOOLS! IF BOTH ARE MISSING, NEITHER OF YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT!



OLD DOC CLING KNELT TO THE TAM-BARK AND PICKED UP A MUSTY-SMELLING FRAGMENT...

A PIECE OF MYRNA'S WRAPPINGS!  
DROPS OF FORMALDEHYDE! THEY GO THAT WAY!



THE THREE MEN FOLLOWED THE FRAGMENTS OF MUMMY WRAPPINGS AND THE DROPLETS OF FORMALDEHYDE OUT OF THE SIDE-SHOW TENT AND INTO THE MORNING SUNLIGHT! THE TRAIL WAS CLEAR... VERY CLEAR...

IT LEADS TO THAT HOUSE!  
LOOK AT THE SIGN!  
GASP! JUSTICE OF THE... GOOD LORD!



THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WAS VERY FRIENDLY! HE TOLD THE SIDE-SHOW MEN ALL HE KNEW...

GOUPLE CAME LAST NIGHT! YEP! WANTED TO GET MARRIED! I DID IT! I PERFORMED THE CEREMONY!  
WASN'T THERE ANYTHING... ER STRANGE ABOUT THEM?



SHUCKS! ALL I CAN SAY IS THEY MUST'VE BEEN DRINKING! SMELLED MIGHTY BAD... LIKE AS IF THEY'D BEEN! BUT FIVE BUCKS IS FIVE BUCKS!



DIDN'T SEE NUTHIN'! CAN'T SEE! I'M BLIND, Y'KNOW!  
BLIND! GOOD LORD!



HEH, HEH! CAREFUL NOW! DON'T PEEK! HERE COMES THE FINISH! BRACE YOURSELVES! FIRST, LET ME SAY THAT MR. FEELEY, JEB, AND ZACH LOST MYRNA AND ENOCH'S TRAIL AFTER THEY LEFT THE J. P.'S JUST COULDN'T FIND 'EM! IN FACT, IT WASN'T TILL A YEAR LATER, WHEN THE CARNIVAL RETURNED TO THE VERY OZARK TOWN WHERE ENOCH HAD FIRST JOINED THE SIDE-SHOW...



... THAT MR. FEELEY HEARD ABOUT THE STRANGE DOIN'S UP IN THE MOUNTAINS...

SOMEBODY SAID THEY SEEN 'EM, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE 'EM! WHO EVER HEARD OF A LIVIN' MUMMY AND A TWO-HEADED CORPSE...

WHERE? WHERE? DID THEY SEE 'EM?



UP IN THE OLD CRONE'S CAVE! SHE'S DEAD NOW! BUT THE FOLKS ROUND HERE ARE MIGHTY SUPERSTITIOUS! IF YOU ASK ME, THEY'RE SEEIN' THINGS! NOW...

JEB'LL TAKE ME THERE! HE KNOWS WHERE IT IS!



THEY WENT! JEB AND ZACH... WHO'D STAYED ON WITH THE CARNIVAL AS HANDY MEN... AND MR. FEELEY? THEY WENT UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE OLD CRONE'S CAVE...



LOOK!

GOOD LORD!

IT'S THEM!

AND THE THREE CARNIVAL MEN DRAGGED THEIR LONG-LOST ODDITIES BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...

MYRNA! MY MYRNA!

ENOCH! MY BOY!

AT LAST! AFTER OVER A YEAR!



BUT THE THREE MEN WERE OUT OF EARSHOT WHEN THE WAIL DRIFTED OUT FROM DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE CRONE'S CAVE! THEY NEVER SAW THE INFANT-THING CRAWL OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT... ITS EYES STREAMING WITH TEARS... CRYING FOR ITS PARENTS...



HEH, HEH! YEP! THAT'S IT, KIDDIES! THAT'S MY STORY! YEP! ENOCH OF THE DOUBLE DOMES

WAS MY OLD MAN, AND MYRNA THE MUMMY WAS MY OLD LADY! YOU MIGHT SAY, THE MUMMY WAS MY MOMMY! BY THE WAY! I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE'S A CARNIVAL TODAY... EIGHTY YEARS LATER...

THAT STILL EXHIBITS A MUMMY AND A TWO-HEADED PRESERVED CORPSE! IF ANY OF YOU SEE THEM... WRITE ME! I WANT TO SEND A CARD! IT'S THEIR ANNIVERSARY NEXT MONTH!





# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! NOW IT'S TIME FOR A JAUNT INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR, GREEPS! THIS IS YOUR VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO RELATE THIS *BLOOD-CURLING TALE* FROM MY COLLECTION! SO COME IN, SIT DOWN ON THAT *BLOOD-STAINED HOTEL ROOM RUG*, AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT *GO*T THAT WAY! I CALL THIS *SICKENING SOJOURN* INTO THE *SCREAMING SEMI-DARKNESS* OF *SORCIONESS*...

**THIS TRICK'LL KILL YOU!**



HERBERT MARKINI MOVED THROUGH THE MILLING CALCUTTA CROWDS, MOPPING HIS PERSPIRATION-BATHED FACE! THE BLAZING INDIAN SUN WAS DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! THE HEAT WAS UNBEARABLE! HERBERT CURSED...

WHY I EVER *CAME* TO THIS DISEASE-IMPESTED HELL-HOLE, I'LL NEVER KNOW! I HAVEN'T FOUND ONE NEW ILLUSION SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE! INDIAN FAKIRS! BAN! LUCKY THING I LEFT INEZ AT THE HOTEL! SHE'D PASS OUT IN THIS

HEAT!



THE GREAT MARKINI, FAMOUS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR HIS ASTOUNDING FEATS OF MAGIC, PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARK-SKINNED THROG... STOPPING FOR A FEW MINUTES TO WATCH AS EACH SQUATTING INDIAN FAKIR WOULD PERFORM HIS TRICKS AND ILLUSIONS...



MMMPH! THE OLD CABBAGE-  
IN-THE-GROUND-ILLUSION!  
OLD AS THE HILLS!

HERBERT MOVED DOWN THE LITTER-FILLED ALLEY TO WHERE THE INDIAN GIRL SQUATTED BEFORE HER ODDLY-SHAPED BASKET! THE CROWD BEHIND, OUT IN THE MARKET-PLACE, SEEMED TO FADE FROM EARSHOT! THE GIRL LOOKED UP AT MARKINI AND SMILED...



YOU... WANT.. TRICK?  
I DO... FOR RUPEE!

THE GIRL PULLED A SMALL REED INSTRUMENT FROM THE FOLDS IN HER GOWN AND PUT IT TO HER LIPS! SHE TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND BEGAN TO BLOW SOFTLY! THE WEIRD NOTE TREMBLED! THE COIL OF ROPE IN THE BASKET STIRRED...



WHAT THE...?

THE SINGLE NOTE CONTINUED! ONE END OF THE COIL OF ROPE STOOD UP... SWAYING LIKE AN ENTRANCED COBRA...



GOOD LORD!

SATISFIED THAT THERE WAS NOTHING NEW TO SEE, NOTHING HE COULD ADD TO HIS FABULOUS MAGIC ACT, HERBERT WOULD MOVE ON FROM ONE FAKIR TO THE NEXT! THEN, IN A DARK ALLEY OFF THE TEAMING MARKET PLACE, HE SAW HER! THE DARK-HAIRED, FLASHING EYED INDIAN GIRL...



HELLO! WHAT'S THAT? SHE WEARS  
A FAKIR'S SHAWL! I WONDER WHAT  
SHE HAS IN THE BASKET!

THE COIN TINKLED TO THE CORNLE-STONES AT THE GIRL'S BARE FEET! SHE PICKED IT UP, EXAMINED IT, AND... LIFTING THE LID OFF THE BASKET... TOSSED THE COIN IN! HERBERT PEERED DOWN! INSIDE THE BASKET LAY A COIL OF HEAVY ROPE, OLD AND FRAYED...



YOU HEAR TELL OF  
INDIAN ROPE TRICK?

SURE! I'VE HEARD TELL  
OF IT! BUT THAT'S ALL! JUST  
TALK! I DON'T BELIEVE  
THAT THERE IS SUCH A  
THING!

AND AS THE GIRL'S BREATH RAN OUT AND THE NOTE BEGAN TO FADE... THE END OF THE ROPE BEGAN TO RISE HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE AIR...



I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT!

WHEN THE LAST VIBRATION ENDED, THE ROPE STOOD UPRIGHT AT ITS FULL UNCOILED LENGTH... FIFTEEN... MAYBE TWENTY FEET INTO THE AIR...



ASTOUNDING!

THE GIRL GOT TO HER FEET AND MOVED TO THE ROPE! AS HERBERT WATCHED, HORRIFIED, SHE BEGAN TO CLIMB IT...



GODD LORD!

SHE PULLED HERSELF EASILY, HAND OVER HAND, TILL SHE REACHED THE TOP.



I'LL BUY IT! I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING... ANYTHING!

THE DARK-HAIRED, FLASHING-EYED NATIVE GIRL SLID TO THE GROUND ONCE AGAIN AND THE ROPE COLLAPSED INTO THE BASKET...



HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THE TRICK? NAME YOUR PRICE, GIRL!

I CANNOT SELL THE ROPE! IT WAS MY MOTHER'S AND HER MOTHER'S... AND...

BAN! KEEP YOUR ROPE! TELL ME HOW IT IS DONE! TELL ME THE SECRET! I'LL MAKE MY OWN...



THERE IS NO SECRET, SAHIB! IT IS THE ROPE! YOU CANNOT MAKE ONE! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

THE ROPE?! WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT? IT'S AN ORDINARY ROPE! WHAT'S INSIDE? A WIRE? WHAT'S UNDER THE BASKET? A TRAP-ODOR? C'MON! I'LL PAY YOU FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES!



IT IS THE ROPE ITSELF, SAHIB! SEE?

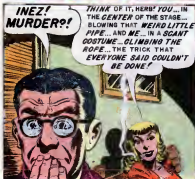
THE GIRL LIFTED THE BASKET! THERE WAS NO TRAP DOOR BELOW... NO HOLE OUT OF WHICH A POLE COULD BE EXTENDED... NOTHING...



YOU SEE, SAHIB? IT IS THE ROPE! AND THE ROPE IS NOT FOR SALE!

IMPOSSIBLE! THERE MUST BE A TRICK TO IT! THERE MUST!

THAT NIGHT, THE GREAT MARKINI PACED HIS HOTEL ROOM NERVOUSLY! FINALLY THE DOOR OPENED AND A WOMAN ENTERED...



HERE WAS A TIMID KNOCK ON THE HOTEL ROOM DOOR! HERBERT SWUNG IT OPEN.

COME IN!  
COME IN! AH!  
I SEE YOU  
HAVE THE  
BASKET!

YOU! YOU ARE  
THE MAN I  
PERFORMED  
FOR THIS  
AFTERNOON!



YES! MY  
NAME IS  
**MARKINI!** IN  
THE UNITED  
STATES, I AM  
A **FAMOUS  
MAGICIAN!**  
THIS IS MY  
WIFE, **INEZ!**

AH! THE  
LADY THAT  
**INVITED ME  
HERE!** SHE  
SAID I  
**WOULD NOT  
BE ABLE TO  
MAKE THE  
ROPE RISE  
HERE!**



THAT'S **RIGHT,**  
**HONEY!** I THINK  
YOU'VE GOT SOME  
**WIRE ARRANGE-  
MENT** IN THAT  
ALLEY BACK  
THERE!

I TOLD YOU  
**BOTH!** IT IS  
THE **ROPE...**  
**NOTHING  
MORE! WATCH...**



THE GIRL PLACED THE BASKET ON THE FLOOR OF THE ROOM! THEN SHE TOOK OUT THE CURIOUS REED INSTRUMENT AND BEGAN TO BLOW! THE WEIRD NOTE FILLED THE ROOM! THE ROPE BEGAN TO RISE...



IT'S IN THE BASKET, **HERB!**  
THE GIMMICK MUST BE IN  
THERE...OR IN THE ROPE...

I'LL GET  
THE 'ER...

**SUDDENLY...THE WEIRD-SOUNDING, TREMBLING NOTE WAS OUT SHORT! THE ROPE COLLAPSED! HERBERT'S POWERFUL FINGERS HELD THE INDIAN GIRL'S NECK IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP...**



DON'T LET HER  
**SCREAM, HERB!**

I GASP...  
**WON'T...**

**SOON, THE THROTTLED NATIVE GIRL'S BODY WENT LIMP AND SHE SLID TO THE FLOOR...**



SHE... SHE'S  
**DEAD!**

G'NOW! LET'S LOOK  
AT THAT ROPE!

THE MURDERERS RUSHED TO THE COLLAPSED ROPE LYING ON THE HOTEL ROOM RUG! HERB SEARCHED THE AND EXAMINED IT CLOSELY! INEZ PICKED IT UP BASKET...



THE ROPE...IT'S NOT  
HOLLOW! THERE'S  
NO WIRE! IT'S...IT...

THERE'S NOTHING IN  
THE BASKET!  
**NOTHING!**

INEZ AND HERBERT STARED AT EACH OTHER...

NO GIMMICK!  
NO PROP!  
BUT...BUT...

WE SAW IT START  
RISING! IT  
WAS WORKING!



SUDDENLY INEZ'S GLANCE FELL!  
THE STRANGE-LOOKING REED  
INSTRUMENT WAS STILL CLUTCHED  
IN THE DEAD NATIVE GIRL'S HAND.

THE PIPE, HERB!  
TRY THE PIPE!

BUT...BUT  
WHAT GOOD  
WILL THAT  
DO?



HERB WRENCHED THE FLUTE-  
LIKE INSTRUMENT FROM THE  
CORPSE AND PUT IT TO HIS LIPS!  
THE WEIRD NOTE ECHOED THROUGH  
THE ROOM...

LOOK, HERB!  
LOOK!



THE PRAYED END OF THE ROPE BEGAN TO RISE...

KEEP BLOWING, HERB!  
KEEP BLOWING!



HIGHER AND HIGHER THE ROPE ROSE UNTIL IT TOUCHED  
THE CEILING OF THE ROOM! HERB'S BREATH RAN OUT  
AND THE NOTE FADED! THE ROPE STOOD STIFFLY...

SHE...GASP...SHE WASN'T  
LYING! IT IS THE ROPE  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT...

WE'VE GOT A  
GOLD MINE, HERB!  
A GOLD MINE!



INEZ MOVED TO THE ROPE! SHE CLOSED HER HANDS  
AROUND IT AND BEGAN TO PULL HERSELF UP...

IT HOLDS ME, HERB!  
I CAN CLIMB IT!

WE'LL KNOCK THEM DEAD!  
INEZ! JUST WAIT TILL  
WE GET BACK TO THE  
STATES! WE'LL...



INEZ HAD REACHED THE TOP OF THE ROPE!  
SUDDENLY...HER FACE WAS CONTORTED IN PAIN!  
HER EYES BULGED IN HORROR...

HERB! I...EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



HERBERT MARKINI STARED AT THE SPOT NEAR THE CEILING WHERE INEZ HAD BEEN! SHE'D SIMPLY VANISHED! HER HYSTERICAL SHRIEK CAME FROM VERY FAR AWAY...



THE ROPE CURLED UPWARD...THE PRAYED END STILL IN THE BASKET WHIPPED OUTWARD...WRAPPING AROUND HERBERT'S NECK...



THE COMPLAINTS OF NEIGHBORS BROUGHT THE MANAGER OF THE CALCUTTA HOTEL TO HERBERT AND INEZ MARKINI'S ROOM! HE FOUND THE MASTER MAGICIAN HANGING FROM A ROPE...SWAYING CRAZILY! THE ROPE ENDED AT THE CEILING...APPARENTLY UNATTACHED...



SUDDENLY A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEPED OVER THE GREAT MARKINI! OBJECTS RAINED DOWN FROM NOWHERE ABOUT HIM...FALLING TO THE CALCUTTA HOTEL ROOM FLOOR! HORRIBLE OBJECTS! QUIVERING PIECES OF INEZ'S BODY...



AND SLOWLY...STEADILY...THE ROPE CONTINUED TO RISE...UNTIL...



HEH, HEH! THAT ABOUT WRAPS IT UP, KIDDIES...NEATLY KNOTTED! WHEN THEY TRIED TO CUT POOR HERBIE DOWN, THE ROPE JUST COLLAPSED AND HE FELL TO THE FLOOR AMID INEZ'S DISMEMBERED REMAINS! AS FOR THE INDIAN GIRL...THEY FOUND NO TRACE OF HER! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER BODY? NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN CALCUTTA, LOOK FOR HER IN THAT ALLEYWAY! SHE'LL BE THERE, WITH HER ROPE! JUST BE CAREFUL! DON'T LET HER STRING YOU ALONG!



# A RARE E.C. OFFER

Seventeen years ago a small publishing company called **East Coast Comix** reprinted a dozen of the original E.C. in full color as regular 32-page comic books. Without national distribution the market was not able to sustain their continuation. Shortly after they ceased production we bought the remaining small inventory, realizing they would become **real collector's items** someday. With the return of E.C. through Gladstone, that day has come! None of these 1973 and '74 reprints is scheduled to be duplicated by Gladstone before 1992 and some later than that. The **Two Fisted Tales** and **Shock SuspenStories** comics have no place on our schedule at the present time. The following are available individually or as a lot while the very limited supply lasts.



- ☐ **1. The Crypt of Terror 1, Feb. 1955 \$12.00**  
Planned to debut as E.C.'s fourth horror title, it instead became the last issue of **Tales From the Crypt**, number 46. It contains a Jack Davis werewolf story and George Evans' famous razor blade sizzler, "Bird Alloys." Highly recommended. Very very limited.
- ☐ **2. Weird Science 15, Sept. 1952 \$8.00**  
Incredible issue, with the first E.C. story by Al Williamson, who quickly became a favorite, and "The Marbans," one of Wallace Wood's best. Also, a photo and biography of Joe Orlando, who draws captive earthmen in "Bum Steer."
- ☐ **3. Shock SuspenStories 12 Dec. 1953 \$5.00**  
Drug abuse is dealt with for one of the first times in comics in the powerful Joe Orlando effort, "The Monkey." Reed Crandall's "The Kidnapper" generated mail from many parents. Wally Wood touches on suicide in "The Fall Guy." And a murderous alcoholic is portrayed in "Deadline" by Jack Kamen.
- ☐ **4. The Haunt of Fear 12, Mar. 1952 \$5.00**  
Two rotting corpse stories highlight an issue of great art by "Ghastly" Graham Ingels and Jack Davis. Johnny Craig has a story, biography and a photo. His story of a love triangle involves two shootings and a mysterious tattoo that miraculously implicates the killer.
- ☐ **5. Weird Fantasy 13, May, 1952- \$5.00**  
Special issue with two tales illustrated by Wallace Wood, including "Home to Stay," an unforgettable adaptation of two Ray Bradbury short stories. E.C.'s science fiction and horror editor/artist Al Feldstein has a bio with photo.
- ☐ **6. Crime SuspenStories 25, Oct. 1954 \$5.00**  
Jack Kamen's **Bad** deals with multiple murder. Reed Crandall's story involves a knife and some "cutting up" during a prison break. Bernie Knglstein's effort chronicles madness, and George Evans' yarn weaves brutal fiction of a sadistic police lieutenant.
- ☐ **7. The Vault of Horror 26, Aug. 1952. \$6.00**  
Putrid palpitations of a ghoul and a vampire as love, werewolves, walking corpses and a voodoo curse are all rendered in color by Johnny Craig, Jack Davis, Sid Check and Graham Ingels.
- ☐ **8. Shock SuspenStories 6 Dec. 1952 \$6.00**  
One story each of crime, suspense, sci-fi and horror, plus a biography and photo of fan favorite Wally Wood. Graham Ingels illustrates a rare appearance of the Old Witch outside the horror titles. Wood's "Under Cover" is a shocker dealing with overt prejudice that was largely ignored by society in the 1950s. Great issue!
- ☐ **9. Two Fisted Tales 34 July, 1953 \$5.00**  
Jack Davis writes and draws the lead western. Betsy and Wally Wood conceive "Trial by Arms," a medieval story of treachery and murder. John Severn inks a desert epic and George Evans illustrates his specialty—a finale about World War I flying aces.
- ☐ **10. The Haunt of Fear 23, Jan. 1954 \$5.00**  
Jack Kamen does one of his famous "Grim" Fairy Tales, this time a horrific version of Hansel and Gretel. A dark, brooding, beautifully drawn Jack Davis swamp tale and a werewolf story are also featured.

☐ **A complete set of all ten classics, while all are still available: \$50.00**

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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!



ONCE UPON A TIME, LONG, LONG AGO, IN A KINGDOM FAR, FAR AWAY, THERE WAS A CASTLE! AND IN THIS CASTLE DWELT A KING... A QUEEN... AND A YOUNG DASHING PRINCE...

PRINCE JUNIOR! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO DASH THROUGH THE HALLS LIKE THAT!

SOB... I FELL ON MY ROYAL... SOB...



NOW THE KING AND QUEEN OF THIS FAR, FAR AWAY KINGDOM WERE VERY BUSY... KINGING AND QUEENING! THEY'D HAD NO TIME TO TAKE CARE OF YOUNG PRINCE JUNIOR! SO... THEY'D HIRED A NURSE WHEN JUNIOR WAS JUST A BABE...

HOW IS PRINCE JUNIOR TODAY, NURSE?

MAY WE SEE HIM?

HUSH! HE'S SLEEPING! YOU CAN HAVE JUST ONE PEEK... THAT'S ALL!



NATURALLY, AS PRINCE JUNIOR GREW, HE BECAME MORE AND MORE ATTACHED TO HIS OLD NURSE...

PRINCE JUNIOR! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? OH, DEAR...

GIGGLE...

GIGGLE! I TIED YOU A PIN STINGS TO ME BEWLT! WE IS ATTACHED!



EVERY DAY, NURSE FANNY (FOR THAT WAS HER NAME!) WOULD DRESS PRINCE JUNIOR...

THERE! YOU LOOK VERY NICE! NOW DON'T GET DIRTY! YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER ARE COMING TO SEE YOU SOON!

YETH, NURTH FANNY!



... WOULD SCOLD HIM WHEN HE WAS NAUGHTY...

I TOLD YOU NOT TO GET DIRTY... YOU BAD, BAD BOY!

AND, HOW DID I KNOW THEY PUNLED UP THE DRAW-BRIDGE?



... WOULD READ TO HIM WHEN HE WAS GOOD...

WEAD TO ME ABOUT THE WICKED WITCH WHAT COOKS THE BAD WITTLE PEASANT CHILDREN IN HER OVEN, NURTH, FANNY!

ALL RIGHT, PRINCE JUNIOR! LET'S SEE! AN! HERE! 'ONCE UPON A TIME...



... WOULD TUCK HIM IN AT NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT, PRINCE JUNIOR!

JUST ONE MORE STORY, NURTH FANNY! THE ONE ABOUT THE WICKED WITCH WHAT COOKS THE BAD WITTLE PEASANT CHILDREN!



NURSE FANNY WAS MORE OF A MOTHER TO PRINCE JUNIOR THAN THE QUEEN...

I LOVE YOU, NURTH FANNY!

AND I LOVE YOU, LITTLE PRINCE!

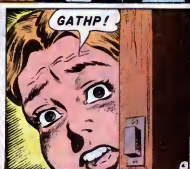
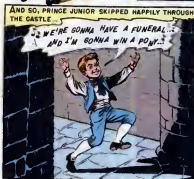


AND SO, WHEN PRINCE JUNIOR WOKE UP ONE MORNING AND FOUND NURSE FANNY LYING VERY STILL...

NURTH FANNY! NURTH FANNY! THEPEAK TO ME!







NURSE FANNY WAS STRETCHED OUT ON A VELVET-DRAPED BIER! AT HER HEAD, TWO CANDLES BURNED! THE ROOM WAS DARK, SAVE FOR THE GLOW FROM THE TWO FLICKERING FLAMES! BUT THERE WAS ENOUGH LIGHT FOR PRINCE JUNIOR TO SEE...



GATHP! SHE... SHE MOVED!

SUDDENLY, THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH AN EERIE MOAN.



NURSE FANNY SAT UP, SHAKING HER HEAD...

OH, DEAR! I MUST HAVE HAD AN ATTACK! I HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THOSE IN YEARS!

NURTH FANNY! NURTH FANNY! YOU'RE NOT DEAD!



PRINCE JUNIOR RAN INTO NURSE FANNY'S OUT-STRETCHED ARMS AND SHE HUGGED HIM TENDERLY.

NO, MY DEAR! I'M NOT DEAD! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU!

OH, NURTH FANNY! I... I...



\* FANNY, YOU SEE, SUFFERED OCCASIONAL GATALEPTIC FITS WHICH MADE HER APPEAR DEAD! AND AFTER ALL, HOW GOOD WERE DOCTORS IN THOSE DAYS, ANYHOW?

SUDDENLY PRINCE CHARMING THOUGHT ABOUT ALL HIS COUSINS...

...NOT IN A MILLION YEARS...



...BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BABY...

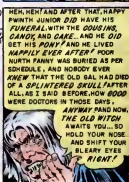
POP!



AND THEN HE THOUGHT ABOUT ALL THE CANDY...

...AND I'D NEVER LEAVE MY BABY...





# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WELL...HEE,HEE...IT'S ME...YOUR HOSTESS IN THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO RUSTLE UP ANOTHER REVOLTING RECIPE IN MY CRUDDY CAULDRON! SO, CRAWL IN, CREEPS! KNOT YOUR DRIBBLE NAPKINS AROUND YOUR SCRAWNY NECKS...FASTEN YOUR DROOL CUPS...AND I'LL DISH OUT THE TALE OF TERROR I CALL...

## NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART!

LONELY?

IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN A SIMPLE MATTER FOR HOWARD! AFTER ALL, HE WAS RATHER GOOD-LOOKING IN A MATURE SORT OF WAY! OLD MAIDS AND WIDOWS WERE ATTRACTED TO HIM! BESIDES...THE PHOTOGRAPH HE'D SEND THEM WAS A PARTICULARLY GOOD ONE...

HEH,HEH! LISTEN TO THIS,AND!

'DEAR HOWARD,

I RECEIVED YOUR PICTURE ALONG WITH YOUR DELIGHTFULLY WRITTEN LETTER TODAY! YOU LOOK VERY NICE! ENCLOSED IS MY PHOTO! I'M SORRY IT ISN'T A RECENT SNAP! IT WAS TAKEN TWO YEARS AGO...

HOWARD PATTED HIS DOG'S HEAD AND SMILED...



WELL! SHE'S SENT US HER PICTURE, BOY! SHALL WE BRACE OURSELVES AND TAKE A LOOK?

HE LIFTED THE PICTURE FROM THE ENVELOPE AND GASPED...



WHY... SHE... SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, KING!

INDEED, HOWARD'S LATEST PROPOSED VICTIM WAS BEAUTIFUL! HOWARD STUDIED HER FOR A MOMENT, THOUGHTFULLY...



YOU KNOW, KING! WITH A WOMAN LIKE THIS, I MIGHT DECIDE TO WIND UP THIS RACKET AND SETTLE DOWN FOR GOOD!

HOWARD SAT BACK, THE PICTURE IN HIS LAP, AND LIT HIS PIPE! THE SMOKE CURLED UP LAZILY, THINNING AS IT DRIFTED TOWARD THE CEILING...

REMEMBER THE FIRST PICTURE WE EVER GOT, KING? LET'S SEE! ALMOST SEVEN YEARS AGO IT WAS! WHAT WAS HER NAME? OH, YES! MATILDA! MATILDA FILBY!



'WE GOT HER NAME FROM A LONELY-HEARTS CLUB LIST! REMEMBER? THAT WAS BACK WHEN I FIRST DECIDED TO START THIS LITTLE 'LOVE-FOR-MONEY' GAME! AFTER A COUPLE OF WARM LETTERS CROSSED, IT CAME...'

WHEN! WHAT A FACE! LOOK AT THIS, KING! HOW COULD I EVER LOVE AN UGLY WENCH LIKE THIS...



'BUT SHE HAD MONEY, DIDN'T SHE, KING? REMEMBER? SHE WROTE, DESCRIBING HER HOUSE... THE FURNISHINGS...'

SHE'S RICH THOUGH, KING! SHE'S GOT LOOT! AND SHE LIVES ALONE! MAYBE... CHOKO... MAYBE LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING!



'SO WE TOOK THE PLUNGE, EH, BOY? WE WROTE PASSIONATE TOMES OF LOVE, AND FINALLY PROPOSED! AND SHE ACCEPTED! SO WE PAWNEED MY WATCH, BOUGHT A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES... AND A TICKET... AND WENT...'

HOWARD—DEAR ONE!

MATILDA! MY PET!





'HOW LONG WAS IT AFTER OUR WEDDING, KING? SIX MONTHS? NOT MUCH MORE! POOR MATILDA! SHE NEVER EVEN KNEW WE'D LOOSENEED THE TOP CELLAR STAIR...

EEEEEEAHH!

MATILDA! WHAT IS IT?

'THE FALL DIDN'T KILL HER, DID IT? WE HAD TO GO DOWN AND FINISH THE JOB! MESSY BUSINESS!'

HOWARD...GASP...I'M HURT...

GASP...I...I...

HOWARD!

'HOW MUCH DID WE MAKE ON THAT DEAL, KING? LET'S SEE! WE SOLD THE HOUSE FOR TEN THOUSAND... AND...OH, YES! ALL TOLD, ABOUT SIXTY GRAND!'

YOU'RE... LEAVING US, MR. CROWN?

WHY...YES, MRS. SENTINE! I...I JUST CAN'T STAY HERE...WITH ALL THESE MEMORIES...

'HEH, HEH! SO WE MOVED ON, EH, KING? AND ABOUT THREE MONTHS LATER, WE CONTACTED OUR SECOND VICTIM! SHE'D ADVERTIZED IN A PERSONAL COLUMN, HAIN'T SHE? YET...IT BEGAN AGAIN!'

WELL, AT LEAST SHE'S BETTER THAN THE LAST ONE, EH, KING? LORD, AREN'T THERE ANY PRETTY RICH WIDOWS?

'TOOK US SIX MONTHS OF ARDENT LOVE-MAKING VIA THE U.S. MAIL TO CONVINCE THAT ONE, HUH, KING? WHAT WAS HER NAME? OH, YES...

HOWARD! SWEET...

EPHIE...MY DEAR...

'WE DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME WITH HER, EH, KING? SHE WASN'T AS WEALTHY AS WE THOUGHT! SOME-TIMES IT'S HARD TO TELL, ISN'T IT? AND YOU CAN'T VERY WELL ASK! HOW LONG DID EPHIE LAST BEFORE SHE FELL FROM HER APARTMENT WINDOW?..'

YAAAAAAGHH!

'THE FRESH-AIR-FIEND! HEH, HEH! IT WAS SO EASY TO PUSH HER! SHE HAD JEWELRY, THOUGH! HOW MUCH DID WE GET? FIVE GRAND OR SO, WASN'T IT?'

WE HATE TO SEE YOU GO, MR. PRINCE!

THE APARTMENT...WELL...IT'S SO BIG AND... EMPTY NOW!

NUMBER THREE ANSWERED OUR AD, EH, KING? SHE WAS THE WORST OF THE LOT! TWO HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST! BUT SHE HAD THAT REAL ESTATE... OUT IN OKLAHOMA! SO...

HOWARD! DEAREST!

LUELLA,  
MY LOVE!  
CHOKO...

THAT JOB WAS THE CLEVEREST, THOUGH, I MUST ADMIT! REMEMBER? I MADE SURE TO LEAVE YOU HOME THAT DAY WE WENT DRIVING...

BE CAREFUL, HOWARD! THERE'S A SHARP DROP ON THIS TURN! YOU... YOU... HOWARD! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

GOOD-BYE, LUELLA!

I LEAPED FROM THE CAR JUST AS IT WENT OVER THE CLIFF! OH, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE, KING! YOU'D HAVE BEEN PROUD OF ME! AND WHAT A SIGHT! THE CAR... GOING OVER AND OVER... DOWN... DOWN...



THAT REAL ESTATE BROUGHT US SEVENTY GRAND MUM, KING! YES! BUT THAT WAS A MISTAKE! SELLING IT! LATER, THEY FOUND OIL THERE! OF ALL THE LUCK! OH, WELL! WE MADE UP FOR IT ON NUMBER FOUR! REMEMBER HER?...?

HOWARD! MY DREAM...

VERONICA! YOU LOOK EVEN LOVELIER THAN YOUR PICTURE... GAG...



THE FACTORY THAT VERONICA'S FIRST HUSBAND HAD LEFT HER WAS WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE! CHEMICALS! IT SPELLED HER OWN UNDOING, EH, KING? REMEMBER HOW I LEARNED ABOUT THAT NON-TRACEABLE POISON?...?

HOWARD! THAT COFFEE! I... I... GASP...

YES, VERONICA! WHAT ABOUT IT?



POOR VERONICA! THE POISON MADE HER GO INTO SUCH PAINFUL CONVULSIONS BEFORE SHE DIED! BUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WASN'T HAY, WAS IT, KING?...

YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO SELL, MR. ROYAL? AFTER ALL...

YES, MR. BIBBS! I'D RATHER! I COULDN'T GO ON WITHOUT... HER!



HEH, HEH! HOW MANY WERE THERE ALL TOGETHER, KING? SEVEN? YES! SEVEN! WHY... WE COULD HAVE RETIRED EASILY WITH THE FORTUNE WE'D MADE FROM THEM! BUT THEN WE READ THIS ONE'S... JANET'S AD...

HEMM! LISTEN TO THIS, KING! 'LONELY WOMAN DESIRES CORRESPONDENCE WITH REFINED GENTLEMAN!'



'WE COULDN'T RESIST, COULD WE, KING? WE HAD TO WRITE! AND THEN HER ANSWER CAME...'



'DEAR MR. THRONE, YOUR LETTER ARRIVED TODAY, AND I READ IT WITH MUCH INTEREST! YOU SOUND VERY CULTURED AND WELL TRAVELED! I WOULD ENJOY CORRESPONDING WITH YOU! JANET LANE'

HOWARD PUT HIS PIPE DOWN AND SMILED 'HE SHUFFLED THROUGH A SHEAF OF PAPERS...



SO WE STARTED WRITING. EN, KING? LET'S SEE! HERE'S HER SECOND LETTER...

'DEAR HOWARD... IF I MAY BE SO SO BOLD,

I RESIDE IN A STURDILY BUILT STONE HOUSE. THE PROPERTY IS VERY LARGE... ALMOST TWELVE ACRES... AND VERY WELL KEPT! BUT FOR A WOMAN SUCH AS MYSELF, BEING ALONE AS I AM... WITHOUT ANYONE LIVING FOR MILES AROUND... LIFE CAN BE VERY HARD. YOUR LETTERS ARE A GREAT COMFORT



CAN'T YOU SEE HER, KING? THIS RAVISHING WOMAN LIVING ALONE ON THIS PALATIAL ESTATE IN A HUGE FIELDSTONE HOUSE! WHY... IT SOUNDS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...



LISTEN TO THIS LETTER! 'MARBLE FLOORS... SAY! 'FURNISHED IN EXQUISITE TASTE'... 'HARD WOODS'... 'BRONZE TRIMS'... 'SATIN DRAPERIES'... 'STAINED GLASS WINDOWS'...



KING, M'BOY! I THINK IT'S TIME THAT YOU AND I WERE SETTLING DOWN! WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER, YOU KNOW! AND IF JANET...



HOWARD PICKED UP THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LOVELY WOMAN... ...IF JANET LOOKS LIKE THIS,

I THINK WE'VE FOUND THE RIGHT ONE, THIS TIME! WHY, YOU'LL HAVE THAT BIG ESTATE TO ROMP AROUND IN... WITH THE HAND-WROUGHT-IRON GATES! AND THE GARDENERS... AND TREES... FLOWERS... AND A BIG STONE HOUSE...



HOWARD PICKED UP A PEN...

I'M GOING TO *PROPOSE* TO HER, KING! SHE SPEAKS OF HOW LONELY SHE IS... AND SHE HAS MY PICTURE! MAYBE... MAYBE SHE'LL SAY 'YES'!



THREE DAYS LATER, JANET'S ANSWER CAME...

SHE'S ACCEPTED, KING! SHE'LL MARRY ME! OH, I WOULDN'T LET MYSELF HOPE... BUT NOW I'M SO HAPPY!



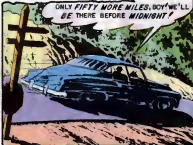
HOWARD PACKED HIS BAGS...

NO MORE WANDERING AROUND FOR US, BOY! NO MORE ALIASES... NO MORE FALSE LOVE-MAKING! WE'RE SETTLING DOWN... FOR GOOD...



HOWARD SENT A TELEGRAM ON AHEAD ANNOUNCING HIS EXPECTED ARRIVAL DATE, AND HE AND KING SET OUT BY CAR FOR JANET'S HOME...

ONLY FIFTY MORE MILES, BOY! WE'LL BE THERE BEFORE MIDNIGHT!



HOWARD CHECKED JANET'S ADDRESS WITH A POLICE-MAN IN THE TOWN...

BAYBERRY ROAD? WHY IT'S STRAIGHT ON SOUTH ABOUT TWO MILES! YOU CAN'T MISS IT! WHAT NUMBER WAS THAT?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT OFFICER! I'LL FIND IT! THANKS!



BAYBERRY ROAD WAS A LONG NARROW TREE-LINED LANE OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY! THERE WERE FEW HOUSES ALONG IT! FINALLY...

THERE'S THE WROUGHT-IRON GATE, KING! WE'RE HERE!



AS HOWARD'S CAR SWUNG IN AT THE GATE, HIS HEADLIGHTS FELL ACROSS...

WHAT THE..?



THE LETTERS WERE RUSTED AND OLD, BUT *VERY* CLEAR...

**A CEMETERY!**



KING BEGAN TO WHINE SOFTLY...

STEADY, BOY! STEADY!  
WE MUST HAVE MADE  
A MISTAKE...



SUDDENLY, THE CAR DOOR SWUNG OPEN! KING YELPED...

**GOOD LORD!**



THE ROTTED, DECAYED THING GRINNED... REACHING OUTWARD! ITS FLESH CRAWLED WITH THE SLIME OF DEATH! ITS VOICE RASPED LIKE A WORN OUT GRAMAPHONE CYLINDER...

HOWARD... DA-A-ARLING!

JANET! GASP!

**NO!  
NO!**



KING LEAPED FROM THE CAR, HOWLING! THE THING CLOSED ITS FLESH-TATTERED BONEY FINGERS AROUND HOWARD'S WRIST IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP AND DRAGGED HIM FROM THE CAR TOWARD THE OPEN MAUSOLEUM...

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T HAVE A MORE RECENT SNAPSHOT, MY DEAR! AREN'T THE GROUNDS JUST AS I DESCRIBED THEM?

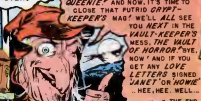


THE FEMALE-THING DRAGGED THE SCREAMING MAN INTO THE SATIN DRAPED MAUSOLEUM WITH THE STAINED GLASS WINDOW... ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR AND INTO THE HARD-WOOD, BRONZE-TRIMMED COFFIN! AND ALL THE WHILE, AS IT CLOSED THE LID DOWN, IT KEPT MURMURING... SPEWING ITS FOUL-SMELLING BREATH UPON HIS TERROR-STRICKEN FACE...

IT'S BEEN SO LONELY  
HERE... MY DEAR! BUT NOW...  
**THAT'S ALL OVER!**



HEE, HEE! WHAT A LOVE AFFAIR, EH, KIDDIES? 'ALL OVER, NOW' IS RIGHT... FOR **HOWIE**, THAT IS! OH, BY THE WAY! IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO **KING**, REST YOUR FIENDISH MINDS! JANET HAD A DOG... NAMED **QUEENIE**! AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO CLOSE THAT PUTRID CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAG! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT-KEEPER'S MESS, THE VAULT OF HORROR! BYE, NOW! AND IF YOU GET ANY LOVE LETTERS SIGNED **JANET** OR **HOWIE**... HEE, HEE, WELL...



THE END

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# CRIME

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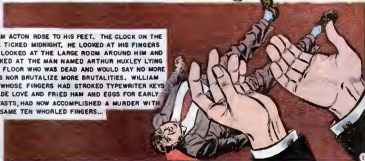




# TOUCH *and* GO!



WILLIAM ACTON ROSE TO HIS FEET. THE CLOCK ON THE MANTEL TICKED MIDNIGHT. HE LOOKED AT HIS FINGERS AND HE LOOKED AT THE LARGE ROOM AROUND HIM AND HE LOOKED AT THE MAN NAMED ARTHUR HUXLEY LYING ON THE FLOOR WHO WAS DEAD AND WOULD SAY NO MORE SAYINGS NOR BRUTALIZE MORE BRUTALITIES. WILLIAM ACTON, WHOSE FINGERS HAD STROKED TYPEWRITER KEYS AND MADE LOVE AND FRIED HAM AND EGGS FOR EARLY BREAKFASTS, HAD NOW ACCOMPLISHED A MURDER WITH THOSE SAME TEN WHORLED FINGERS...



NOW WHAT? HIS EVERY IMPULSE EXPLODED HIM IN A HYSTERIA TOWARD THE DOOR. GET OUT, GET AWAY, RUN, NEVER COME BACK, BOARD A TRAIN, GET A TAXI, GET, GO, RUN, WALK, SAUNTER, BUT GET THE BLAZES OUT OF HERE...



HIS HANDS HOVERED BEFORE HIS EYES, FLOATING, TURNING. IT WAS NOT THE HANDS AS HANDS HE WAS INTERESTED IN, NOR THE FINGERS AS FINGERS. HE FOUND INTEREST ONLY IN THE *TIPS* OF HIS FINGERS. THE CLOCK TICKED UPON THE MANTEL.



HE KNELT BY HUXLEY'S BODY, TOOK A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HUXLEY'S POCKET AND BEGAN METHODICALLY TO SWAB HUXLEY'S THROAT WITH IT. HE BRUSHED AND MASSAGED THE FACE AND THE BACK OF THE NECK WITH A FIERCE ENERGY...



HE STOPPED. THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN HE SAW THE ENTIRE HOUSE, THE HALLS, DOORS, FURNITURE; AND AS CLEARLY AS IF IT WERE BEING REPEATED WORD FOR WORD, HE HEARD HUXLEY TALKING AND HIMSELF TALKING JUST AS THEY HAD TALKED ONLY AN HOUR AGO...



I WANT TO SEE YOU, HUXLEY. IT'S IMPORTANT.

OH! IT'S YOU, ACTON. I DON'T SEE... WELL, ALL RIGHT, COME IN. WE CAN TALK IN THE LIBRARY.

HE HAD *TOUGHED* THE LIBRARY DOOR. HE HAD *TOUGHED* THE BOOKS AND THE LIBRARY TABLE AND *TOUGHED* THE BURGUNDY BOTTLE AND BURGUNDY GLASSES...



NOW, SQUATTING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HUXLEY'S COLD BODY WITH THE POLISHING HANDKERCHIEF IN HIS FINGERS, HE STARED AT THE HOUSE, THE WALLS, THE FURNITURE, STUNNED BY WHAT HE REALIZED. HE SHUT HIS EYES, WAGGING THE HANDKERCHIEF IN HIS HANDS, BITING HIS LIPS WITH HIS TEETH, PULLING IN ON HIMSELF! THE FINGERPRINTS WERE EVERYWHERE!



A PAIR OF GLOVES. BEFORE HE DID ONE MORE THING, BEFORE HE POLISHED ANOTHER AREA, HE MUST HAVE A PAIR OF GLOVES. HE PUT HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, WALKED TO THE HALL UMBRELLA STAND, THE HATRACK, HUXLEY'S OVERCOAT. HE PULLED OUT THE OVERCOAT POCKETS. NO GLOVES.



HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AGAIN HE WALKED UPSTAIRS. HE UNTIED SEVENTY OR EIGHTY DRAWERS IN SIX UPSTAIRS ROOMS, LEFT THEM WITH TONGUES HANGING OUT. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EIGHTY-FIFTH DRAWER HE FOUND GLOVES...

DOWN ONTO THE HARDWOOD FLOOR HAD DROPPED MR. HUXLEY, WITH WILLIAM ACTON AFTER HIM THEY HAD ROLLED AND TUSSELED AND CLAWED AT THE FLOOR PRINTING IT WITH THEIR FINGERTIPS!

GLOVED, WILLIAM ACTON RETURNED TO THE ROOM AND LABORIOUSLY BEGAN SWABBING EVERY INFESTED INCH OF THE FLOOR, INCH BY INCH, HE POLISHED TILL HE COULD MOST SEE HIS INTENT SWEATING FACE IN IT...



THEN HE CAME TO A TABLE AND POLISHED THE LEG OF IT, ITS SOLID BODY, AND ON TOP, AND HE CAME TO A BOWL OF WAX FRUIT AND HE PLUCKED OUT THE WAX FRUIT AND POLISHED THEM, LEAVING THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM UNPOLISHED.



AFTER RUBBING THE TABLE, HE CAME TO A PICTURE FRAME OVER IT



HE SHINED THE DOORKNOBS, CURRIED THE DOORS FROM HEAD TO FOOT. HE WENT TO ALL THE FURNITURE AND WIPED THE CHAIRS AND RUBBED THE FABRIC. FINGERPRINTS CAN BE FOUND ON FABRIC. HE WENT TO THE BODY, TURNED IT NOW THIS WAY, NOW THAT, AND BURNISHED EVERY SURFACE OF IT. HE EVEN SHINED THE SHOES, CHARGING NOTHING...



WHILE SHINING THE SHOES HIS FACE TOOK ON A LITTLE TREMOR OF WORRY, AND AFTER A MOMENT HE GOT UP AND WALKED OVER TO THAT TABLE. HE TOOK OUT AND POLISHED THE WAX FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL...



HE WENT BACK TO THE BODY, BUT AS HE CROUCHED OVER IT, HIS EYELIDS TWICKED AND HIS JAW MOVED FROM SIDE TO SIDE AND HE DEBATED. THEN HE GOT UP AND WALKED ONCE MORE TO THE TABLE. HE POLISHED THE PICTURE FRAME...



WHILE POLISHING THE PICTURE FRAME HE DISCOVERED... *THE WALL!*



HUXLEY HAD GIVEN HIM A SHOVE AS THEY STRUGGLED. HE HAD FALLEN AGAINST ONE WALL, GOTTEN UP, TOUCHING THE WALL...



HE GLANCED AT THE FOUR WALLS...  
RIDICULOUS.



FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES HE SAW SOMETHING ON ONE WALL...

I REFUSE TO PAY ATTENTION. THE NEXT ROOM, NOW, I'LL BE METHODICAL. LET'S SEE, WE WERE IN THE HALL, THE LIBRARY, *THIS* ROOM, THE DINING ROOM AND THE KITCHEN.



THERE WAS A SPOT ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM...



WELL, *WASN'T* THERE?



HE TURNED, ANGRILY, AND HE WENT OVER AND HE COULDN'T FIND ANY SPOT. OH, A *LITTLE* ONE, YES, RIGHT. *THERE*. HE DABBED IT. IT WASN'T A FINGERPRINT ANYHOW!



HE LOOKED AT THE WALL AND THE WAY IT WENT OVER TO HIS RIGHT AND OVER TO HIS LEFT AND HOW IT WENT DOWN TO HIS FEET AND UP OVER HIS HEAD AND HE SAID SOFTLY...



BUT UNKNOWN TO HIS EYES, HIS GLOVED FINGERS MOVED IN A LITTLE RUBBING RHYTHM ON THE WALL.

HE PEERED AT HIS HAND AND THE WALLPAPER. HE LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE OTHER ROOM. HIS FACE HARDENED. WITHOUT A WORD HE BEGAN TO SCRUB THE WALL, UP AND DOWN, BACK AND FORTH, UP AND DOWN, AS HIGH AS HE COULD STRETCH AND AS LOW AS HE COULD BEND...



HE GOT ONE WALL FINISHED, AND THEN... HE CAME TO ANOTHER WALL. HE LOOKED AT THE MANTEL CLOCK. AN HOUR GONE. IT WAS FIVE AFTER ONE. HE TURNED AWAY FROM THIS NEW FRESH WALL...



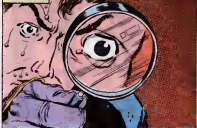
SILLY. IT'S FLAWLESS. I WON'T TOUCH IT.

FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES HE SAW THE LITTLE WEBS. WHEN HIS BACK WAS TURNED THE LITTLE SPIDERS CAME OUT OF THE WOODWORK AND SPUN THEIR LITTLE FRAGILE HALF-INVISIBLE WEBS UPON THE THREE WALLS AS YET UNTOUCHED. EACH TIME HE STARED DIRECTLY AT THEM, THE SPIDERS POPPED BACK INTO THE WOOD-WORK ONLY TO SPINDLE OUT AS HE RETREATED...



THOSE WALLS ARE ALL RIGHT! I WON'T TOUCH THEM!

HE WENT TO A WRITING DESK AT WHICH HUXLEY HAD BEEN SEATED EARLIER. HE OPENED A DRAWER AND TOOK OUT WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR. A LITTLE MAGNIFYING GLASS HUXLEY SOMETIMES USED FOR READING. HE TOOK THE MAGNIFIER AND APPROACHED THE WALL UNEASILY...



FINGERPRINTS!

BUT THOSE AREN'T MINE! I DIDN'T PUT THEM THERE! I'M SURE I DIDN'T! A SERVANT, A BUTLER, OR A MAID PERHAPS!



THE WALL WAS FULL OF THEM...

LOOK AT THIS ONE HERE, LONG AND TAPERED, A WOMAN'S, I'D BET ON IT!



WOULD YOU? I WOULD!

ARE YOU CERTAIN?

YES!

POSITIVE?

WELL... YES.

ABSOLUTELY?

YES, YES!

WIPE IT OUT, ANYWAY!

OK, ALL RIGHT!

IN A RAGE HE BEGAN TO SWEEP THE WALL UP AND DOWN AND BACK AND FORTH WITH HIS GLOVED HANDS, SWEATING, GRUNTING AND SWEARING, BENDING AND RISING AND GETTING REDDER OF FACE...



HE FINISHED THE WALL AT TWO O'CLOCK. HE TOOK OFF HIS COAT AND PUT IT ON A CHAIR. HE WALKED OVER TO THE BOWL AND TOOK OUT THE WAXED FRUIT AND POLISHED THE ONES AT THE BOTTOM AND POLISHED THE PICTURE FRAME. HE LOOKED UP AT THE CHANCELIER...



HE GOT A CHAIR AND BROUGHT IT OVER UNDER THE CHANCELIER AND PUT ONE FOOT UP ON IT AND TOOK IT DOWN AND THREW THE CHAIR, VIOLENTLY, LAUGHING, INTO A CORNER. THEN HE RAN FROM THE ROOM LEAVING ONE WALL AS YET UNWASHED.



NOW ACTON WIPED THE FORKS AND SPOONS AND TOOK DOWN ALL THE PLATES AND SPECIAL CERAMIC DISHES FROM THE WALL SHELF... REMEMBERING ALL THE TOUCHINGS AND GESTURING...



HIS FINGERS TWITCHED AT HIS SIDES. HIS MOUTH SLIPPED OPEN AND THE TONGUE MOVED ALONG HIS LIPS AND HE LOOKED AT THE CHANCELIER AND LOOKED AWAY AND LOOKED BACK AT THE CHANCELIER AND LOOKED AT HUXLEY'S BODY AND THEN AT THE CRYSTAL CHANCELIER WITH ITS LONG PEARLS OF RAINBOW GLASS.



IN THE DINING ROOM HE CAME TO A TABLE. HE PAUSED OVER THE TABLE WHERE THE BOXES OF CUTLERY WERE LAID OUT, HEARING ONCE MORE HUXLEY'S VOICE.

LOOK AT THIS SILVER, ACTON.  
EXQUISITE CRAFTSMANSHIP.  
LOOK AT IT!



HERE'S A LOVELY BIT OF CERAMICS BY GERTRUDE AND OTTO NATZLER, ACTON. ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THEIR WORK?



PICK IT UP. TURN IT OVER. SEE THE FINE THINNESS OF THE BOWL, THIN AS EGGSHELL. INCREDIBLE. HANDLE IT. GO AHEAD. I DON'T MIND.



HANDLE IT! GO AHEAD! PICK IT UP!

ACTON SOBBED UNEVENLY. HE HURLED THE POTTERY AGAINST THE WALL. IT SHATTERED AND SPREAD, FLAKING WILDLY, UPON THE FLOOR...



AN INSTANT LATER, HE WAS ON HIS KNEES. EVERY PIECE, EVERY SHARD OF IT, MUST BE REGAINED. FOOL, FOOL, FOOL, HE CRIED TO HIMSELF. FIND EVERY PIECE, YOU IDIOT... NOT ONE FRAGMENT OF IT MUST BE LEFT BEHIND. HE GATHERED THEM...



ARE THEY ALL HERE? HE LOOKED UNDER THE TABLE AGAIN AND UNDER THE CHAIRS AND FOUND ONE MORE PIECE BY MATCH-LIGHT AND STARTED TO POLISH EACH LITTLE FRAGMENT AS IF IT WERE A PRECIOUS STONE...



HE TOOK OUT THE LINEN AND WIPED IT AND WIPED THE CHAIRS AND TABLES AND DOORKNOBS AND WINDOW-PANES AND LEDGES AND DRAVES AND WIPED THE FLOOR AND FOUND THE KITCHEN, PANTING, BREATHING VIOLENTLY, AND TOOK OFF HIS VEST AND ADJUSTED HIS GLOVES AND WIPED THE GLITTERING CHROMIUM...



AND HE WIPED ALL THE UTENSILS AND THE SILVER FAUCETS AND THE MIXING BOWLS, FOR NOW HE HAD FORGOTTEN WHAT HE HAD TOUCHED AND WHAT HE HAD NOT. HUXLEY AND HE HAD LINGERED HERE, IN THE KITCHEN, THEY HAD IDLED, TOUCHED THIS, THAT, SOMETHING ELSE, THERE WAS NO REMEMBERING WHAT OR HOW MUCH OR HOW MANY...



AND HE FINISHED THE KITCHEN AND CAME THROUGH THE HALL INTO THE ROOM WHERE HUXLEY LAY. HE GRIED OUT. HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO WASH THE FOURTH WALL OF THE ROOM. AND WHILE HE WAS GONE, THE LITTLE SPIDERS HAD COME OUT OF THE FOURTH UNWASHED WALL AND SWARMED OVER THE ALREADY CLEAN WALLS, DIRTYING THEM AGAIN! ON THE CEILING, THE CHANDELIER, IN THE CORNERS, ON THE FLOOR A MILLION LITTLE WHORLED WEBB HUNG BILLOWING AT HIS SCREAM...



TINY, TINY LITTLE WEBB, NO BIGGER THAN, IRONICALLY YOUR... FINGER! AS HE WATCHED, THE WEBB WERE WOVEN OVER THE PICTURE FRAME, THE FRUIT BOWL, THE BODY, THE FLOOR. PRINTS WIELDED THE PAPER KNIFE, PULLED OUT DRAWERS, TOUCHED THE TABLETOP... TOUCHED, TOUCHED, TOUCHED EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE...



HE POLISHED THE FLOOR WILDLY, WILDLY. HE ROLLED THE BODY OVER AND CRIED ON IT WHILE HE WASHED IT AND GOT UP AND WALKED OVER AND POLISHED THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL. HE PUT A CHAIR UNDER THE CHANDELIER AND GOT UP AND POLISHED EACH LITTLE HANGING FIRE OF IT, SHAKING IT LIKE A CRYSTAL TAMBOURINE UNTIL IT TILTED BELLWISE IN THE AIR, THEN HE LEAPED OFF THE CHAIR AND GRIPPED THE DOORKNOBS AND GOT UP ON ANOTHER CHAIR AND SWABBED THE WALLS HIGHER AND HIGHER AND RAN TO THE KITCHEN AND GOT A BROOM AND WIPED THE WEBS DOWN FROM THE CEILINGS AND POLISHED THE BOTTOM FRUIT OF THE BOWL AND WASHED THE BODY AND DOORKNOBS AND SILVERWARE AND FOUND THE HALL BANISTER AND FOLLOWED THE BANISTER UPSTAIRS...



THREE O'CLOCK! THERE WERE TWELVE HOOMS DOWNSTAIRS AND EIGHT ABOVE, ONE HUNDRED CHAINS, SIX SOFAS, TWENTY-SEVEN TABLES, SIX RADIOS, AND UNDER AND ON TOP AND BEHIND, HE YANKED FURNITURE OUT AWAY FROM WALLS AND, SOBBING, WIPED THEM CLEAN OF YEARS-OLD DUST, HANDLING, ERASING, NUBBING, POLISHING, AND NOW IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK! AND HIS ARMS ACHED AND HIS EYES WERE SWOLLEN AND STARING AND HE MOVED SLUGGISHLY ABOUT, ON STRANGE LEGS, HIS HEAD DOWN, HIS ARMS MOVING, SWABBING AND NUBBING, BEDROOM BY BEDROOM, CLOSET BY CLOSET...



THEY FOUND HIM AT SIX-THIRTY THAT MORNING, IN THE ATTIC, THE ENTIRE HOUSE WAS POLISHED TO A BRILLIANCE, THEY FOUND HIM IN THE ATTIC, POLISHING OLD TRUNKS AND OLD FRAMES AND OLD CHAIRS AND TOYS AND VASES AND ROCKING HORSES AND DUSTY CIVIL WAR COINS. HE WAS HALF THROUGH THE ATTIC WHEN THE POLICE OFFICER WALKED UP BEHIND HIM WITH A GUN...



ON THE WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE, ACTON POLISHED THE FRONT DOORKNOB WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF, AND SLAMMED IT IN TRIUMPH!





# ONE FOR THE MONEY...

ANITA STOOD BEFORE THE HUGE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT WINDOWS, STARING OUT AT THE SPRAWLING CITY BELOW HER. HER FACE WAS A SCULPTURED MASK... COLD AND EXPRESSIONLESS. AS SHE LISTENED, SHE PUFFED ON HER GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER, SUCKING THE SMOKE IN AND BLOWING IT OUT THROUGH HEAVILY PAINTED LIPS. THE LIGHT FROM A NEARBY LAMP RIPPLED OVER HER SHEER NEGLIGEE, ACCENTING HER CURVACIOUS FIGURE. BEHIND HER, RONALD'S BROKEN VOICE DRONED ON...

I... I GUESS I BLEED THE BUSINESS DRY, ANITA! THEY CAME WITH THEIR BOOKS AND THEIR LONG LIST OF FIGURES AND THEY SHOWED ME THAT I'D PUSHED THE COMPANY INTO BANKRUPTCY!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE BROKE, RONALD! YOUR DOUGH'S RUN OUT! IS THAT RIGHT?



Jack  
Kamen

HE WAS AN OLDISH MAN, GREYING AT THE TEMPLES. HIS FACE WAS POUGHY AND LINED. HIS EYES WERE DIM AND BLOODSHOT, HE NEEDED...

THAT'S ABOUT IT, ANITA BABY! I SPENT IT ALL ON YOU! I PUT YOU UP IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PENTHOUSE... BOUGHT YOU CLOTHES... JEWELRY...

THEN THIS IS IT! THE WIND-UP! THE FINISH!



RONALD STARED AT ANITA. HIS MOUTH FELL OPEN...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MONEY? THIS ISN'T THE END AT ALL! I CAN GET A JOB. THINGS WILL BE TIGHT FOR A FEW YEARS, BUT WE'LL HAVE EACH OTHER!

HAH! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, RONALD! IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO GIVE UP ALL THIS... AND MOVE BACK DOWN THERE... TO THE RAT-HOLES...



9



BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THIS PLACE NOW, ANITA! I...

THEN I'LL FIND SOMEBODY WHO CAN AFFORD IT!

ANITA! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WE... LOVE EACH OTHER!

I NEVER LOVED YOU, YOU CHUMP! I LOVED THIS... THE DOUGH! NOW THAT THE DOUGH'S RUN OUT, I'LL FIND ME ANOTHER SUCKER!

ANITA! MY GOD! YOU... YOU MADE ME DIVORCE HELEN! YOU PROMISED YOU'D MARRY ME...

IT WAS ALL IN THE GAME, BUSTER! NOW WHY DON'T YOU RUN ALONG? HUH?

HE STOOD UP, HIS TONGUE CURLED ACROSS DRY LIPS. HE LOOKED AT HER WITH WET EYES. SHE TURNED AWAY, GAZED OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND SUCKED ON HER CIGARETTE...

I'LL... I'LL GET MY THINGS... FROM THE... DRAWER!

SUIT YOURSELF! ONLY MAKE IT SNAPPY, HUH? I WANT TO GET DRESSED!



HE STUMBLER ACROSS THE LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM INTO THE BEDROOM AND SLAMMED THE DOOR. SHE CURSED HIM UNDER HER BREATH. NEXT TIME SHE'D BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL WHOM SHE PICKED. SUDDENLY...



THE GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER DROPPED FROM HER MOUTH. SHE DARTED TO THE BEDROOM DOOR AND FLUNG IT OPEN. THE ACID SMELL OF GUNPOWDER FILLED THE ROOM. A TINY WHISP OF SMOKE CURLED UP FROM THE MUZZLE OF THE .45 HE HELD IN HIS HAND. HE SAT ON THE BED, STARING AT HER WITH BLIND EYES. BLOOD TRICKLING FROM THE HOLE IN HIS TEMPLE...

RONALD! CHOKE...



AND THEN HE PITCHED FORWARD, SPRAWLING OFF THE BED ONTO THE FLOOR AT HER FEET. HE WAS DEAD! SHE LOOKED DOWN AT HIM AND SMIRKED...

SUCKER...



IT WAS HER OLD STAMPING GROUND. IT HAD PAID OFF BEFORE. IT COULD PAY OFF AGAIN. ANITA SAT AT THE BAR, NURSING HER DRINK, IGNORING THE BARTENDER'S DIRTY LOOKS. IT WAS HERE THAT SHE'D FIRST 'MET' RONALD. NOW RONALD WAS DEAD. ANITA'S MEAL TICKET HAD BEEN ALL PUNCHED OUT. SHE HAD TO FIND ANOTHER



NOT MUCH BUSINESS... IT'S AN OFF-HOUR, MA'AM!  
THIS TIME OF DAY, EH?

ANITA WAS JUST ABOUT READY TO GIVE UP IN DISGUST WHEN THE OLD WOMAN CAME IN. SHE LOOKED AROUND SELF-CONSCIOUSLY AND SAT DOWN AT A BOOTH. SHE LOOKED ABOUT SIXTY... TIMID AND SHY. NOT THE TYPE ONE WOULD EXPECT TO FIND IN AN ESTABLISHMENT LIKE THAT.



YES, MA'AM?  
I'LL... I'LL HAVE A LEMONADE, PLEASE!

ANITA STUDIED HER. SHE WAS WELL DRESSED. SHE WORE A LARGE DIAMOND RING ON ONE HAND AND A SPARKLING BRACELET ON HER WRIST. WHEN THE BARTENDER SERVED THE LEMONADE, SHE OPENED HER BAG AND TOOK OUT A WALLET FILLED WITH GREEN BILLS...



THAT'LL BE FORTY CENTS, MA'AM!  
OH, DEAR! I HOPE YOU CAN CHANGE A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL!

ANITA GASPED. THIS OLD BAT WAS LOADED. WHAT WAS SHE DOING IN A JOINT LIKE THIS? ANITA SLIPPED OFF HER BAR STOOL AND APPROACHED HER...



HELLO! YOU LOOK LONESOME! MIND IF I JOIN YOU?  
OF COURSE NOT, MY DEAR! I'D LOVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO!

ANITA SLID ONTO THE BOOTH BENCH OPPOSITE THE OLD WOMAN...



MY NAME'S ANITA SHELLEY!  
AND MINE'S MRS. HARRIET WALKER! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME HARRIET!

ANITA SMILED... ALL RIGHT... HARRIET! SAY, WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS... ANYWAY?



JUST AS YOU SAID, ANITA! I'M LONELY! JUST A LONELY OLD WOMAN LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TALK TO...

ANITA THOUGHT OF MRS. WALKER'S THICK WALLET CRAMMED WITH BIG BILLS...



DON'T YOU HAVE A HUSBAND, MRS.... I MEAN... HARRIET?  
NO, MY DEAR! I'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! IT WASN'T SO BAD UNTIL SIX YEARS AGO WHEN I LOST ERIC!



ERIC?

MY SON! BUT I'D  
RATHER NOT TALK  
ABOUT IT. TELL ME  
ABOUT YOU, MY CHILD!



NOTHING TO TELL,  
HARRIET! I'M JUST  
A LONELY GIRL  
MYSELF!

YOU'RE A  
VERY LOVELY  
GIRL, ANITA!  
THERE'S NO  
REASON FOR  
YOU TO BE  
LONELY!



YOU'RE VERY KIND,  
HARRIET! BUT, WELL...  
I NEVER MET THE  
RIGHT MAN, I  
GUESS!

YOU WOULD  
HAVE  
LIKED  
ERIC SIX  
YEARS AGO!  
HE...



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK  
ABOUT IT IF YOU DON'T  
WANT TO, HARRIET!

WHAT DO YOU DO, ANITA?  
I MEAN... FOR A  
LIVING?



WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M  
UNEMPLOYED AT THE PRESENT  
TIME! MY LAST... EMPLOYER  
RECENTLY WENT BROKE AND  
I LOST MY... POSITION!

OH! THAT'S TOO  
BAD! I'M SORRY!  
WHAT ARE  
YOUR PLANS?

ANITA'S PLANS? WHY THEY WERE FORMING... RIGHT NOW!  
THIS OLD GAG WITH THE THICK BANKROLL/ WHY NOT?  
WHY TRY TO DIS UP SOME FAT OLD RICH GUY WHO'LL  
TAKE EVERYTHING HE CAN GET, WHEN THE OLD GAL COULD  
BE SUCH EASY PICKINGS...



PLANS? WHY... GET ANOTHER  
JOB IF I CAN. MY MONEY'S  
RUNNING OUT!

WOULD YOU THINK IT  
PRESUMPTUOUS OF  
AN OLD WOMAN IF I  
SUGGESTED SOME-  
THING, ANITA?



W-NOT SO  
RIGHT  
AHEAD!

I LIKE YOU, ANITA! YOU SEEM LIKE  
A NICE GIRL! I'M LONELY AND I  
HAVE MONEY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO BECOME MY PAID COMPANION?  
LIVE WITH ME?...

WHAT A CHANCE! THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT WAS GONE! ANITA'D ALREADY DECIDED TO TRY AND MILK THE OLD GAL, AND NOW HERE SHE WAS... ASKING FOR IT! ASKING ANITA TO COME AND LIVE WITH HER! WHAT A CHANCE...

A PAID COMPANION! LIVE WITH YOU! BUT...

I'D MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, ANITA! AND HAVING YOU AROUND WOULD MAKE ME SO HAPPY!

ALL RIGHT, HARRIET! IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL! I'LL TAKE THE JOB!

GOOD! WHEN CAN YOU START?

IT WAS GOING TO BE SO EASY! LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! SHE'D GO AND LIVE WITH THE OLD WOMAN, WORK INTO HER GOOD GRACES, AND END UP WITH ALL HER DOUGH...

WHY, RIGHT NOW! I'LL GET MY THINGS! I LIVE IN THE HOTEL UP THE BLOCK!

GOOD! I'LL WAIT HERE! HERE'S SOME MONEY TO PAY YOUR BILL!

ANITA TOOK THE FIFTY! SHE HURRIED TO HER HOTEL ROOM! SO EASY! SO VERY EASY...

I'M CHECKING OUT! WHAT DO I OWE...

THAT'LL BE THIRTY-TWO FIFTY, MISS SHELBY! ANY... FORWARDING ADDRESS?

I'LL LET YOU KNOW! SO LONG!

GOOD-BYE, MISS SHELBY! GOOD LUCK!

GOOD LUCK?! YES, ANITA WAS HAVING GOOD LUCK! THIS TIME THERE'D BE NO PAWING CIGAR-SMOKING MALE TO TOLERATE AND PLEASE. YES, THIS WAS LUCK...

OKAY, HARRIET! LET'S GO!

COME, MY DEAR! I HAVE A CAB WAITING!

HARRIET GAVE THE CAR DRIVER THE ADDRESS. IT WAS OVER ON THE SWANK EAST SIDE. ANITA SAT BACK AND SMILED...

WHY... YOU'RE SMILING, ANITA!

I WAS JUST THINKING HOW LUCKY I AM, HARRIET!

THE TRIP TOOK SOME TIME. CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC WAS SLOW. ANITA FOUND A GOOD OPENING AND BEGAN TO PRY...

YOUR HUSBAND MUST HAVE LEFT YOU VERY WELL OFF, THEN!

HE MADE A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY! WE HAD EVERYTHING! WHEN HE DIED, HE LEFT US ALMOST HALF A MILLION!

USPOH! ERIC...

YES, ERIC! ERIC WAS FIFTEEN WHEN MY HUSBAND DIED! MY, HOW I SPOILED THE BOY! HE GOT EVERYTHING HE WANTED! EVERYTHING! AND THEN, SIX YEARS AGO...

THE CAB STOPPED

IS THIS IT?

EH? OH! YES, MY DEAR! HOW MUCH WILL THAT BE, DRIVER?

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE FAST-DISAPPEARING EAST-SIDE MANSIONS SET BACK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TOWERING APARTMENT HOUSES THAT HAD SPRUNG UP AROUND IT. THEY CLIMBED THE STEPS...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, HARRIET!

NOT ANY MORE! IT USED TO BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT ANY MORE!

THE OLD WOMAN FUMBLING IN HER PURSE FOR HER KEY! HER DIAMOND RING SPARKLED! ANITA STARED AT IT! SOMEDAY THAT RING WAS GOING TO BE HER. SHE FELT HER FACE FLUSH...

AH! HERE WE ARE! THERE!

THEN... THEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD NOW, HARRIET?

THE HUGE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND THEM. THEY STOOD IN THE SHADOWED MARBLE FOYER. ANITA HEARD THE LOCK SNAP INTO PLACE.

ALL ALONE? OH, NO! WHY, THERE'S ME... AND ERIC!

ERIC? BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE DIED SIX YEARS AGO!

SOMETHING MOVED IN THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE FOYER. SOMETHING DRAGGED ITSELF TOWARD THEM...

I SAID I LOST ERIC, ANITA! I DIDN'T SAY HE DIED!

MOTHER? IS... THAT... YOU?

HE CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS! HE WAS HUGE AND UGLY! HIS HAIR HUNG OVER HIS PERSPIRED BROW. HIS MASSIVE ARMS HUNG AT HIS SIDES. HIS EYES BURNED LIKE WHITE-HOT COALS AND A DROP OF SPITTLE OZZED FROM HIS MOUTH AND DOWN HIS UNSHAVEN CHIN...

THIS IS ERIC, MY DEAR! SIX YEARS AGO HE WAS A NORMAL TWENTY-FOUR YEAR OLD WITH EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! AND THEN HE FELL IN LOVE... FELL IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN WHO WANTED HIM ONLY FOR HIS MONEY...

CHOKED... YOU... YOU BROUGHT HER. MOTHER!

HE MOVED TOWARD ANITA...

HER NAME WAS NORMA! SHE USED HER LOVELY BODY TO LURE HIM TO BREAK HIS HEART! HE HAD A MENTAL BREAKDOWN! WENT COMPLETELY MAD...

NORMA! NO! NO! NORMA...

AND SO, EVERY YEAR ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ERIC'S 'LOSS', I HAVE TO BRING HIM A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE NORMA SO THAT HE CAN HAVE HIS REVENGE...

NORMA! DON'T TOUGH ME!

...SO THAT HE CAN MUTILATE HER BODY THE WAY NORMA MUTILATED HIS MIND!

NO! NO! OH, LORD!

AND TODAY I'VE BROUGHT HIM YOU!

THE END

# The CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Welcome, horror and suspensory fanatics, to the first of my newly reinstated columns. After being locked up in the *Crypt of Terror* for the last thirty-five years, it feels good to stretch my legs again. (No, V.K.! Not on your new rack! Chee...)

Anyways...I notice, to my chagrin, that no one has written to me in, well, a L-O-O-ONG time. So you know what I'm going to do? (What's that? Entertain you with a brand new story, you say? NAW! That'd be too much like WORK.) I'm gonna cop out and dig up some of my old letters and run 'em again. Sorta give you an idea of what the fans thought of me in the bad old days. After all, if you like my stories about mouldy old corpses, you oughta love these mouldy old letters.

For this issue's offering, I thought I'd share with you what my original readers thought about the copy of *Tales From the Crypt* you just enjoyed. And after you've read their thoughts, why don't you wrack your fevered il'l brains and come up with some comments of your own? Let me know what you latter-day unleashed fiends think of my fright rag. Now, on with the letters:

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Your origin story, "Lower Berth," was tops in nausea. So THAT'S where you came from! WOW! How horrible can you get?

Stuart Glass  
Lynbrook, N.Y.

...I almost chewed my claws off reading "Lower Berth."

Nidred, the Were-cat  
Salisbury, N.C.

...In the title, "Lower Berth," didn't you mean to spell the second word "Birth"?

Astute Observer  
Bloomington, Ind.

No, Astute, I didn't mean to spell "Berth" "Birth"...but I wanted "Berth" to mean "Birth"...get what I mean? I mean...*(OH, SHUT UP! Get on with the column, if you know what WE meant—ed.)* Ooooooh, you're so mean! *(That's what we meant—ed.)*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I'm getting a big kick out of those Grim Fairy Tales. "The Funeral" was the greatest!

Dick Mandel  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I'm thoroughly convinced that E.C. magazines are of the highest quality money can buy. There is not another comic on the stands today that can compare, even in part, with the high standards maintained by your magazine. Being a fifth year art student, I am constantly critical of comic art, and in my estimation, the artwork in your books rates supreme.

Roger A. Nippres  
Bridgeport, Mich.

...I would go over Niagara Falls WITHOUT a barrel for an E.C. magazine.

Fred Barth  
Peoria, Ill.

How touching. I tell you, when I think of my delightfully deranged fan(atic)s of yore, I get fears in my eyes!

And now, here's some original commentary on this issue's *Crime SuspensStories* offering:

Dear Editors,

In *Crime SuspensStories* No. 17, I especially enjoyed the way you intermingled the two narratives. ONE FOR THE MONEY, and TWO FOR THE SHOW. As usual, not knowing what to expect till the ending of the latter, I was completely taken by surprise. I sincerely hope that you'll pull a switch like that again.

David S. Spiel  
Milton, Mass.

...I've read many a different, cunning, and interesting story in your mags, but those two just about top them all...

Allan Katz  
Kew Gardens, L.I.

...I fear, gentlemen, you have made a mistake. Mother always sends their bodies to Kalamazoo...not Peoria. Oh, goodie! She's brought me another surprise! So if you'll excuse me...NORMA! NORMA!

Art "Eric" Walker  
Binghamton, N.Y.

Dear Editors,

I would jump off the Empire State Building for an E.C. magazine.

John Reid  
Hollywood, Calif.

We suppose you expect US to pay your plane fare *seel!* But seriously, John...don't jump off the Empire State Building...jump on your newsdealer! He'll be glad to sell you an E.C.

Dear Editors,

I just don't know what to say. I wonder how you can keep on publishing such good stories. I'm afraid you're going to run out. If you do, I'll just stop reading comics. Because E.C. are THE ONLY comics!

G. W. Sheridan  
Gainesville, Ga.

Ah, memories! And I fully expect to collect a whole batch of new ones from you modern, 1990s kinda readers. So find yourselves a cozy, clammy nook, pick up your poison pens, and WRITE already!



For the second part of this month's putrid ramblings, I'd like to acquaint and resacquaint you beady-eyed perusers with the part of my column that's always been nearest my tender old heart. (That's it...up there on the shelf in the meat tenderizer! Gettin' tenderer every day!) I'm referring to the section wherein I used to list the titles of popular songs, movies and whatever of the day...but titles that my readers had, heh heh, transmogrified with a scream-theme in mind. Here are some examples, starting with these horrific song titles:

BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL GROUND EYES  
AFTER THE MAUL IS OVER  
I BELIEVE (THAT FOR EVERY DROP OF BLOOD  
THAT FALLS, A VAMPIRE GROWS)  
WITH A TONG IN MY HEART  
I'M SLITTING BY THE WINDOW (WATCHING THE  
BLOOD-DROPS FALL)  
THE SQUEAL OF TORTURE  
I'M WINGING WITH SPEARS IN MY THIGHS  
RATTLE HYMN OF THE REPULSIVE  
ON THE TAINTED SIDE OF THE MEAT  
WHO'S GORY NOW?  
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEX  
YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME GROAN TO  
THE GIRL THAT I BURY  
SEND ME ONE DOZEN NOSES  
JUNE IS GUSHING OUT ALL OVER  
HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY THAT I LOATHE YOU?  
GHOULS RUSH IN WHEN HUMAN BEINGS ARE  
DEAD  
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUT OF COFFIN, (AND  
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF EYE)  
RED LIVER VALLEY  
DON'T LET THE BLOOD GET IN YOUR EYES  
(DON'T LET THE CRUD CAKE IN YOUR  
HEART)  
I'M BACK IN THE COFFIN AGAIN (OUT WHERE  
A FIEND IS A FIEND)  
STAKE ME OUT IN THE BALL PARK

These additions to our LURID LITERATURE LIBRARY  
were sent along by Jimmy Crow of Dallas, Texas;  
Jimmy Teel of Pineville, W. Va.; and Drury Moroz of  
Springfield, Ill.:

SQUISH FAMILY ROBINSON  
WITHERING SIGHTS  
HOW GREEN WAS MY SALLY  
THE LASH OF THE MOHICANS  
THE GIZZARD OF OOZE  
ROMEO...THE GHOUL HE ET!  
LORNA'S DOOM

Derrel Gould of Grand Lake Stream, Maine and Sue  
Campbell and Amelia Alexander of Waynesville, N.C.  
came up with these MORBID MOVIES:

A STREETCAR MAIMED MY SIRE  
THE AFRICAN'S SPLEEN  
HIGH STREWN  
THE GREATEST CHOKE ON EARTH  
WRING SOLOMON'S SPINE

So, now that you've read all this dire doggerel, maybe you're feeling inclined to come up with some  
of your own loathsome titles. If so, the Vault-Keeper, the Old Witch, and I would love to see 'em...so  
send 'em on in...but keep in mind that us coots are now more than 100 years old and we haven't been  
let out of our tombs lately—so we're not hep to some of this modern trash you kids call entertainment.  
So let us know what the real titles are, okay?

Send your song, movie and book titles, your poems and lyrics, your proverbs and (thought I'd forgotten,  
didn't you?) your letters of comment to me:

Here are some poems, the first by Michael Britekant  
of N.Y.C.:

*Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet,  
Watching the ghouls at play  
When along came a vampire end sat  
down beside her  
And sucked all her blood away*

And this one from Michael Graziano of Babylon, L.I.:

*When I was young, I killed four people  
And hid them in an old church steeple  
I'd seen them sleeping in their beds,  
Raised my hammer, and smashed their heads.  
When their bodies were found in the church,  
The police started a nine-state search  
That was back in May of '43  
But they never have located me  
(The reason that I beat the law  
Is that I died a year before!)*

Leonice Beer submitted this one:

*Down by the old mill stream  
Where I first clawed you  
You were sixteen  
You let out a scream  
You'll never be seventeen...*

A chap by the name of "Unsigned" from Chicago  
composed:

*A vampire took me home one night  
To drink some blood and dine...  
But it came as quite a shock to learn  
The blood we drank was mine!*

And finally, a suggestion for a new depart-  
ment...PUTRID PROVERBS...was submitted by  
Herbert Telesch, along with a few inspiring  
thought-provokers:

*There's no ghoul like an old ghoul.  
Vampires who live in glass coffins shouldn't throw  
stakes.  
Never put off till tomorrow who you can drain  
today.  
Don't count your pickin's before they're  
hatched.  
Late to rise and late to bed, means you're a  
vampire and ought to be dead.  
A stitch in time saves blood.  
One man's person is another man's meat.*

**The Crypt-Keeper**  
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# FIRED!

PATRICIA GIBSON, OWNER OF THE GIRGLE-DIAMOND, OPENED THE DOOR OF THE RANCH HOUSE IN ANSWER TO THE HEAVY KNOCK. ROY WILLIS, ONE OF THE HIRED HANDS, STOOD OUTSIDE ON THE PORCH, HAT IN HAND...



WHY, ROY? WHY AREN'T YOU OUT ON THE RANGE WITH THE BOYS?

I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU, MA'AM! MAY I... COME IN?

AL WHITMANSON  
FOR THE

HE WAS TALL AND BROAD-SHOULDERED, AND HIS WINDSWEEPED BLACK HAIR FELL IN A DUKLED SHOCK OVER HIS PERSPIRING BROW. HE AMBLED TOWARD PATRICIA, HIS EYES TRAVELING OVER HER...

OF COURSE, ROY! COME IN! WHAT IS IT?

I BEEN MEANIN' TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR SOME TIME, MA'AM! THIS MORNIN' WHEN I NOTICED YOU LOOKIN' AT ME, I MADE UP MY MIND THAT IT WAS TIME!



PATRICIA LOOKED AWAY. SHE STEPPED ASIDE, ALLOWING ROY TO PASS HER...



I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARE AT YOU LIKE THAT, ROY! I'M SORRY...

I'M NOT, MA'AM! I WAS HOPING... WELL, THAT I WASN'T MISTAKEN ABOUT WHAT I SAW IN YOUR EYES, THIS MORNIN'!

HE STOOD OVER HER. SHE TURNED TO HIM...

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU SAW, ROY?

I... I THOUGHT IT WAS THE LOOK OF A WOMAN WHO WANTED A MAN REAL BAD, NA'AM! THIS MAN...

SHE STARED AT THE FLOOR, HER FACE FLUSHING. ROY MOVED CLOSER...

THAT'S A RATHER BRAZEN THOUGHT, ROY!

TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE, AND I'LL GO, NA'AM!

HIS BIG HANDS WERE ON HER ARMS NOW. HE HELD HER, LOOKING INTO HER EYES...

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU IT WERE TRUE, ROY? THAT I'VE LOOKED AT YOU EVERY DAY SINCE YOU CAME TO THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND. AND WANTED YOU! WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU?

PAT! WE'VE BEEN SUCH FOOLS! WE'VE WASTED SO MUCH TIME!

AND NOW HIS ARMS WERE AROUND HER, PULLING HER TOWARD HIM...

ROY! DARLINS...

PAT...

OUTSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE, ROY'S HORSE WHINNIED AND PAWED THE GROUND. FAR AWAY, A CALF'S GRY OF PAIN DRIFTED ACROSS THE STILL AIR. IN THE RANCH HOUSE, ROY STOOD UP. PAT LOOKED UP AT HIM FROM THE SOFA...

I GOTTA GO, PAT! THE BOYS ARE WAITIN' ON ME OUT THERE! THEY GOT SOME CALVES TIED AND READY FOR BRANDIN'!

DON'T GO, ROY! THE BOYS CAN WAIT. STAY HERE FOR AWHILE...

ROY SHOOK HIS HEAD...

CAN'T, PAT! IT AIN'T FAIR! NOW, IF I WERE FOREMAN HERE... RUNNIN' THE SHOW... I COULD DO AS I PLEASE! I COULD STAY IF I WANTED TO!

IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT, ROY? TO BE FOREMAN OF THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND?

ROY NODDED AND SAT DOWN. PAT PUT HER GHEEK AGAINST HIS LIPS...

IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, ROY, THE JOB IS YOURS! ALL I ASK IS... YOU KEEP ME HAPPY... IN RETURN!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, PAT! A REAL PLEASURE...

THE SUMMER WANED AND ROUND-UP TIME CAME TO THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND. THE STEERS WERE HERDED AND DRIVEN FROM THE GRAZING LANDS TO THE CORRALS...



THE CATTLE DESTINED FOR THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES WERE SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THE HERD AND DRIVEN EASTWARD. THE YOUNG CALVES BORN OUT ON THE RANGE WERE BRANDED...



AND THEN WINTER MOVED IN... BLEAK AND COLD. AROUND THE POT-BELLIED STOVE IN THE BUNKHOUSE, THE HANDS WOULD GATHER EACH EVENING...



AND ALL THROUGH THE LONG WINTER... NICE HERE BY THE FIRE, HUH, ROY? YEAH! COZY...



BUT LONG WINTERS MEAN MORE THAN JUST COLD WEATHER. LONG WINTERS MEAN BOREDOM...



N-NO! YOU CAN GO INTO TOWN WHENEVER YOU WANT! ANYTHING WRONG?

JUST WANT A CHANGE OF SCENE, THAT'S ALL! I'M TAKIN' THE CAR!



ALL RIGHT, ROY! I'LL WAIT UP FOR YOU! DON'T BOTHER!



ROY SPED OFF AND PAT WATCHED THE YELLOW CLOUD OF DUST DISAPPEAR INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT, HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS. THAT NIGHT, IN TOWN ...



SHE WAS PAINTED AND CHEAP-LOOKING... THE TYPE THAT COULD RELIEVE BOREDOM...



ROY'S TRIPS TO TOWN THAT WINTER BECAME MORE AND MORE FREQUENT. HE SAW LESS AND LESS OF PAT ...



AND HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH AMY BECAME WARMER AND WARMER...



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, IN A ROOM OVER THE SALOON WHERE AMY WORKED...

ROY, MONEY! WHEN ARE WE GOIN' TO GET MARRIED? YOU BEEN PROMISIN'!

SOON, BABY! SOON...

SO...



IT WAS PAT. SHE'D FOLLOWED ROY TO TOWN. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HER EYES BLAZING...

SO THIS IS HOW YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING YOUR NIGHTS IN TOWN!

PAT! YOU GOT A NERVE BUSTIN' IN HERE LIKE THIS! GET OUT!

WHO'S SHE, ROY?



PATRICIA GIBSON'S MY NAME, HONEY. DIDN'T ROY TELL YOU ABOUT ME?

GET OUT, PAT! I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I GET BACK TO THE RANCH!

WHAT ABOUT HER, ROY?

TELL HER, ROY! TELL HER ABOUT US!

I SAID GET OUT, PAT!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD NO TIES, ROY!

HAN! THAT'S A LAUGH! HE'S ALL MINE, HONEY... AND NOBODY'S TAKIN' HIM AWAY FROM ME...

SHE'S CRAZY, ANY!

YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, AND YOU CAN TAKE HIM WITH YOU!



AMY SLAMMED THE DOOR, ROY AND PAT STOOD OUTSIDE IN THE HALL SHADOWS...

THAT WASN'T NICE OF YOU, ROY... TELLING ANY YOU HAD NO TIES...

I DON'T! I STILL DON'T!



I DON'T BELONG TO ANYBODY, PAT! NEITHER YOU... NOR AMY! I TAKE WHAT I GET! IT'S A BIG RANGE AND I GRAZE WHERE THE GRASS IS GREENEST! NOW I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GIT MOVIN'! I'LL GO BACK TO THE RANCH WITH YOU AND GET MY THINGS...

ALL RIGHT, ROY! LET'S GO...



THE BOYS IN THE BUNK HOUSE WATCHED ROY AS HE PACKED HIS CLOTHES...



PAT CALLED TO HIM FROM THE RANCH HOUSE AS HE WALKED PAST...



YOU FORGOT SOMETHIN', ROY!

YEAH? WHAT?



ROY CAME INTO THE RANCH HOUSE. PAT CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND SILENTLY LOCKED IT AS ROY LOOKED AROUND...



THE BLAZE IN THE FIREPLACE BURNED BRISKLY...



PAT DARTED TO THE FIREPLACE...SNATCHING THE BLACK HANDLE FROM THE FLAMES, THE DESIGN GLOWED WHITE-HOT...



WHEN THE BUNK HOUSE BOYS FINALLY BROKE INTO THE RANCH HOUSE, THEY FOUND PATRICIA GIBSON SOB-BING HYSTERICALLY, THE COOLING IRON IN HER HANDS! AND ON ROY'S FACE WAS THE BLISTERED AND CHARRED RESULTS OF HER WORK...





# ...TWO FOR THE SHOW!

THE STORM BREWED. ITS THUNDER WAS THE HAMMERING ROAR OF A POUNDING HEART. ITS LIGHTNING WAS THE FLASH OF HATE IN GLAZED EYES. THE STORM CARRIED WITH IT, IN SWIRLING CLOUDS OF EMOTION, THE CRASHING FURY OF MURDER. THE STORM CROUCHED IN THE CELLAR, READY TO LEASH FORTH ITS ANGRY FORCE, ITS SCREAMING DOWNPOUR. IT CROUCHED IN THE CELLAR AND BOILED AS THE CELLAR DOOR OPENED. IT ROSE UP, BLACK AND FOREBODING, AS SHE CAME DOWN THE CREAKING WOODEN STAIRS. AND THEN, AS SHE REACHED THE BOTTOM, THE STORM BROKE...

HARRY! MY GOD! EEEEEEEEEEE...



ELDER

SHE WAS DEAD. HARRY STOOD OVER HER, THE DRIPPING HATCHET HANGING LIMPLY, DEEP DOWN INSIDE HIM, THE LAST FAINT ECHO OF THE STORM DIED AWAY AND A CALM DESCENDED. THE THUNDER IN HIS HEART WAS GONE... THE LIGHTNING IN HIS EYES DIMMED...

IT... IT'S *DONE*, SARAH. IT'S... *DONE*...



THERE WAS A PEACE IN HARRY NOW... AS IF A GREAT BLACK CLOUD HAD BEEN SWEEPED AWAY AND THE SUN WAS AT LAST SHINING ON HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME. AND THERE WAS COOLNESS THERE... THE COOLNESS OF A DETERMINED MAN... A MAN WHO'D FREED HIMSELF FROM THE FIRES OF HATE. HE TOOK THE SHOVEL AND BEGAN TO DIG...

I'LL *BURY* YOU, SARAH... *HERE*... IN THE CELLAR. I'LL BURY YOU AND THEN I'LL REPORT YOU *MISSING*. I'LL TELL THEM YOU *WENT AWAY* AND NEVER CAME *BACK*...



THE HOLE IN THE CELLAR YAWNED HUNGRILY. HARRY FED IT SARAH'S BODY, AND THE BLACKNESS GULPED IT DOWN...

IN... YOU... SO...



THEN THE BLACK MOUTH SHUT ON SARAH AS HARRY SHOVELED THE DIRT BACK INTO THE HOLE. HE SPREAD THE EXCESS DIRT AROUND AND TAMPED IT DOWN...

THERE! FINISHED...



HARRY CARRIED THE SHOVEL AND AXE UP THE CELLAR STAIRS INTO THE KITCHEN. HE TURNED ON THE SINK-TAP AND THE WATER SPLASHED FROM THE CHROME FAUCET. FIRST... HE RINSED THE BLOOD FROM THE HATCHET...



NEXT, HE FLUSHED THE SOIL FROM THE SHOVEL AND LET IT WASH DOWN THE DRAIN. THEN... HE TOOK THEM BOTH OUT TO THE TOOL SHED AND PUT THEM ON THEIR PROPER HOOKS...

ABOUT MIDNIGHT, I'LL CALL THE POLICE. I'LL TELL THEM SARAH DIDN'T COME HOME FROM WORK TONIGHT...



HARRY WENT BACK INSIDE AND SAT DOWN IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR. HE PICKED UP THE EVENING PAPER, LIT HIS PIPE, AND BEGAN TO READ. IT WAS AS IF NO STORM HAD EVER LASHED OUT THAT NIGHT. IT WAS AS IF NOTHING HAD EVER HAPPENED...



AT MIDNIGHT, HARRY MADE HIS CALL. HE ACTED UPSET...

THAT'S RIGHT, SARAH JAMESON, 125 ELM. SHE... SHE *HASN'T* COME HOME FROM WORK. NO! NO, SHE DIDN'T GO TO A MOVIE. SHE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME! NO, SHE'S NOT VISITING! IT'S *AFTER MIDNIGHT!* SHE NEVER STAYS OUT THIS LATE! WHAT? YOU'LL PUT OUT AN ALARM? GOOD. YOU'LL STOP BY THE MORNING? ALL RIGHT.



IN THE MORNING, THE DETECTIVE CAME. HARRY WAS READY...

I... I THOUGHT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED. OH? LET'S GO TO HER OFFICE. I'M SORRY, BUT AFTER I SPOKE TO YOU, I WENT TO BED. I FOUND THIS NOTE... ON MY PILLOW. SHE... SHE'S LEFT ME!



THE DETECTIVE READ THE NOTE HARRY HAD CAREFULLY FORGED. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD...

WELL... THIS KIND OF THING HAPPENS EVERY DAY, MR. JAMESON. MAYBE SHE'LL COME BACK. WHO KNOWS...

I. I HOPE SO. I. I GUESS I WAS A THOUGHTLESS HUSBAND. I NEVER DREAMED SHE'D... SOB...



MIND IF I LOOK AROUND, MR. JAMESON... AS LONG AS I'M HERE?

NOT AT ALL! SO RIGHT AHEAD.



THE DETECTIVE OPENED THE BEDROOM CLOSET DOOR. HARRY HAD FORSEEN THAT. HE'D BURNED SARAH'S CLOTHES IN THE FURNACE.

AFTER I READ THE NOTE, I LOOKED IN HERE. I SAW SHE'D PACKED HER THINGS...

HMMM... YES, I SEE...



HARRY OPENED SARAH'S BUREAU DRAWER...

HER UNDERTHINGS... EVERYTHING... GONE. SHE MUST HAVE COME HOME FROM WORK AND PACKED AND LEFT BEFORE I GOT HOME...

LOOKS THAT WAY...



THE DETECTIVE SNOOPED AROUND SOME MORE. HE SEEMED SATISFIED. HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN HE STOPPED AT THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR. HE STARED IN. HARRY FELT A SUDDEN CHILL...

THAT'S FUNNY!

WHAT'S THAT, OFFICER?



THE DETECTIVE WENT TO THE RACK ABOVE THE SINK. HE POINTED AT THE TWO TOOTHBRUSHES...

MRS. JAMESON'S?

HUH? OH, YES! SHE... SHE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN IT!



THE DETECTIVE SHOOK HIS HEAD. HE LOOKED AT HARRY. LOOKED AT HIM HARD...

FOR A WOMAN WHO PACKED SO CAREFULLY... TO FORGET HER TOOTHBRUSH, MR. JAMESON? I HARDLY THINK SO!

I. I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?



THE DETECTIVE GRINACED.

I HAVE A FEELING, MR. JAMESON... A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S **WRONG** HERE. IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK WE'LL **INVESTIGATE** YOUR WIFE'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE **AFTER ALL**.

WHY... WHY OF COURSE, OFFICER. GO **RIGHT AHEAD...**

...AND WHEN YOU **FIND** HER, TELL HER I'M **SORRY**... TELL HER TO **COME BACK** TO ME... TELL HER I **NEED** HER. **WILL YOU?**

YEAN, MR. JAMESON. **SURE**. I'LL TELL HER. IF I **FIND** HER!

THE DETECTIVE WAS GONE. HARRY STOOD AT THE DOOR, SHIVERING...

HE **KNOWS**. I... I'VE GOT TO **DO** SOMETHING. HE'LL **COME BACK WITH A WARRANT!** THEY'LL **SEARCH** THE HOUSE... **FIND** THE FRESH-DUG GRAVE IN THE **CELLAR**. I'VE GOT TO **DO** SOMETHING...

HARRY WENT UP INTO THE ATTIC. HE PULLED THE TRUNK FROM BENEATH THE PILE OF DUSTY OLD RELICS...

YES, YES. IT'S THE **ONLY WAY**. I'VE GOT TO **GET HER BODY OUT OF THE HOUSE**... GOT TO **GET RID** OF IT. AND I THINK I **KNOW NOW...**



HARRY DRAGGED THE TRUNK DOWN INTO THE CELLAR. THEN HE WENT TO THE TOOL SHED, AND GOT THE SHOVEL AND THE HATCHET AND BROUGHT THEM TO THE CELLAR. HE BEGAN TO **DIG**...

AN **UNIDENTIFIABLE BODY**... IN A TRUNK. HOW COULD THEY TRACE IT TO **ME**...?



SARAH'S BATTERED AND BLOODY BODY WAS STIFF WITH RIGOR MORTIS WHEN HARRY LIFTED IT FROM ITS GRAVE. HE DUMPED IT INTO THE TRUNK...

NOW TO MAKE **SURE** IT WILL BE AN **UNIDENTIFIABLE BODY**.



HARRY PICKED UP THE HATCHET AND BEGAN TO **HACK**. THE BLADE **ROSE** AND **FELL**... **ROSE** AND **FELL**... UNTIL THE THING BEFORE HIM MELTED AWAY INTO A MASS OF **RED BLOSS** AND **WHITE BONE**... **COUNTLESS** SEVERED SECTIONS OF A **ONCE WHOLE HUMAN BODY**.

UGH... UGH... UGH... **BAD!** **THERE!** THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!



THE TRAIN PULLED OUT AND HARRY BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF. AFTER A WHILE HE WENT FORWARD TO THE BAGGAGE CAR...

JUST CHECKING, YOU HAVE A BROWN TRUNK... OH... THERE IT IS!

THIS ONE? 266-95! TO PEORIA?



HARRY CHECKED HIS TICKET...

NO. 266-BI... TO CHICAGO. THAT OH... HERE IT IS. WHY THEY'RE ALMOST EXACTLY ALIKE!

THAT HAPPENS. DON'T WORRY I'LL BE CAREFUL, SIR!



HARRY WENT BACK TO THE CLUB CAR. HIS BLOOD FROZE AS HE ENTERED. THE DETECTIVE WAS SITTING THERE, DRINKING A LEMONADE...

CHOKED...



HARRY DUCKED BACK, FAST. HIS HEART BEGAN TO POUND LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER. THAT BLASTED DETECTIVE. HE WAS HOUNDING HARRY... FOLLOWING HIM TO CHICAGO. AND AT CHICAGO, THERE'D BE NO SARAH TO MEET HARRY... AND HE'D GET SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE TRUNK...

THE TRUNK? OF COURSE! WHAT A BREAK!



HARRY MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BAGGAGE CAR...

THAT OTHER TRUNK! IF I COULD SWITCH TICKETS, MY TRUNK WILL BE TOSSED OFF AT PEORIA... WITH SARAH'S REMAINS IN IT...



THE BAGGAGE CAR WAS DIMLY LIT AS HARRY ENTERED. THE CLERK DOZED IN A CORNER. HARRY SLIPPED PAST HIM...

AND I'LL HAVE THE OTHER ONE. I'LL BE SAFE!



HARRY UNTIED THE TICKETS AND SWITCHED THEM. HE PATTED HIS TRUNK... THE ONE WITH THE GRISLY CARGO...

SO LONG, SARAH! SOMEBODY IN PEORIA IS GOING TO BE ANFULLY SHOCKED TO SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU...



THEN HE LOOKED THE TRUNK AND DRAGGED IT OUT TO HIS CAR. AFTER REFILLING THE HOLE IN THE CELLAR AND CLEANING HIS TOOLS ONCE MORE, HE DROVE DOWN-TOWN TO THE RAILROAD STATION...

I'D LIKE TO BUY A TICKET TO CHICAGO, PLEASE, ON THE NEXT TRAIN PULL-MAN... LOWER BERTH...

THAT WILL BE \$42.50, SIR! HERE YOU ARE. YOU LEAVE IN TWENTY MINUTES...



AFTER PURCHASING HIS TICKET, HARRY DROVE THE CAR AROUND TO THE BAGGAGE RAMP...

I'D LIKE THIS TRUNK SENT ON TO CHICAGO! HERE'S MY TICKET.

YES, SIR! THAT WILL GO ON THE SAME TRAIN, SIR! IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...



IT WAS SO SIMPLE. NO NAME ON THE TRUNK. NOTHING BUT A NUMBER CORRESPONDING TO THE TICKET HARRY NEVER INTENDED TO USE. THAT IS, UNTIL...

GOING SOMEWHERE, MR. JAMESON?

HUH? OH! IT'S YOU...



HE'D FOLLOWED HARRY. HE SUSPECTED. HARRY SMILED...

YES! IT'S MY WIFE. SHE CALLED...FROM CHICAGO. ALL IS FORGIVEN. I'M GOING THERE. SEE? MY TICKET.

... AND THE TRUNK?



SARAH TOOK ALL OUR SUITCASES. IT'S THE ONLY THING I COULD PACK MY CLOTHES INTO. YOU SEE, WE'RE STAYING ON A WHILE... SORT OF A SECOND HONEYMOON.

THAT'S NICE, MR. JAMESON. I'M HAPPY FOR YOU FOR BOTH OF YOU. I'LL SEE YOU OFF...



HARRY'D HAVE TO GO NOW. THERE WAS NO WAY OUT. THE TRAIN WAS LEAVING IN TEN MINUTES. HARRY WENT THROUGH THE GATE ABSENTLY, TRYING TO THINK. WHAT COULD HE DO WITH THAT TRUNK? NOW COULD HE GET RID OF IT? THE DETECTIVE WAS AT HIS SIDE...

WELL, GOOD-BYE, OFFICER. THANK YOU...FOR EVERYTHING.

THERE'RE A FEW MINUTES LEFT, JAMESON! I'LL WALK YOU TO YOUR SEAT.



HARRY FOUND HIS CAR AND WENT INSIDE. THE DETECTIVE FOLLOWED. HE SMILED DOWN AT HARRY...

WELL, GIVE MY REGARDS TO MRS. JAMESON WHEN YOU SEE HER.

I WILL, OFFICER. AND THANKS AGAIN!



CHICAGO'S LA SALLE STREET STATION CAME UP AMID WHISTLE SCREAMS AND HISsing STEAM. HARRY PEERED OUT OF THE WINDOW. SOMEONE LEANED OVER HIS SHOULDER. THE DETECTIVE...

SEE HER, JAMESON? **N-NO!** SHE SHE PROBABLY DIDN'T GET MY MESSAGE...



YOU *DON'T* SEEM VERY SURPRISED TO *SEE* ME, JAMESON!



I'M *NOT!* I SAW YOU IN THE CLUB CAR LAST NIGHT! WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GOING, OFFICER!



NOT SO *FAST*, JAMESON! I HAPPEN TO THINK YOUR WIFE ISN'T *GOING* TO SHOW UP HERE IN CHICAGO AT *ALL*. I HAPPEN TO THINK YOU *MURDERED* HER, AND HER *BODY'S* IN THAT *TRUNK* OF YOURS.

YOU HAPPEN TO BE *WRONG*, OFFICER. CARE TO TAKE A *LOOK?*



HARRY AND THE DETECTIVE MADE THEIR WAY TO THE BAGGAGE OFFICE, AND HARRY PRESENTED HIS TICKET...

GO AHEAD, OFFICER. OPEN 'ER UP!



NOT *HERE*, JAMESON. AT *HEADQUARTERS*. OH, PORTER...

THEY RODE ACROSS CHICAGO TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN SILENCE. HARRY CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF. HE'D BEEN PRETTY CLEVER. THE TRUNK WAS BROUGHT INTO A SMALL ROOM. THE DETECTIVE LIFTED THE LID...



GOOD LORD!

WELL? SATISFIED, OFFICER? NOW, CAN I... OH, MY GOD!

A MASS OF RED BLOSS AND WHITE BONE FILLED THE TRUNK... COUNTLESS SEVERED SECTIONS OF A ONCE HUMAN BODY. HARRY SCREAMED AS THE HANDCUFFS WERE SNAPPED ON HIS WRIST...

YOU *SWITCHED THEM BACK!* YOU *SWITCHED THE TICKETS BACK!* YOU *KNEW I KILLED HER* AND YOU *SWITCHED THEM BACK!*



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, JAMESON, BUT THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION. G'MON, LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THOSE FAST-DISAPPEARING EAST SIDE MANSIONS, HARRIET WALKER STOOD OVER HER MANSION SON, RUNNING HER HAND THROUGH HIS SHAGGY HAIR...

DID YOU... DID YOU GET RID OF WHAT WAS LEFT OF HER, MOTHER?



YES, ERIC. *CLEVERLY, TOO!* I PUT ANITA'S REMAINS IN AN OLD TRUNK, BOUGHT A TICKET TO PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND HAD IT SHIPPED ON AHEAD OF COURSE. I'LL NEVER USE THE TICKET...

THE END

# COMING UP NEXT FROM GLADSTONE



## WEIRD SCIENCE #1, featuring:

- "A New Beginning" by Al Williamson
- "The Headhunters" by George Evans
- "My World" by Wally Wood
- "Outcast of the Stars" by Joe Orlando
- "Am I Man or Machine?" by Al Feldstein
- "Only Time Will Tell" by Harry Harrison and Wally Wood
- "The Men of Tomorrow" by Jack Kamen
- "Trip into the Unknown" by Harvey Kurtzman

ON SALE JUNE, 1990



## The Vault of Horror #1, featuring:

- "Star Light, Star Bright" by Johnny Craig
- "While the Cat's Away" by Jack Davis
- "Smoke Wrings" by Reed Crandall
- "Where There's a Will" by Graham Ingels
- "The Wall" by Johnny Craig
- "House of Horror" by Harvey Kurtzman
- "The Mad Magician" by Harry Harrison and Wally Wood
- "The Thing in the Swamp" by Al Feldstein

ON SALE MAY, 1990





(continued from inside front cover)

ourselves. That is why **Tales From the Crypt**, **The Vault of Horror**, and **The Haunt of Fear** are as apt today as they were forty years ago.

If we see a victim being stalked by an ax-murderer with the requisite cleaver in hand, our sensation will be terror; but let that murderer be a zombie, a vampire, a werewolf, or anything akin, and our response is horror. That's what E.C.s are all about.

In make-believe horror there is always something hidden, something still and ever-



concealed, some forbidden knowledge, a kept secret. We don't quite know. But we would like to find out if we could do so safely. That's why Gladstone feels E.C. horror will strike the same responsive chord with readers today as it did in the 1950s. It's generally acknowledged that horror is not just an aspect of human experience, but a central part of it!

Had Newton really been right, and had there really been laws to govern all change, there could be no horror; only temporary ignorance, only terror. The sleep of reason, contended Goya in 1798, produces monsters and monsters have always been the prime carriers of horror. They are always "out there," rising from the ooze of the subconscious, like sea-beasts on the horizons of ancient maps and they are never totally nonhuman. The ancient monsters—the centaur, the sphinx, the minotaur—are partly brute and partly human, and the brute part is not in itself frightening. So too the modern monsters—the vampire, the Frankenstein monster, and the werewolf—are images of horror not because they do dreadful things to us (although they may well), but because they block our attempts to classify, categorize, and hence control them.

H. G. Wells generated intense horror in **The Island of Dr. Moreau** (1896) simply by dispassionately describing the harmless mutants created by the "mad scientist" who infused human forms and attributes into the animal world; Victor Hugo

achieved the same effect by "crossing" Quasimodo with the gargoyle.

It would be nice to think that a proper education could rid one of a hunger for horror, but theologians like John Wesley have always known better. Horror images have always been more than fear-jerkers; they are invariably the most subtle projections of buried and repressed fear. When it comes right down to it, the fascinating question is not why monsters were so suddenly obvious in the late eighteenth century, but how they could have been suppressed with such success for so long!

The invocation of horror has always been present in the English tradition from **Beowulf** on. In modern versions we forget the victims and even the hero, but we remember the monster! Everyone who read the original E.C.s remembers a favorite today. . . and it is usually the monster or the deed that stands out. Thinking back to your own high school or college literature class, do you remember who, for instance, kills Dracula? How is the Frankenstein monster destroyed? Are we sure the werewolf is dead? Monsters have become bogeymen, and as the child in **Halloween** says, "Ya can't ever kill the bogeyman."

We read for enjoyment, including horror. But we



keep coming back because of memories. A cult of E.C. collectors began in the '50s and has survived to this day, though most think of themselves just as "fans." Some of the same ones who made contact with each other through the Letters to the GhouLunatics pages in those days still are in touch with each other today.

(We would like to thank Jim Twitchell, who is currently Alumni Professor of English at the University of Florida, for his permission to excerpt portions from his book, **Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror**, published by Oxford University Press. We apologize for any points that may have been lost by our abbreviations of his words or any changes of meaning that may have resulted from our blending of his thoughts with an occasional brief insertion of our own.

—The Publishers)

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**TERROR**



NO. 34  
FEB.-MAR.

# TALES



REPRINT  
EDITION

FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:

E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY

**RAY BRADBURY**

AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!



JACK THE RIPPER



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HELLO! BACK AGAIN, I SEE! BACK FOR MORE CHILLS IN TALES FROM THE CRYPT? WELCOME, THEN! WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! IT'S YOUR MOST IN-HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY TO GURGLE YOUR BLOOD WITH ANOTHER GREEK'S COLLECTOR'S ITEM! SO COME IN! IN THIS YARN, YOU WILL BE THE MAIN CHARACTER! OH, YOU'D LIKE THAT? WELL, WE'LL SEE! EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS WILL BE SEEN THROUGH YOUR...THE MAIN CHARACTER'S...EYES! READY? THEN START LIVING THE TALE I CALL...

**MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL!**



YOU OPEN YOUR EYES, AND THE GLARING LIGHT OVERHEAD BLINDS YOU! SUDDENLY YOU REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER A SWIRLING SEA OF DARKNESS AND HAVE ONLY NOW COME TO THE SURFACE! A GREY HAZE HANGS OVER YOU... BUT SOON EVEN THAT GLAZES AWAY LIKE COBBERS BRING SWIFT ASIDE BY A PASTOROUSLY WELDED CUSTY! THINGS COME INTO FOCUS! JELLED OBJECTS SLOWLY FREEZE INTO SOLIDITY! A FIGURE RINGS OVER YOU, SHIELDING THE OVERHEAD GLARE FROM YOUR LIGHT-SENSITIVE EYES.



CAN YOU...CAN YOU SEE ME?  
NOO YOUR READ IF YOU CAN!

YOU RISE YOUR HEAD, LOOKING UP AT THE FIGURE BEENDING OVER YOU! HIS READY LITTLE EYES GAZE BEHIND THOSE CRYSTAL-LIKE GLASSES! HE SINGS...

I KNOW IT! I KNOW I COULD DO IT! OH, WE WILL BE FAMOUS! YOU AND I! THE WORLD WILL FLOOD TO SEE US!



YOU LOOK AROUND! YOU ARE IN A SMALL INSTRUMENT-CLUTTERED ROOM! GLASS CABINETS FILLED WITH TEST-TUBES LINE THE WALLS! STRANGE SHAPED MACHINES SURROUND YOU! THE FIGURE STANDING OVER YOU PATS YOUR CHEST REASSURINGLY.

DON'T TRY TO MOVE! JUST LIE THERE! CAN YOU TALK? CAN YOU SAY ANYTHING?



YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH! SOMEWHERE BACK UNDER THAT SEA OF BLACKNESS YOU HAVE JUST RISEN FROM IS THE MEMORY OF SPEECH! YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH, BUT ONLY A CHOKING GURGLE SPILLS OUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! DO NOT WORRY! YOU WILL TALK AGAIN! I WILL TEACH YOU! NOW... REST...



THE FIGURE WITH THE THICK GLASSES TURNS TO GO! HE MOVES THROUGH THE APPARATUS-CROWDED ROOM TO A DOOR AND OPENS IT! HE REACHES FOR A LIGHT SWITCH...

I WILL BE BACK... LATER! I MUST GO OUT FIRST! NOW! IT IS TIME TO GIVE ANOTHER SHOW! REST! UNTIL LATER...



THE ROOM FALLS INTO DARKNESS AND HE GOES OUT! FOR A WHILE YOU JUST LIE THERE, SUCKING IN THE WARM AIR! THEN YOU TRY TO SIT UP! SOMETHING THICK AROUND YOUR CHEST DIPS IN! YOU ARE STRAPPED DOWN...



YOU TRY TO MOVE YOUR ARMS! THE METAL BARS ACROSS YOUR WRISTS HOLD THEM FAST! YOU CALL OUT, SURPRISED AT THE HAWLED SCREECHINESS OF YOUR OWN VOICE! YOU LOOK DOWN TOWARDS YOUR FEET... AT THE HEAVY SCUFFED SHOES AND THE BARS ACROSS YOUR LEGS...



HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU? WHAT IS THIS FIRM TRYING TO DO TO YOU NOW? A COLD GRILL OF FEAR SHIVERS OVER YOU! YOU TUG AND STRAIN! THE STRAPS ACROSS YOUR CHEST PART LIKE PAPER AND YOU SIT UP, TEARING YOUR ARMS LOOSE... YOUR LEGS...



YOU CRAWL THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW OF THE ROOM OUT INTO THE NIGHT! THE COOL NIGHT, FILLED WITH A THOUSAND VOICES... A MILLION FLOODING STARS! TO YOUR RIGHT, LIGHTS GLEAM BEHIND SILHOUETTED BUILDINGS...



PEOPLE... MANY PEOPLE... MOVE IN THE LIGHT... GAILY LAUGHING... TALKING! SOMEWHERE, A CALLIGRAPH PLAYS... ITS MUSIC DRIFTING INTO THE DARKNESS! A HARSH VOICE CALLS... LURING... PROMISING...



YOU ARE IN THE REAR ALLEY OF AN AMUSEMENT PARK! THE LIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER AND THE MUSIC AND THE VOICES SEEM TO DANCE YOU... LIKE A MAGNET! YOU MOVE TOWARD THEM... SOME BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS... TOWARD THEM...



THEY'RE CLOSER NOW... THE LAUGHING PEOPLE! THEY MOVE PAST THE ALLEY... A SEA OF FACES... A SEA OF SMILES! AND NOW YOU'RE NEARLY THERE... NEARLY OUT OF THE ALLEY... NEARLY AMONG THEM...



THE WOMAN'S EYES BALDE IN HER BLANCHED FACE? SHE STARES AT YOU! HER HYSTERICAL SCREECH IS LIKE A DOOR SLAMMING OUT THE LAUGHTER... THE VOICES... THE MUSIC! SILENCE FALLS... **TERROR**... **SAD SILENCE**...



SUDDENLY THE DOOR IS OPENED ONCE MORE! ONLY THIS TIME THERE IS NO LAUGHTER... NO MUSIC! SHOUTS OF **DEATH**... SCREAMS OF TERROR POUR IN AT YOU...



AGAIN, THAT CHILL OF FEAR KNIFE THROUGH YOU! YOU TURN... TURN FROM THE SHOUTS AND THE SCREAMS AND THE BLANCHED EYES AND BLANCHED FACES... AND YOU RUN... BACK OF THE ALLEY... BACK INTO THE BLACKNESS...



FOOTSTEPS CLATTER AFTER YOU, BUT THEY SOON FACE! THE AMUSEMENT PARK IS VERY FAR AWAY WHEN YOU FINALLY SLOW DOWN TO A WALK! YOU GASP FOR BREATH... AND YOUR HEART POUNDS IN YOUR CHEST LIKE A PISTON! YOU ARE ON A COUNTRY ROAD! THE RIBBON OF CONCRETE WINDS AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS! YOU MOVE ALONG IT...



BEHIND YOU, A GENTLE PURRING GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER! A CLAP! YOU TURN... FACING INTO THE DROGGIN' HEADLIGHT GLARE...



THE CAR PULLS UP BESIDE YOU! THE DRIVER CALLS TO YOU...

WANT A RIDE INTO TOWN, BUD?



YOU OPEN THE DOOR! FOR A MOMENT HE LOOKS AT YOU, HORRIFIED! THEN HE SCREAMS...



WHY DO THEY SCREAM WHEN THEY SEE YOU? THAT FRIGHTENED, TERRIFYING SCREAMING? YOU WANT TO STOP IT! YOU CLAP YOUR HAND OVER HIS MOUTH! BUT HIS EYES STILL SCREAM...



AND THEN HIS EYES GLAZE... AND ROLL... AND HE IS DEAD! HIS BODY GOES LIMP AND YOU LET IT SLIP AWAY FROM YOU LIKE A SOFT BAG! HE FALLS AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL AND THE HORN BEGINS TO BLOW... A LONG MONOTONOUS MOAN...



YOU PULL HIM FROM THE CAR AND PUSH HIM TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...



THE CAR PURRS ALONG THE CONCRETE RIBBON SMOOTHLY! THE ROAD SLIPS FROM THE DARKNESS AHEAD INTO YOUR HEADLIGHT BEAM AND DOWN UNDER THE HUMMING WHEELS! SOON HOUSES BEGIN TO APPEAR! YOU ARE GOING INTO TOWN! AND THINGS SEEM FAMILIAR TO YOU...



AND THEN YOU SEE IT! THE SMALL WHITE COTTAGE! YOUR FOOT DEPRESSSES THE BRAKE PEDAL AUTOMATICALLY AS YOU SWING INTO THE DRIVEWAY! YOU'VE DONE IT A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE! YOU KNOW IT...



YOU SLIP FROM THE CAR AND CROSS THE FRESHLY CUT LAWN! THE NAME ON THE SIGN STICKING FORWARD IN THE SHINY RED STRIPS A FAMILIAR NOTE! THE NAME! 'STONE'! SUDDENLY YOU REMEMBER! ARTHUR STONE! THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! AND NANCY, YOUR WIFE... SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU...



YOU HAMMER ANXIOUSLY ON THE REAR GLASS FRONT DOOR! UPSTAIRS, A LIGHT GOES ON! FOOT-STEPS DESCEND INSIDE... COMING CLOSER... COMING DOWN THE STEPS! THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...



NANCY! EVEN NANCY LOOKS AT YOU LIKE THAT! THOSE EYES... THOSE WIDE, FRIGHTENED, TERRIFIED EYES! AND NOW SHE'S SCREAMING... SCREAMING LIKE THE OTHERS...



AND NOW SHE'S RUNNING ON THE STAIRS, SCREAMING! AND YOU'RE RUNNING AFTER HER... CALLING HER NAME! ONLY IT ISN'T HER NAME THAT ESCAPES FROM YOUR THROAT! IT'S A CHOKING GARGLE, GUTTERAL SNAIL...



AND NOW SHE'S IN THE BEDROOM... AND YOU'RE MOVING TOWARD HER... PLEADING! BUT THERE'S NO RECOGNITION IN HER EYES... ONLY WILD Hysteria! AND SHE'S BACKING AWAY... BACKING TOWARD THE OPEN WINDOW... TOWARD...





SUDDENLY SHE'S GONE... BACKWARDS... OUT THE WINDOW! AND HER SCREAM IS CUT SHORT BY THE BULL THUD AS HER FLAILING BODY HITS THE BACKYARD PATIO BELOW! YOU RUSH TO THE WINDOW... STARRING DOWN AT HER... GORRING...



WHEN YOU GET TO HER/SHE'S DEAD? HER LIFE-LESS EYES STILL STARE AT YOU IN BLAZING FEAR...



YOU STUMBLE TO THE CAR AND SPEED BACK TO THE CARNIVAL! THE MAN WITH THE BEADY EYES AND THE THICK GLASSES? HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO YOU! NANCY IS DEAD... AND IT'S HIS FAULT...



AND THEN YOU'RE SLIPPING BACK UP THE AMUSEMENT PARK ALLEY, INTO THE OPEN WINDOW...



YOU? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THE PLACE IS DRAPE AND RUTH DOPE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED!

YOU'RE MINE! I MADE YOU! I KNEW I COULD DO IT... AND I DID! I TOOK PARTS OF MONSTERS AND I PUT THEM TOGETHER! AND I TOOK A BRAIN... A BRAIN OF A MAN WHO DIED OUT THERE... IN MY GREAT HUSBAND... A MAN NAMED ARTHUR STONE! HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK... AND I TOOK HIS BRAIN...



I MADE YOU LIVE! I ALWAYS BELIEVED IT WAS POSSIBLE! BUT THERE... IN MY CHAMBER OF HORRORS... THERE'S A TABLEAU OF MONSTERS... AND HIS MONSTER! YOU'RE MY MONSTER... MY FRANKENSTEIN! WHAT AN EXPERIMENT YOU'LL MAKE! I'LL BE FAMOUS! I'LL... I'LL... DON'T... LOOK AT ME... LIKE THAT! NO! EEEEE...



YOUR FINGERS CLOSE ABOUT HIS THROAT, CUTTING OFF HIS SCREAM! AND EVEN AS THE LIFE PAGES FROM HIS TITCHING BODY, YOU'RE STUFFING YOUR NEATLY STITCHED FINGERS... THE DEER WHISTS... THE SCARRED ARMS...



...HMMMMHMM!

AND THEN YOU STUMBLE FROM THE ROOM... INTO THE WAX MUSEUM... LEAVING HIS LIFELESS BODY SPRAWLED AMID THE EQUIPMENT...



THEN YOU'RE STARING AT THE TABLEAU... BLOOD-CAROLING GROUPINGS OF HISTORIC HORROR SCENES...



...AND SLOWLY YOU SEE IT! THE MOST REVOLTING SCENE OF ALL! A DISGUSTING MONSTER... A CON-FLAGRATION OF STITCHED FLESH... A LEERING REPULSIVE THING... STARING AT YOU...



THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER. NO DOUBT! YOU SLAP YOUR HANDS TO YOUR GUTTERING MOUTH AS THE NAUSEA SWEEPS OVER YOU...



BUT THE MONSTER... THE MONSTER MOVED TOO!



BARBAR! YOU'RE LOOKING INTO A MIRROR! THAT'S YOU IN THERE! THAT REPULSIVE, STITCHED-FLESHED, HORROR MONSTER BEFORE YOU IS YOUR OWN REFLECTION...



YOU SMASH THE MIRROR INTO A THOUSAND SLIM- MERING SHINING PIECES IN SHEER DISGUST AND HORROR...



THEN YOU'RE RUNNING...SCREAMING...OUT IN THE MIDWAY...



THE CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU, AS YOU THREW INTO A DOORWAY...



YOU'RE IN A MAZE... A MAZE OF SMOOTH-WALLED DARK PASSAGeways... TRAPPED...



SUDDENLY, THE PASSAGeways ARE FLOODED IN BRILLIANT LIGHT! FIGURES LEAP AT YOU FROM ALL SIDES... HORRIBLE, DISFIGURED, SPYGLASS-FLESHED FIGURES...



...AND NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU TURN, YOUR HADDENING REVELATING REFLECTION GLARES AT YOU... SHOUTS AT YOU... BRIBES AT YOU IN UTTER REVEL-SION...



UNTIL... WHEN THEY FIND YOU... THE LIFE LEFT TO YOUR MON-STRIOUS BOIN-BRAIN BODY HAS FAGED... ESCAPED FROM EACH COUNTLESS LONG-DEAD SECTION... SUBTRACTED FROM THE SUM-PRODUCT OF HORROR THAT ADDED UP TO YOU... DRIVEN FROM YOU BY THE MADNESS OF YOUR OWN IMAGE...



HEH, HEH? YEP, KIDDIES? AS THEY ALWAYS SAY... IF LOOKS COULD KILL... I'LL, IN THIS CASE... THEY DID? I HOPE YOU LIKED TAKING THE PART OF THE MONSTER IN THIS STORY? I ALSO HOPE... HEH, HEH... THAT IT DIDN'T AFFECT YOU? IF I WERE YOU, I'D JUST GO ON TO THE MUSEUM-KEEPER'S TALE-T'S WOULDN'T...

ER... LOOK IN THE MIRROR RIGHT NOW! YOU MIGHT SEE SOMETHING YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T? HEY, WAIT! DEAR! BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU! 'BYE, NOW. SEE YOU LATER!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELL, NOW THAT THE DRIFT-KEEPER HAS FINISHED DISHING OUT HIS OLD OIL, IT'S MY TURN TO ENTERTAIN YOU FRIENDS! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE HAULT OF HORROR! THIS IS YOUR VAULT-KEEPER, WITH ANOTHER HORROR TALE FROM MY COLLECTION! AND THIS ONE IS ABOUT OIL...BLACK, GOOPY, MONEY OIL! I CALL THIS BLOOD-CURLING HAIR-RAISER

## OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!



THE FLASHY CONVERTIBLE CAME TO A STOP AT A POINT ON THE HIGHWAY OVERLOOKING THE SPARKLING MIDWESTERN TOWN! THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR LOOKED DOWN AT THE BOOFTOPS AND SMILED.

WELL, WELL, THERE SHE IS... WAITING FOR US... LIKE A SITTING DUCK... WAITING TO BE PLOCKED.

THERE'S THE TOWN... DOWN THERE IN THE CENTER OF TOWN... AND THERE'S THE CEMETERY...



THE DRIVER TURNED TO THE ONE WITH THE CIGARETTE BETWEEN HIS LIPS...

LOOK, PHIL! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK WITH THAT SUTTY GARDLING FROM YOUR MOUTH! IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

HUNT ON! I'M SORRY, SAM! I FORGOT.



WELL, DON'T FORGET! AFTER ALL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN HONEST BUSINESSMAN! YOU LOOK LIKE A SHAMMY WHEN YOU DO THAT!

OHAY! OHAY! DON'T GET EXCITED, SAM! I'LL BE CAMP FULL!



THE CAR CONTINUED ON DOWN THE HIGHWAY. FINALLY, IT PULLED UP BEFORE THE ONE HOTEL IN TOWN.

ALL RIGHT! ON YOUR TONS! HERE WE GO! I'LL START GETTING THE SHIPS OUT! YOU CHECK IN!

RIGHT, SAM!



THE ONE NAMED SAM STARTED TO UNLOAD THE LUGGAGE FROM THE FLASHY CONVERTIBLE WHILE THE OTHER ONE... PHIL... ENTERED THE HOTEL AND CROSSED THE LOBBY TO THE DESK...

HONOR, STRANGER! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE TWO ROOMS... ONE FOR MYSELF AND ONE FOR MY FIELD MAN!



FIELD MAN? WHAT'S THAT?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. MY NAME IS PHILIP BARROW! OH, I'M A BUSINESSMAN! I LOCATE OIL DEPOSITS FOR BIG OIL COMPANIES! MY FIELD MAN, MR. JIMMISON, HANDLES THE GENERAL SUPERVISION OF PROSPECTIVE SITES! WE'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH!



OH, BUT SURE HERE! THINK OF LOOKIN' AROUND THESE PARTS!

THANK YOU! ER... NO! WE'RE ON OUR WAY NORTH.

WHERE SHALL I PUT THE LUGGAGE, MR. BARROW?



ROOMS 201 AND 202, UP THEM STAIRS AND TURN RIGHT!

YOU HEARD THE GENTLEMAN, MR. JIMMISON?

YES, SIR!



THE MAN BEHIND THE DESK  
SWITCHED AS SAM CARRIED THE  
LUGGAGE UP THE STAIRS AND PAUL  
FOLLOWED...



UPSTAIRS...OUT OF EARSNOT...  
SAM WHISPERED ANGERLY TO PAUL...



LATER... AS NIGHT CAME ON... IN THE  
HOTEL LOBBY...



AND THAT'S ALL YOU DO IN  
LOCATE OIL DEPOSITS,  
AND WHEN THE BIG OIL  
COMPANIES BUY...COLLECT  
YOUR COMMISSION FROM  
THE OWNER OF THE  
LAND?



A LOT BETTER OFF! YOU'RE  
RIGHT! BUT DRILLING  
EQUIPMENT COSTS A  
GREAT DEAL, MR. PAUL!  
MORE THAN I'VE GOTTA  
HAVE TO BORROW...



MR. GARRISON! I'VE GOT TO  
SPEAK TO YOU...  
PRIVATELY!



OIL, MR. GARRISON!  
I'M SURE OF IT!



SAN FOLLOWED PHIL UP THE STAIRS, LEAVING THEM THE HOTEL LOBBY BUZZED WITH EXCITEMENT...



THEY FOUND OIL...  
 RIGHT HERE IN TOWN...  
 WHERE? SEARCH ME...  
 ANYBODY SEE WHERE THAT SIMPSON FELLER CAME FROM?

UPSTAIRS IN THE ROOM. THE TWO MEN SMILED. PHIL SHREW THE SHADE ASIDE AND PEERED OUT...



THERE'S A CROWD BATHING IN, SAM? MEN, MEN! DID YOU TAKE CARE OF IT?  
 ROBBON WAS AROUND? I TOOK CARE OF IT! SHE'LL DOZE FOR A WEEK! NOW GO AHEAD DOWN AND START THE PITCH... BUT DOWNE THE CIGARETTE FIRST!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, PHIL CAME DOWNSTAIRS. THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL WAS JAMMED WITH TOWN-FOLK...



IT'S LIKE TO SEE THE MAYOR!  
 I... I'M THE MAYOR! JORDON'S MY NAME!

MAYOR JORDON'S HAVE BEEN ADVISED BY MY FIELD MAN THAT THERE IS OIL ON THE TOWN'S PROPERTY... UNDER THE CITY PARK!



THE PARK?

HEY! THE TOWN'S OIL UNDER THE PARK!  
 SHALL WE GO ON OVER, MAYOR JORDON?  
 LET'S GO, MR. JORDON!



THE CROWD STOOD AROUND THE BLACK SLICK THAT SEEPED FROM THE GROUND IN THE PARK...



THERE ARE TWO THINGS YOU CAN DO, MAYOR JORDON! YOU CAN TURN THE LAND OVER TO A PRIVATE OIL COMPANY, OR DRILL FOR IT YOURSELVES...  
 BUT WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DRILLING FOR OIL!

WELL... I COULD HANDLE SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS...  
 IT FOR YOU... BUT IT WOULD COST A GREAT DEAL! ABOUT SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS...  
 BUT WE COULDN'T AFFORD.



SAY, MAYOR! WHY COULDN'T YOU LET US FOLKS IN TOWN PUT UP THE MONEY FROM A CORPORATION AND ISSUE STOCK...

MARSH JORDON TURNED TO THE SPEND.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, FOLKS? DO WE TURN THE LAND OVER TO A PRIVATE COMPANY, OR RAISE THE MONEY AND DRILL FOR THE OIL OURSELVES?

GASP - BELIEVE!

FEAR! LET'S KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY!



LATER, IN THE HOTEL ROOM...

THEY FELL FOR IT. SAME! THEY'RE GOING TO FORM A CORPORATION AND ISSUE STOCK! I'VE BEEN PUT IN CHARGE OF THE DRILLING!

GOOD! NOW AS SOON AS THEY TURN THE MONEY OVER TO US, WE'LL PULL THE ROUTINE...



A CORPORATION WAS FORMED! STOCK WAS ISSUED! SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM THE TOWNFOLK ROLLED IN.

FINALLY...

WELL, MR. SANDSON! THE STOCK ISSUE HAS BEEN SOLD... EVERY LAST SHARE! HERE'S A CHECK, FOR SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN START THE DRILLING...



THEN...

HERE'S THE CHECK, SAM! I JUST CASHED THE CHECK! WHY DON'T WE STOP FOR A MOMENT AND VISIT THE CEMETERY ROUTINE...

NO! WE'LL WANT TO WORK THIS DEAL, ARSON! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KEPT IN THE CLEAR! THE CEMETERY ROUTINE STAYS!



AND JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET TO COME AND BID ME UP, I'LL ADD THE CHECK! NOW GIVE ME ONE OF THOSE PILLS, AND PHONE THE BOARD! YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

HERE THEY ARE...



S'LONG! DON'T FORGET! BID ME UP WITHIN SIX HOURS! AFTER THEY BID ME! WE'LL PICK UP THE CHECK ON THE WAY OUT OF TOWN! AND FOR CRIME! OUT LOUD, BITE THAT CIGARETTE...

RIGHT! OH...I FORGOT! S'LONG, SAM!





MAYOR JORDON HUNG UP TO FIND  
BARBON'S HOTEL ROOM IN ANSWER  
TO HIS FRANTIC PHONE CALL.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
THE OIL DEPOSITS  
A FRAUD?

IT'S TRUE!  
WHEN I FOUND  
SIMPSON...  
MY FIELD MAN,  
HONG, AND THE  
DRILLING MONEY  
HONG TOO, I  
CHECKED!



HE POURED OIL  
INTO THAT SANDY  
SPOT IN THE PARK!  
THERE'S NO OIL  
UNDER THERE!  
WE'VE BEEN  
TAKEN/CONTRIVED!

WE'LL GET  
HIM! HE  
WON'T GET  
FAR!



JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN, THEY  
FOUND THE FLAMING CONVERTIBLE.



HE'S  
DEAD!

HEART  
ATTACK,  
PROBABLY.

DID  
YOU  
FIND  
THE  
MONEY/LART?

PHIL BARBON WAS QUESTIONED CAREFULLY...

I... I TRUSTED HIM! HE'D BEEN WITH  
ME ALMOST A YEAR! I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT! FIRST, LIEING ABOUT THE OIL...  
THEN STEALING THE MONEY... AND  
NOW THIS! DEAD! I'M... I'M SO  
SORRY FOR ALL THE POLICE THAT  
TRUSTED ME!

IT WASN'T YOUR  
FAULT! DO YOU  
HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHAT HE MIGHT  
HAVE DONE WITH  
THE MONEY, MR.  
BARBON?



DIDN'T HE  
HAVE IT  
WITH  
HIM?

NO? WE SEARCHED CAREFULLY HIS  
CLOTHES!... THE CAR? HE PROBABLY  
HID IT SOMEWHERE, PLANNING TO  
COME BACK AND GET IT! NOW,  
IT'S LOST... FOR GOOD!



I'D LIKE TO CLAIM HIS  
BODY... YOU KNOW... GIVE  
HIM A DECENT BURIAL!

OF COURSE, MR. BARBON!  
I'LL GIVE YOU A  
RELEASE!



AND SO, THAT AFTERNOON, SAN SIMPSON WAS BURIED!  
NATURALLY, PHIL HAD MADE SURE THAT SAN'S BODY  
WAS NOT IDENTIFIED...



AND WHEN THE EFFECTS OF THE FILL GEL HAD TAKEN WORK OFF, HE WOKE UP SIX FEET UNDER THE EARTH...

THE WARM THICK LIQUID CONTINUED TO SEEP INTO THE COFFIN AS THE HOURS DRAINED BY...

THE OODS RUSSELD WIGHER AND WIGHER IN THE COFFIN! IT ROSE ABOVE SAM'S EARS...

WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING STUCK...  
DROPPING INTO THE COFFIN?  
BROODY WATER? I SMELL FUNNY...



PHIL WILL BE HERE SOON! HE'LL SMELL ME UP! THEN! THAT SMELL!



PHIL? FOR HERE'S DARK! NOBODY... BEFORE I DROWN! WHAT IS THAT OODS?



SAM WAS PRESSING HIS FACE AGAINST THE SATIN LID OF THE COFFIN, SUGGESTING AT THE LAST TRACES OF AIR WITH THE DRIVING SOUNDED FROM ABOVE...

IT'S PHIL! THANK THE LORD! HURRY, PHIL! WHY WILL I BE GLAD TO SEE YOUR STUPID FACE WITH THAT DAMNED CIGARETTE... AND... AND... NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT STUFF SMELLS LIKE! OY! LORD!



AND AS PHIL LIFTED THE LID OF THE COFFIN, SAM SCREAMED AT HIM, HIS BLACK SHINING FACE RISING FROM THE SURFACE OF THE OODS-FILLED COFFIN...

IT'S OIL... PHIL!

HURT



THE CIGARETTE DANGLE FROM PHIL'S MOUTH DROPPED INTO THE THICK BLACK OIL AS HIS JAW FELL OPEN IN ASTONISHMENT! SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A BLINDING WHITE FLASH...



HEH, HEH? PHIL FORGOT AGAIN? ONLY THIS TIME, SAM BLEW UP? OF COURSE PHIL WENT TO PIECES OVER HIS BAD HABIT, TOO! BUT THE LITTLE TOWN GOT ITS OIL BOOM AFTER ALL! THE SIXTY BRAND SAM HAD HIDDEN WAS NEVER FOUND!

THEY TORE THE FLASHY CONVERTIBLE TO BITS LOOKING FOR IT! WARRA OUT A CAR ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN... A BIF AT A TIME? WE, NOW! SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR!



# LOVE STORY



I met Negra in my last year at medical school. She had come to the university that year to study medicine as an exchange student from Mecklenburg, Germany.

Dr. Justin McGill was presenting an exhibit in his field of hematology, pertaining to any of the diseases of the blood, and as I was quite interested in this study, I spent much of my free time assisting him in preparing slides of blood smears.

I had just come from the university hospital with a fresh specimen of blood taken from a patient who was a "bleeder", one in whom the constituents of fibrin do not exist in proper proportion or proper quantity, thus preventing a clot to form when bleeding takes place. Many afflicted with this blood deficiency have bled to death from a simple scratch!

Dr. McGill was conducting his hemocytology class when I entered his laboratory. I took a microscope from a wall cabinet and set it up on a table at the back of the room. I placed a few drops of the "bleeder's" non-coagulated blood on a slide and proceeded to study it under high-power.

I raised my head slowly from the eyepiece when a soft voice said in careful, precise English, "May I look at your slide?" It was a girl with seven-black hair and inquisitive dark eyes. Her face was as pale as her neatly starched laboratory frock.

She looked into my microscope. In a few seconds she said, "Hemophilic! Delayed clotting of the blood and consequent difficulty in checking hemorrhages!"

"Right!", I added, surprised at her rapid cell-detection. "It's a congenital condition inherited by males through the mother as a sex-linked character."

"I feel so sorry for the people who are afflicted with it! They can't live a normal life... they have to be so careful! There are so many strange conditions of the blood which are passed on from generation to generation", she said feebly. I thought she was just another medical student going through the usual stages of test-book hypochondria.

I soon learned that Negra was Dr. McGill's best student. She seemed obsessed with a morbid curiosity about blood. Whenever I worked in the lab, or classified types in the plasma depository, she would come to talk to me.

One day she came into the blood bank, her face more blanched than usual. I told her that she was studying too hard and required more rest. I left her in charge of the bank while I went to the medical building to see a dying friend who was waiting away from so visible disease. Incidentally, the poor fellow was a classmate and an acquaintance of Negra's!

When I came back to relieve Negra, there was a red healthy glow to her face!

A few days later, my month-and-a-half friend expired. An autopsy showed a definite pernicious anemia. Half of the blood-content of his body had dried up in the course of a few weeks. Only a month before, he had undergone a complete physical and was found well and robust! As an added shock, I found a shortage of some forty-two pints in the blood bank!

That night I took Negra to town to see a movie. We were returning about midnight when my car was stalled by a sudden rain-storm... wet wires! Negra and I sat in the front seat, watching the rain pounding on the hood and windshield. Soon I began to doze off... but I didn't sleep very long! I was jolted upright by long, deep, gurgling, heaving, inhaling sounds!

I turned towards Negra. Her lips were bloody and her mouth was stretched over the alabaster-white surface of her writhing right forearm! She was swallowing her own blood as fast as she could draw it into her spastically contracting cheeks. But she could never satiate her lustful thirst for death grew stronger, she also grew weaker! As she guzzled blood, she also lost blood!

Now all was clear to me! Negra had inherited Vampirism as an old family trait. I had read of the ancient blood-suckers of Mecklenburg! When the rain stopped, I set my car... and Negra... ablaze. She would find sweet innocent rest at last!

But why hadn't she inflicted her blood-sucking upon me? Could it be that Negra, the reluctant vampire, was in love with me?

# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

I CALL THIS NAUSEATING NURSERY NOVELETTE...

## ATTACKS OF HORROR!



ONCE UPON A TIME...LONG, LONG AGO...THERE WAS A TINY SEASIDE KINGDOM GOVERNED BY A FAT KING WHO WAS MAD ABOUT MONEY...

ONE THOUSAND...TWO THOUSAND...  
THREE THOUSAND...FOUR THOUSAND...  
FIVE...

**KING MONEYMAD!**  
**KING MONEYMAD!**

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M COUNTING MY MONEY, ROYAL ADVISOR! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M COUNTING MY MONEY! NOW I'LL HAVE TO BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN! ONE THOUSAND...TWO...

BUT KING MONEYMAD! I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! A WAY FOR YOU TO GET MORE MONEY!



THREE THOUSAND... FOUR... WHAT? YOU'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY FOR ME TO GET MORE MONEY. ROYAL ADVISOR? NOW?

TAXES, KING MONEYBAG!

TAXES, ROYAL ADVISOR? WHAT ARE TAXES?

YOU CHARGE PEOPLE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MONEY FOR FEAR FOR SOMETHING THAT'S CALLED A TAX!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU TAX PEOPLE FOR. ROYAL ADVISOR?

ANYTHING? YOU JUST FEAR OF A THING AND TAX THEM FOR IT!



THAT'S ALL THERE IS FOR IT, EH. ROYAL ADVISOR! JUST FEAR OF SOMETHING AND TAX THEM FOR IT. SHALL I RIGHT? ISSUE A DECREE, ROYAL ADVISOR...

A TAX DECREE, EH, KING MONEYBAG?

A TAX DECREE? YES! TO ALL THE TITLED PEOPLE IN MY KINGDOM... COUNTS, DUKES, LORDS, EARLS... FOR USING THEIR TITLES, I TAX THEM 10,000 PIECES OF GOLD A YEAR!

SORT OF A 'DOR TAX', EH, KING MONEYBAG? GOOD! I WILL ISSUE THE DECREE IMMEDIATELY!



AND SO, FAT KING MONEYBAG LEARNED ABOUT TAXES! HIS 'DOR TAX' WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS! MONEY POURED INTO THE ROYAL TREASURY FROM ARMY TITLE-HOLDERS ALL OVER THE KINGDOM...

SEVEN THOUSAND... EIGHT THOUSAND... NINE THOUSAND... TEN...

KING MONEYBAG? KING MONEYBAG?

ROYAL ADVISOR? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M COUNTING MY MONEY? NOW WHERE WAS I?

KING MONEYBAG! ALL TITLEHOLDERS HAVE PAID THEIR 'DOR TAX'! THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE MONEY COMING IN! THINK OF SOMETHING...



TAKE A DECREE, ROYAL ADVISOR! TO ALL OWNERS OF BOATS? A TAX OF THREE PIECES OF GOLD PER SQUARE YARD OF CANVAS IS HEREBY LEVIED!

'SAILS TAX,' OH, KING? GOOD! I'LL ISSUE THE DECREE, IMMEDIATELY!



AND SO THE 'SAILS TAX' WAS LEVIED! RATE FISHERMEN PROTESTED... BUT TO NO AVEIL...

BUT I HAVE SIXTY SQUARE YARDS OF SAILS! MY FAMILY WILL STARVE!

100 PIECES OF GOLD... OF ELSE...



... AND MONEY FLOWED INTO THE ROYAL TREASURY.

TWELVE THOUSAND... KING MONEYWAD!  
THIRTEEN THOUSAND... KING MONEYWAD!  
FOURTEEN... KING MONEYWAD!



ROYAL ADVISOR! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU... OH... WHAT'S THE GOSE? WHAT IS IT NOW?



IT'S THE 'SAILS TAX,' KING MONEYWAD! ALL SAILS HAVE BEEN TAKEN! IF NO MORE MONEY WILL BE COMING IN! NOW WHAT?

ARE THOSE EMPLOYEES STILL WANDERING AROUND THE KINGDOM, ROYAL ADVISOR? THE ONES THAT FELL FORTUNES...



YES, KING MONEYWAD!

TAKE A DECREE, ROYAL ADVISOR! BECAUSE THERE ARE TOO MANY FORTUNE TELLERS IN THE KINGDOM, EACH ONE IS TAXED 100 PIECES OF GOLD...



'EXCESS PROPHETS TAX,' OH, KING? GOOD! I'LL ISSUE THE DECREE...

AND SO THE 'EXCESS PROPHETS TAX' WAS LEVIED! ANGRY EYES? FORTUNE TELLERS PROTESTED... BUT TO NO AVEIL...

BUT I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OUT OF THE KINGDOM!

100 PIECES OF GOLD, OR YOU'LL BE STAYING HERE A LONG, LONG TIME IN A DOWNGRAM!



KING MONEYMAD'S MADNESS FOR MONEY GREW AND GREW AS MORE AND MORE POURED INTO HIS TREASURY! THE MORE HE GOT, THE MORE HE WANTED...

TAKE A DECREE, ROYAL ADVISOR! ANYONE WHO OWNS A FISHING BOAT IS TAXED 90 PIECES OF GOLD.

'POLE TAX' EN, MMS...

NOW, KING MONEYMAD'S KINGDOM WAS A FISHING KINGDOM! SINCE IT WAS LOCATED BY THE SEA, MANY PEOPLE HAD FISHING BOATS! SO, WHEN THE 'POLE TAX' WAS LEVIED...

KING MONEYMAD WAS DONE FOR ENOUGH!

NINETY PIECES OF GOLD FOR A FISHING POLE. HE'S TAKING US INTO POVERTY...



BUT THE PEOPLE OF THE KINGDOM WHO OWNED FISHING BOATS PAID THEIR 'POLE TAX' ANYWAY...

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND... THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND... THIRTY-SEVEN...

KING MONEYMAD! KING MONEYMAD!



NOW WHAT?

THE 'POLE TAX' HAS BEEN COMPLETELY COLLECTED! BUT ANY IDEAS?



TAKE A DECREE! TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE FISHES IN THEIR HOMES...

'CARPET TAX' EN!



THE PEOPLE OF KING MONEYMAD'S KINGDOM WERE FURIOUS...

90 PIECES OF GOLD BECAUSE I HAVE THAT STRAW MAT ON MY FLOOR...

A CARPET IS A CARPET! PAY UP OR ELSE...



PRACTICALLY EVERYONE HAD AT LEAST A MAT ON THEIR FLOOR! THOSE WHO COULDN'T PAY WERE DRAGGED OFF TO PRISON...

DADDY! DADDY!

NO! NO! DON'T TAKE MY HUSBAND AWAY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY THE 'CARPET TAX'! WHEN IT'S PAID, HE'LL BE RELEASED!



THE MONEY CONTINUED TO POUR  
INTO KING MONEYMAD'S TREASURY.  
SIXTY-EIGHT  
THOUSAND...  
SIXTY-NINE...

KING  
MONEYMAD!

ALL RIGHT,  
ROYAL ADVISOR!  
WHAT'S THE  
BAD NEWS?

THE 'CARPET  
TAX'! IT'S ALL  
PAID OFF!

THEN TAKE THIS DECREE,  
ROYAL ADVISOR! A TAX  
OF 20 PIECES OF GOLD  
EACH IS BEING LEVIED  
ON EVERY THING IN  
THE LAND...

'THUMB  
TAX'!

THIS TAX... THE 'THUMB TAX'... WAS THE LAST STRAW.  
THE PEOPLE HAD BEEN TAXED UNTIL THEY COULD  
PAY NO MORE...

THEY HAVE NO MORE  
MONEY, KING MONEYMAD!  
THEY CANNOT PAY THE  
'THUMB TAX'!

IF THEY CAN'T PAY THE  
'THUMB TAX'... THEN THEY  
CAN'T HAVE THEIR  
THUMBS! TAKE A  
DECREE!

WHAT DOES  
IT SAY?

IT SAYS THAT THE 'THUMB TAX'  
MUST BE PAID, OR THE THUMBS  
WILL BE REMOVED!

GASP!

THOSE WHO COULD NOT PAY WERE LINED UP OUTSIDE  
THE PALACE! THE LINE WAS VERY LONG! KING MONEY-  
MAD SAT IN THE PALACE COURTYARD NEXT TO THE AD-  
VISOR...

ALL RIGHT! BRING THEM IN...  
ONE AT A TIME...

THE KING SAYS  
BRING THEM IN...  
ONE AT A TIME...

THE FIRST MAN WAS CRACKED TO THE CHOPPING  
BLOCK...

FOR NOT PAYING YOUR  
'THUMB TAX', YOU MUST  
LOSE YOUR THUMBS...

NO! MERCY!  
MERCY!






# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELLO! YEP, KIDNOS, IT'S YOUR HOSTESS IN THE MANTLE OF FEAR, THE OLD WITON, STIRRING HER CAULDRON AGAIN, READY TO SERVE YOU ANOTHER HORROR HELPING. THE RECKING RECIPE I'VE COOKED UP THIS TIME WAS FIRST DISHED OUT BY A VERY DEAR FRIEND OF MINE, AMERICA'S FOREMOST FANTASY WRITER, **RAY BRADBURY**! SO, TUCK YOUR DRUGS UNDER YOUR CHINS, AND I'LL FEED YOU MY ADAPTATION OF MR. BRADBURY'S...

**THERE WAS AN  
OLD WOMAN!**



THE TALL DARK YOUNG MAN STOOD QUIETLY, NOT MOVING. AGENT TILDY SHOOK HER HEAD, FUSING WITH HER KNITTING...

NO? THERE'S NO USE ARGUING. I GOT MY MIND FIXED. YOU RUN ALONG WITH YOUR SILLY BROKEN BASKET, LANDLAD. WHEN'D YOU EVER GET MOTIONS LIKE THAT? YOU JUST GET OUT OF HERE AND DON'T BOTHER ME.

THE TALL DARK MAN SAT DOWN. HE JUST SAT THERE, STAREING. THE BONG-FORCLAIN, FLOWERED CLOCK ON THE MANTLEPIECED THREE. OUT IN THE HALL, ORGURED AROUND THE WICKER BASKET, FOUR MEN WAITED, DAZZLY, HARDLY MOVING, AS IF THEY WERE THERE.

NOW ABOUT THAT WICKER BASKET. IT'S NOT *JUST* FEET LONG, AND BY THE LOOK OF IT, IT'S NOT LAUNDRY. AND THOSE FOUR MEN YOU WALKED IN WITH, YOU DON'T NEED THEM TO CARRY THE BASKET. WHY, IT'S LIGHT AS A THISTLE-POFF!

THE DARK YOUNG MAN WATCHED AUNT TILTY SOMETHING IN HIS FACE SUGGESTED THAT THE BASKET WOULDN'T BE SO LIGHT AFTER A WHILE. THERE'D BE SOMETHING IN IT.

NOW WHERE'VE I SEEN A WICKER LIKE THAT BEFORE? SEEMS TO ME... OH! NOW I REMEMBER! IT WAS WHEN MRS. DRYDEN PASSED AWAY NEXT DOOR.



AUNT TILTY SETHER KNITTING DOWN STEADILY.

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR, I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKIN' TO SELL ME SOMETHING. WELL YOU JUST BET TELL *EARLY* COMES HOME, SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. WE'LL SEND YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE SO *QUICK* I'LL...



THE DARK MAN LOOKED AT AUNT TILTY AS IF SHE WERE TIED.

NOT I'M NOT! I'M NOT TIED! GREAT BONS O' SOBBEN ON THE SILBERTY FIRE, I GOT A HUNDRED COMFORTERS, TWO HUNDRED SWEATERS, AND SIX HUNDRED POE-HOLDERS IN THESE FINGERS, NO MATTER HOW BRINKT THEY ARE. YOU RUN AND COME *BACK* WHEN THEY'RE *DONE*... AND MAYBE I'LL TALK TO YOU.



THERE WAS A NOISE. THE MANTEL CLOCK BOUNDED THREE. STRANGER! IT SEEMED TO HER THAT IT HAD CHIMED THREE ONCE BEFORE.



ARE YOU JUST GOIN' TO *SIT* THEM, YOUNG MAN?

He was...

THEN, YOU DON'T NEED IF I TAKE A NAP. JUST A CAT-NAP. NOW YOU DON'T GET UP OFF THAT CHAIR. YOU SET THERE. YOU SET THERE AND DON'T COME CREEP'N' AROUND ME. JUST GOIN' TO CLOSE MY EYES FOR A WHOLE SPELL....



SO FEATHERY. NO DROWSE. NO DEEP, UNDER WATERS, ALMOST. OH, SO NICE. WHO'S THAT MOVIN' AROUND IN THE DARK WITH MY EYES CLOSED? WHO'S THAT *KISSIN'* MY CHEEK? FORGIVIN' NO. GUESS IT WAS MY THOUGHTS. ONLY DREAMIN', DRIFTIN' OFFTIN' OFF... OH!



THE CLOCK CHIMED THREE AGAIN. AUNT TILDT SAT UP. THE YOUNG MAN IN THE DARK SUIT STOOD NEAR THE DOOR. "YOU LEAVIN' SO SOON, YOUNG MARY?"

"GOOD THING! EMILY'S COMIN' HOME AND SHE'D FIX YOU. HAD TO GIVE UP, DIDN'T YOU COULDN'T CONFIDE ME, COULD YOU? WELL, YOUNG MAN, YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER COMIN' BACK TO TRY AGAIN!"



THE DARK YOUNG MAN BOWED WITH SLIGHT GRINITY. HE HAD NO INTENTION OF COMING BACK, EVER.

FINE. WHY YOU COULDN'T SET ME OUT OF THIS HOUSE. HOSIERS? WHY, I'M GOING TO KICK IN THIS WINDOW THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS. THEY'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE BOARDS AROUND ME TO... TO... BUT LOOKIN' LIKE THE CAT THAT ATE THE BIRD? SET OUT AND TOTE THAT POOL WICKER BOX WITH YOU!"



THE FOUR MEN TREADED HEAVILY OUT THE FRONT DOOR. TILDT STUDIED THE WAY THEY HANDLED THE WICKER. IF WASN'T HEAVY, YET THEY STAMMERED WITH ITS WEIGHT. SHE BLANCED ABOUT CONCERNEDLY...

"HERE, NOW? DID YOU STEAL SOME OF MY ANTIQUES? MY BOOKS? NO. THE CLOCKS? NO. WHAT YOU GOT IN THAT WICKER?"



THE DARK MAN OFFERED THE LID OF THE WICKER TO AUNT TILDT. IN PANTHIME HE WONDERED IF SHE'D LIKE TO OPEN IT AND TAKE INSIDE...

"SUREST? BET? SHAM, NO. SET OUT! SET OUT! HERE! HOSIERS!"



THE DOOR SLAMMED. THAT WAS BETTER DARNED POOL MEN WITH THEIR MAGGOTY IDEAS...

"AN, HERE COMES EMILY. ABOUT FIVE. BUT, LARD SHE LOOKS PALE AND FOMMY TODAY. WALKIN' SO SLOW..."



EMILY SHUFFLED INTO THE HALLOR, HEAD DOWN. "EMILY, I BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU. THERE WAS THE DARNDEST POOL MEN JUST HERE WITH A WICKER. GLAD YOU'RE HOME!" EMILY...



"EMILY! STOP SCREAMING!"



A WHITE-SMOKED MAN, EVIDENTLY A MORTICIAN, GLANCED UP FROM THE RECENTLY ARRIVED WOMAN AS AUNT TILLY STORMED INTO THE MORTUARY.

"MADAME! THIS IS NO FIT PLACE FOR A GENTLE WOMAN!"

"WELL, BLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY, THEN'S MY SENTIMENTS, EXACTLY. I DON'T WANT *ME* HERE! I WANT *ME HOME!*" I GOT EMILY TO FEEL! SWATHERS TO *KNIT!* GLOVES TO *WIND!*"

THE MORTICIAN LOOKED AT HER, THEN AT THE WICKED, HE MOUTHED HIS WORDS WITH APPARENT RELISH, AND A WINKING OF HIS EYES, TUBES, JARS AND INSTRUMENTS...

"MADAME! I HAVE *WORK* TO DO! A BODY HAS ARRIVED!"

"YOU LAY SO MUCH AS A *DEFENSE* ON THAT BODY AND I'LL THROAT YOU!"

THE MORTICIAN OPENED THE WICKED LID GRABBERLY THEN, IN A MOMENTARY SERIES OF SOMETHINGS, HE REALIZED THAT THE BODY *WAS*. IT SEEMED, COULD IT BE...

"OH, THIS LADY, HERE? SHE IS... RELATIVE?"

"WORTH POOL, ME? DO YOU HEART ME? I WANT MY BODY BACK!"

THE MORTICIAN CONSIDERED THE IDEA, HE SHOOK HIS HEAD.

"NO THINGS LIKE THIS DON'T *SUPPLY* SECRET! SHOW HER OUT! GET HELP FROM THE *OTHERS!* I CAN'T WORK WITH A *GRAND* PRESENT!"

THE FOUR MEN ASSEMBLED AND CONVERSED. AUNT TILLY WAS A LONE FORTRESS, ARMS CROSSED IN DEFIANCE.

"DON'T *BOSS* THEM!"

SHE REPEATED THIS AS SHE WAS EVICTED IN CON-CESSIONS, MOVES, LIKE A PAWN ON A CHESSBOARD, FROM THE LABORATORY. FINALLY, SHE SAT DOWN ON A CHAIR IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE FUNERAL PARLOR. THERE WERE FEW BOYS BACK INTO SILENCE, AND A FLOWER SMELL...

"YOU CAN'T SIT *THERE*, MA'AM! THAT'S WHERE THE *BODY* RESTS FOR THE *SERVICES* THROUSE!"

"I'M *SITTING* HERE! TELL I GET WHAT I WANT!"

MR. GARRINGTON, MORTUARY PRESIDENT, HEARD THE DISRUPTION AND CAME TROUBLE DOWN THE AISLE TO INVESTIGATE.

"HERE, HERE! MORE RESPECT FOR MADAME. MAY I HELP YOU?"

"GO IN THAT *BACK ROOM* THERE AND TELL THAT *EAGER* INVESTIGATOR TO *QUIT* FOOLING WITH MY BODY!"

MR. CARRINGTON HURRIED OFF AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF COMPARING NOTES WITH THE MORTICIAN BEHIND CLOSED DOORS. HE RETURNED, THREE SHADES WHITER.

MR. CARRINGTON: "THAT IS... MOST IRREGULAR! MOST IRREGULAR! MOST IRREGULAR!"



BUT HE'S ALREADY PUMPING THE BLOOD FROM THE BODY!



WHAT?

YES, YES. SO, YOU JUST GO AWAY, NOW. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE. THE BLOOD'S RUNNING AND SOON THE BODY'LL BE ALL FILLED WITH RICE FRESH FORMALDEHYDE, AND BESIDES... HE'S ALSO PERFORMING A SILENT AUTOPSY!



CUT-THAT WE IS NOT

IF-YET TO DETERMINE CAUSES OF DEATH, Y'KNOW, HE



WASH STRAIGHT IN AND FEEL THAT CUM-UP TO PUMP ALL THAT FINE NEW ENGLAND BLOOD RIGHT BACK INTO THAT FINE-SKINNED BODY! AND IF HE'S TAKEN ANYTHING OUT OF HIM TO ATTACH IT BACK IN SO IT'LL FUNCTION PROPER! YOU HEAR?



THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, MORTUARY!



ALL RIGHT! I'M GETTIN' HERE. THE NEXT TWO HUNDRED YEARS! YOU HEAR? AND ANYTIME ANYONE COMES NEAR ME, I'LL SPIT SETOPLASM RIGHT DOWN UP THEIR LEFT NOSTRIL.



YOU, YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT? NO, YOU'LL DELEGATE OUR BUSINESS! YOU WOULDN'T.



OH, WOULDN'T I?

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR BODY BACK.

HA?



AUNT TILLY SHOUTED IN TRIUMPH  
THEN... WITH CAUTION.

INTACT! NO  
FORMAL DENTIST!

INTACT! NO  
FORMAL DENTIST!



BLOOD  
BACK IN  
IT!

BLOOD, MY BOO, FEEL  
BLOOD! IF YOU'LL  
ONLY TAKE IT AND  
GO?



FAIR ENOUGH  
FIX 'ER UP.  
IT'S A DEAL.

I'LL... TELL THE  
MORTICIAN.



AUNT TILLY DIDN'T LOOK AT THE BODY MUCH. HER  
ONLY COMMENT WAS...

NATURAL LOOKIN'. EASY! EASY! PUT THE WICKER  
BARREL DOWN 'T'HE FLOOR WHERE I CAN STEP  
IN IT.



THEN SHE LET HERSELF FALL BACK INTO THE  
WICKER. A BITING SENSATION OF ARTIS GOLDNESS.  
A GREAT UNLIKELY HAZARD, AND A CHOO! WHORLING,  
LIKE TWO DROPS OF WATER FUSING TOGETHER.  
WATER TRYING TO SEEP INTO CONCRETE...



THE MORTUARY PEOPLE WATCHED AUNT TILLY'S WHIS-  
GLES... TRYING TO ASSIST WITH BOOSTING AND  
GRUNTING MOVES OF THEIR ARMS AND HANDS. KEEP-  
ING INTO COLD GRANITE. SEEPING INTO A FROZEN  
STATE... SQUEEZING ALL THE WAY.



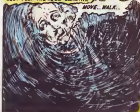
THE BODY HALF ROLLS, BUSTLING IN THE DRY  
WICKER.

SEE! FEEL!



COME ALIVE, BORN YE! RAISE UP  
A BIT...

LIGHT ENTERED THE HORRID BLIND EYES. THE BODY FELT THE ROOM WARMTH...



MOVE... WALK...

THE BODY TOOK A CREASINGLY UNSTEADY STEP. THE BODY WALKED...



NOW... SPEAK! MUCH DELICED. THANK YOU NOW... GRY!

AND AUNT TILLY BEGAN TO CRY TEARS OF UTTER HAPPINESS...

AND NOW, ANY AFTERNOON ABOUT FOUR IF YOU WANT TO VISIT AUNT TILLY, YOU JUST WALK AROUND AND KNOCK ON HER DOOR. THERE'S A BIG BLACK FUNERAL BREADTH ON IT... BUT DON'T WIND THAT. AUNT TILLY LEFT IT THERE. SHE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR. JUST RAP ON THE DOOR AND SHE'LL SAY...



IS IT THE MAN IN BLACK?

NO. IT'S ONLY ME, AUNT TILLY!

SHE'LL UNLOCK THE DOUBLE-BARRED, TRIPLE-LOCKED DOOR AND SHE'LL LAUGH AND SAY...



COME IN... QUICKLY!

AND SHE'LL... WHEN THE DOOR OPENS AND ELEM IT SHUT BEHIND YOU SO NO MAN-IN-BLACK CAN EVER SLIP IN WITH YOU. THEN SHE'LL ESCORT YOU IN, AND MABBE POAN YOU SOME TEA... AND MABBE... IF YOU'RE SPECIALLY GOOD, SHE'LL GIVE YOU A PRESENT. SHE'LL UNFASTEN THE WHITE LACE AT HER NECK AND CHEST AND, FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, SHOW WHAT LIES BENEATH... THE LONG BLUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY SCAR.



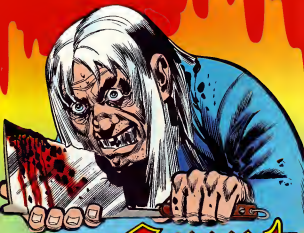
NOT BAD SEWING FOR A MAN!

HEL, HEET YEA, FRIENDS. THAT'S AUNT TILLY'S STORY. THE WAY RAY BRADSHAW TOLD IT TIME.



I HOPE YOU LOVED MY LITTLE SERVING OF SHIVERS FOR THIS ISSUE OF S.F.'S MAG. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE KAGGLE-KEEPEE'S. THE KAGGLE OF HORROR '87E. NOW!





# The Crypt Keeper

**TERROR**



**NO. 35**  
**APR - MAY**

# TALES



**REPRINT  
EDITION**

**FROM THE**

# CRYPT

®

**FEATURING...**



**THE CRYPT-KEEPER**



**THE OLD WITCH**



**THE VAULT-KEEPER**



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEY, HEY! WELCOME BACK, **FIERD!** WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE **CRYPT OF TERROR!** THIS IS YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, THE **CRYPT-KEEPER**, READY TO NARRATE ANOTHER HAUSEATING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION! SO COME IN! SIT DOWN ON THAT SACK OF SILVER DOLLARS THERE AND I'LL **FEED!** THIS STORY HAPPENED TO A YOUNG CHAP NAMED **PETER!** IT'S IN HIS **FEET OWN WORDS!** I'LL TELL IT TO YOU THE WAY HE TOLD IT TO ME! HE CALLED THIS **SPINE-TINGLING, HAIR-STANDING, BLOOD-FREEZER...**

## BY THE FRIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON!



MY NAME IS **PETER GRINA**, I AM FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, MY FATHER, ALSO **GRINA**, HAD BROUGHT ME AND MY BROTHER **EDWARD** TO THIS COUNTRY FROM HUNGARY SOON AFTER THE END OF THE LAST WAR, WITH THE MEAGER AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT MY FATHER HAD MANAGED TO SAVE. HE'D BOUGHT A SMALL FARM IN THE MID-WEST. EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING ALONG FINE FOR US WHEN...

"PAPA! PAPA! COME QUICKLY!"

WHAT IS IT, EDWARD?

HE IS WHITE AS A GHOST, PAPA!



IT'D HAPPENED ABOUT A YEAR AFTER HE'D ARRIVED IN AMERICA. EDWARD, MY YOUNGER BROTHER, HAD BEEN OUT IN THE FIELDS. SUDDENLY, HE'D COME CRASHING ACROSS THE FARMYARD, SCREAMING FOR MY FATHER.

THERE'S A DEAD MAN, PAPA! IN THE CORN-FIELD! COME QUICKLY!

A DEAD MAN? WHERE? SHOW ME!

I'M COMING TOO!



I FOLLOWED MY FATHER AND EDWARD TO THE CORNFIELD. THE MAN WAS THERE, ALL RIGHT! ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HIM! HE'D BEEN HORRIBLY MUTILATED... AS THOUGH

TOO GOOD FOR HIM. HE'S ATTACKED... BY A WILD BEAST!

BUT PAPA! THERE ARE NO WILD BEASTS AROUND HERE!

EDWARD IS RIGHT, PAPA!



THEN... THEN IT IS THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF?

A WERE-WOLF?

PAPA!



MY FATHER LOOKED AT EDWARD AND ME, A SHAKEN GLANCE HIS FACE.

I'D THOUGHT THAT WE HAD LEFT SUCH HORRORS AS WERE-WOLVES BEHIND US... IN HUNGARY! I SEE THAT I AM WRONG!

ARE YOU SURE, PAPA? ARE YOU SURE IT IS A WERE-WOLF?



HE TURNED AND STARTED BACK TO THE HOUSE.

I AM SURE, EDWARD! COME! WE MUST GO TO THE TOWN... TO TELL THEM WHAT WE HAVE FOUND!

YES, PAPA!

PAPA! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL THEM I MEAN...



NO, PETER! I AM NOT GOING TO TELL THEM THAT I THINK IT IS THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF! THEY WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT... ANYWAY!

WEREWOLVES IN AMERICA! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF!



SO MY FATHER DROVE US INTO TOWN, MY BROTHER EDWARD AND MYSELF, AND SOON OUR LITTLE TOWN WAS ALIVE WITH THE GURGLING WHO CAME OUT FROM ALL AROUND TO SEE THE CORN CASE...

TOWN TO SHAME!

HOORAY! CHORUS!



THE SHERIFF QUESTIONED MY FATHER FOR SOME TIME...

AND YOU HEARD NO... I HEARD  
SOUNDS, MR. SHERIFF! NOTHING!  
NO GRUES... LAST  
NIGHT?



I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT  
COULD HAVE DONE IT! IT  
LOOKS LIKE A WILD  
ANIMAL ATTACKED HIM,  
YET WE AIN'T GOT  
NOTHIN' LIKE THAT  
YOUNG HERE! ANY  
IDEAS, MR. SHERIFF?



I I  
HAVE  
NONE!

MEANWHILE, MY YOUNGER BROTHER  
WAS MESSING WITH THE LOCAL  
FARM-BOYS...

MAYBE IT  
WAS AN  
ESCAPED  
LION...FROM  
A CIRCUS?

AN, WE  
WOULDN'T  
HEARD  
ABOUT  
IT ON  
THE  
RADIO!

MY PAPA  
SAID IT  
WAS A  
WEREWOLF!



A...A  
WEREWOLF?

WHAT'S  
THAT?

A WEREWOLF IS A  
HUMAN BEING WHO  
CHANGES WHEN THE  
FULL MOON COMES  
UP, INTO A HORRIBLE  
FLESH-OR-BONE  
WOLF!



AM! SOME  
BOOK STUFF!  
WHO BELIEVES  
IN THAT JUNK?

IN MY OLD COUNTRY,  
IN HUNGARY, THE  
PEOPLE THERE  
BELIEVE IN  
WEREWOLVES!

EDWARD?



TELL THEM, PETER! TELL  
THEM THAT THERE REALLY  
ARE SUCH THINGS AS  
WEREWOLVES!

MY MY BROTHER  
HAS A VIVID  
IMAGINATION!  
YOU... YOU SHOULD  
EXCUSE HIM!  
SOME THINGS,  
EDWARD!

But  
WE  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
HIM, ANY-  
WAY!



I PUSHED EDWARD INTO THE HOUSE...

WHY DON'T  
YOU LEARN  
TO KEEP YOUR  
BIG MOUTH  
SHUT?

BUT WHAT HARM  
IS THERE IN  
TALKING ABOUT  
WEREWOLVES?

WEREWOLVES?  
GEE! WHO  
SAID SOME-  
THIN' 'BOUT  
WEREWOLVES?



IT WAS SHERIFF HUSSON? HE'D OVERHEARD US! HE STOOD THERE, GLARING DOWN AT US! HIS BUSHY EYEBROWS ARCHED...

WELL...WHAT ABOUT WEREWOLVES?

IF NOTHING, SIR? WE DIDN'T SAY...

FATHER SAYS IT'S THE WORK OF A WEREWOLF. THAT'S ALL I KNOW!

FORWARD?

OH, HE DID SO! HEY? WE CAME FROM A WEREWOLF, DID WE?

IN HUNGARY? WHERE THERE ARE MANY WEREWOLVES! DURING THE DAY, THEY ARE JUST LIKE ORDINARY HUMAN BEINGS. BUT ON THE NIGHT THAT THE MOON IS FULL...THEY CHANGE...

THEY CHANGE INTO A WOLF. EAT AND THEY EAT HUMAN FLESH?

W-WHY, SHERIFF? YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM, DON'T YOU?

PETER! I DO! OKAY, BOYS! LET'S GO! WHAP THAT CRITTER IN A KNOCK AND LET'S CLEAN OUT OF HERE!

OHAY, SHERIFF!

AFTER THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES AND THE TOWNSFOLK HAD LEFT OUR FARM, I TOLD MY FATHER ABOUT EDWARD. AND HIS OWN MOUTH...

...AND HE TOLD EVERYBODY. EVEN THE SHERIFF!

WELL! I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH. PETER! THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT, ANYWAY!

BUT FATHER WAS WRONG! SHERIFF HUSSON WENT BACK TO TOWN TO HIS OFFICE AND...

HARDLY HE THAT ALMANAC THERE, HERE? SOMETHING I WANT TO LOOK UP!

SURE THING, SHERIFF! MORE YARE!

SHERIFF HUSSON FLIPPED THROUGH THE PAGES OF THE ALMANAC...FOUNDED WHAT HE WANTED...AND STOOD IT FOR SOME TIME...

KNOW SOMETHING, HENRY? LAST NIGHT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!

FULL MOON? SO WHAT?

SHERIFF HADSON MADE A TRIP TO THE TOWN LIBRARY AFTER THAT! HE WANTED TO READ UP ON...

WEREWOLVES? OH, DEAR! LET ME SEE! W...B! W... WEREWOLVES! AH... YES, WE HAVE A BOOK THAT COVERS THE SUBJECT...

LET ME SEE IT, EN, MISS FURLETT!



ABOUT A MONTH LATER, I WAS AWAKENED FROM A FITFUL SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF A DISTANT HOWLING. I GOT UP AND RAN TO MY FATHER'S BEDROOM. HE WAS FAST ASLEEP...

PAPER WOULD...

HUNT RETENT THAT YOU...



WE SAT FOR A WHILE LISTENING TO THE HOWLS! MY FATHER REASSURED ME, PUTTING MY BACK...

PROBABLY JUST AN OLD DOG HOWLING AT THE MOON, MY SON! SO BACK TO SLEEP!

I-Y-YES, PAPA!



BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY...

PETER! SOMEONE'S HAMMERING ON THE DOOR! WAKE UP!

WHA...? OH, FORWARD! WHO IS IT?



WE HEARD ANGRY VOICES! WE TIPTOED TO THE KITCHEN! FATHER WAS ARGUING WITH SOME MEN! SHERIFF HADSON WAS WITH THEM...

NO! YOU ARE WRONG! I AM NO WEREWOLF! I SWEAR IT!

YOU'VE COME FROM HUNGARY, DON'T YOU? WOLFSGRAVE STONED IN HUNGARY!



WE COVERED IN THE DOORWAY... FRIGHTENED... LISTENING...

YES! BUT I...

WE FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM! HE WAS KILLED TONIGHT! TURN TO PAGES AND PARTIALLY EATEN! THERE'S A FULL MOON OUT TONIGHT, WEREWOLVES AT LARGE WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!



AND WE REMEMBERED! WE DIDN'T HAVE NO KILLING LIKE THIS BEFORE YOU'VE COME HERE!

WE DIDN'T HAVE NO KILLING LIKE THIS BEFORE YOU'VE COME HERE!

SO HOW MUST WE THE WEREWOLF...



THEY GRABBED MY FATHER AND DROGGED HIM FROM THE HOUSE.

PAPA! PAPA!

WE KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF A WEREWOLF, DEEPAH HARK, HERE, CURED A SILVER BULLET!



PAPA... SOB... PAPA...

HE... HE'S DEAD, EDWARD! THEY KILLED HIM!



EDWARD LOOKED AT ME WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES...

PAPA WASN'T... SOB... THE WEREWOLF WAS HE, PETER? SOB... SOB...

NO! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN! I SAW HIM TONIGHT, SLEEPING IN HIS ROOM!



EDWARD'S FACE BEGAN GRIMACE AS HE CHOKED BACK HIS TEARS.

I'LL GET HIM! I'LL GET THE WEREWOLF! I KNOW WHO IT IS! I CAN TELL!

WHO, EDWARD? WHO IS IT?



IT'S THAT SHERIFF! DID YOU EVER NOTICE THE WAY HIS EYEBROWS BROW TOGETHER? THAT'S THE SIGN OF A WEREWOLF! NEXT MONTH, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, I'LL WAIT FOR HIM, AND...

WHAT CAN YOU DO, EDWARD? YOU HAVE NO POW... NO SILVER BULLET!



NO, BUT I HAVE THESE! A SLAND-CHOP! AND A SILVER DOLLAR!

A SLAND-CHOP! AND A SILVER DOLLAR! BUT HOW CAN YOU KILL A WEREWOLF WITH A SILVER DOLLAR...





IT TOOK EDWARD MANY DAYS TO FILE DOWN THE EDGE OF THE SILVER DOLLAR TILL IT WAS razor-sharp...

YOU SEE, PETER! ONCE I HAVE SHARPENED THE EDGE, I WILL HAVE A LETHAL SILVER MISSILE...

AND YOU WILL FIRE IT WITH THE BLIND-SHOT?



AND SO I TOO SET ABOUT SHARPENING THE EDGE OF A SILVER DOLLAR, AND FASHIONING A POWERFUL BLIND SHOT...



...AND WHEN THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON CAME, MY YOUNGER BROTHER, EDWARD AND I WERE READY...

DOBE, PETER! IT IS TIME! WE MUST GO.

YES, EDWARD!



EXACTLY! I MEAN TO AVENGE OUR FATHER'S DEATH! HE WAS INNOCENT! AND I WILL PROVE IT!

WE WILL DO IT TOGETHER, EDWARD! IN THREE WEEKS, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, WE WILL CLEAR OUR FATHER'S NAME TOGETHER!



WE CROSSED THE FIELDS TOWARD TOWN... LISTENING, HOPING...

NOTHING! WHAT WAS THAT?

I HEARD NOTHING, EDWARD!



AND THEN WE SAW IT... A SHADOWY FIGURE STEALING DOWN A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD...

LOOK! IS THAT HIM? UP AHEAD?

LET'S SEPARATE, PETER! YOU GO THAT WAY! I'LL GO THIS WAY!



BEFORE I COULD OBJECT, EDWARD HAD DARTED OFF INTO THE WOODS! I STOOD THERE FOR A MOMENT... HESITATING! THEN I SWUNG OFF INTO THE TREES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD! WE WERE GOING TO CIRCLE AROUND, CUT HIM OFF! SUDDENLY...



I RAN AS FAST AS I COULD TOWARD THE SCREAMING...SLIPPING THE RAZOR-SHARP SILVER DOLLAR INTO THE SLING-SHOT...

EDWARD? I'M COMING!  
I'M COMING!



AS I BURST OUT INTO THE CLEARING, I SAW IT! A HORRIBLE, HAIRY, RED-EYED CREATURE...ITS MOUTH DRIPPING BLOOD...BANGING OVER ITS VICTIM...

EDWARD? I... OH, MY LORD!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE TO HIM...



I TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



...AND LET MY THUMB-SHOT SOUL...



THE SILVER DOLLAR ENTERED THE WEREWOLF'S THUNDERING THROAT...



...AND IT PITCHED FORWARD! AND THEN AS I WATCHED, THOSE DISTASTING FANGS SHRAAK...THE HAIR DISAPPEARED...THE EYES DARK-ENED...AND THE AGONIZED FACE OF MY YOUNGER BROTHER TOOK SHAPE...

EDWARD, GHOST!  
OH, GOD...EDWARD...



HEH, HEH! YEP, KIDDER! FOUNO  
EDWARD WAS THE WEREWOLF ALL  
ALONG! ONLY HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW  
IT! AND THAT'S THE STORY THE WAY  
PETER DEEMED TOLD IT TO ME! YEP!  
THAT NIGHT, HE AND EDWARD DID  
CLEAR THEIR FATHER'S NAME!  
MISSED UP EDWARD'S, THOUGH! OH,

BY THE WART  
PETER'S GIVEN ME  
A NICE REASON!  
THINK I'LL TURN  
IT OVER TO THE  
OLD WITCH!  
IT'S FOR  
HOMELAND  
HONOR-OSH!  
SEE YOU LATER!  
Y E. ARATS!



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEY, HEY! LOOKS LIKE *SUPERNATURAL* IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY, FRIENDS! I.E., TOLD YOU A *WEREWOLF* STORY, SO I'LL TELL YOU ONE ABOUT *VAMPIRES*! WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! THIS IS YOUR *VAMP-KEEPER* SHINING! I CALL THIS BLOOD-CURDLING TALE FROM MY BLOODY COLLECTION

## MIDNIGHT MESS!



THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE OF THE VILLAGE HALL CHIMED FIVE AS HAROLD HADISON MOVED ACROSS THE SQUARE FROM THE RAILROAD STATION. IN THE DISTANCE, THE TRAIN WHISTLED OFF INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT. HAROLD RACED UP THE CLOCK TOWER STILL ECHOING THE LAST DRINK, LOOKED AROUND AT THE QUIET BUILDINGS LINED THE SQUARE, AND CHUCKLED.



THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS STRANGELY DESERTED. HAROLD SET DOWN HIS VALISE AND SCRATCHED HIS HEAD...



NOBODY AROUND? NO CARS?  
NO NOTHING? WELL, NOW  
MY GLASS WILL I FIND  
MY SISTER'S HOUSE? ALL  
I KNOW IS THE ADDRESS!

A NERVOUS LOOKING OLD MAN CAME OUT OF ONE OF THE SMALL STORES, LOOKED THE DOOR, AND HURRIED ACROSS THE SQUARE TOWARD HAROLD. HE KEPT LOOKING AROUND AS IF HE WERE BEING FOLLOWED-HAROLD CALLED TO HIM...



HEY! HEY, WHO? WHERE'S  
SHORE STREET? YES  
SHORE STREET?

EH! SHORE STREET?  
WEST... TWO BLOCKS!  
THEN EAST... THREE! BUT  
YOU'D BETTER HURRY!  
IT'S GETTING DARK!

THE NERVOUS OLD MAN TROTTED ON PAST HAROLD, NOT EVEN STOPPING FOR AN INSTANT.



SO IT'S GETTING  
DARK? SO WHAT?

YOU'RE A  
STRANGER  
HERE, AREN'T  
YOU? YOU DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT  
THEM!



NO? I DON'T!  
BT...KNOW  
ABOUT WHAT?

THE  
VAMPIRES?



THE...THE WHO?  
THE VAMPIRES?  
OH, OH...

BETTER  
HURRY! I'LL  
BE GUNDOWN  
SOON, VAMPIRES  
COME OUT AFTER  
SUNDOWN!

THEN THE OLD MAN WAS GONE, UP A NARROW ALLEY! HAROLD LAUGHED AND CONTINUED ON ACROSS THE SQUARE. A SIGN CAUGHT HIS EYE...



AN? A RESTAURANT? I  
COULD DO WITH A BITE TO  
EAT! I'M STARVED!

THE RESTAURANT WAS SMALL, BUT THE MIRRORRED WALL AT THE FAR END MADE IT APPEAR MUCH LARGER THAN IT ACTUALLY WAS, EXCEPT FOR ONE OR TWO PEOPLE WHO WERE FINISHING THEIR MEALS, THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. A WAITER CAME FORWARD...



I, I'M SORRY, BUT BUT WE  
ARE CLOSING! IT IS ALMOST  
DARK, YOU KNOW!

WHAT THE...? FOR  
FOOD? WHAT IF IT IS  
GETTING DARK? IT'S  
DINNER TIME...AND  
I'M HUNGRY!

THE WAITER SHOOK HIS HEAD  
WE CLOSE IN ORDER  
THAT OUR HELP MAY  
GET HOME BEFORE  
SUNDOWN, SIR? THE  
VAMPIRES, YOU KNOW?



VAMPIRES?  
WHAT  
VAMPIRES?

FOR A MOMENT THE WAITER  
STARED AT HAROLD, THEN HIS  
EYES FELL TO HIS SUITCASE...  
OH! YOU'RE A  
STRANGER  
HERE! THEN  
YOU DO NOT  
KNOW WHAT IS  
HAPPENING!



HIS? DON'T!  
WHAT'S THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVENTEEN  
CASES SO FAR. BODIES FOUND  
WITH EVERY DROP OF BLOOD  
DRAINED OUT OF  
THEM. THE WHOLE TOWN  
IS IN THE GRIP OF FEAR.  
IT'S THE WORK OF  
VAMPIRES!



HAH!  
NO  
SUCH  
THING!

EVERYTHELESS, I SUGGEST  
THAT YOU GET TO WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING BEFORE  
IT BECOMES DARK AND  
THE VAMPIRES BEGIN  
TO ROAM THE STREETS  
LOOKING FOR A VICTIM!



GRANT GRANT! I'M  
GOING! WHERE'S GAZZ  
SHAKE STREET?  
CAN YOU TELL ME  
THAT?

OF COURSE! WEST...TWO BLOCKS!  
THEN EAST...THREE! GOOD-NIGHT!



GOOD-NIGHT!  
EVERY-  
BODY IN THIS  
NEIGHBORHOOD FAM-  
PIRED! HMMH!

HAROLD STALKED THROUGH THE TOWN TOWARD HIS  
SISTER'S HOUSE. AS HE WENT, HE COULD HEAR DOORS  
BEING LOCKED AND BOLTED, BURGLES BEING CHASED,  
FINALLY...



YES! WHO'S  
OUT THERE?

SUNDOWN! IT'S ME!  
HAROLD! YOUR BROTHER!

HAROLD'S SISTER THREW OPEN THE DOOR...



HAROLD! YOU...YOU  
WEREN'T OUT THERE...  
IN THE DARK!

OH, NOT DOWNS! I CAN'T  
TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN  
THIS VAMPIRE BUSINESS,  
FOOT!

DONNA LOOKED AND BOLTED THE DOOR BEHIND HAROLD, AND TURNED TO FACE HIM, HER EYES WIDE IN TERROR.

OF COURSE I BELIEVE IN THE VAMPIRES! SEVENTEEN VILLAGERS MURDERED ALREADY! BLOOD-SPAINED! WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT...?

DONNA? THERE'RE NO SUCH THINGS, ADVANTAGES! THEY'RE MYTHS...



PERRAPS... PERRAPS THERE'S A HORRORICAL MANIAC LOOSE IN THIS TOWN? CERTAINLY THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION! BUT NOT VAMPIRES, IT'S RIDICULOUS!

ALL RIGHT, HAROLD! BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT TO BELIEVE! NOW LET'S FORGET ABOUT IT! COME INSIDE! TELL ME WHY THE DOORPSE KUFF!



WELL? WAS ON MY WAY TO THE DOOR! AND I THOUGHT IT DROOP IN ON YOU...

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, HAROLD! YOU'RE LOOKING WELL!

THAT NIGHT, HAROLD WASHON COULD NOT SLEEP! HE TOUNG AND TURNED ON THE GO! DONNA HAD SET UP FOR HIM. FINALLY HE GOT UP AND OVERDRESS...

GUESS I'LL GO FOR A WALK!



OUT INTO THE DESERTED STREETS, HAROLD MOVED...DOWN SILENT DARK SIDEWALKS...TOWARD THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

WAS FINE! HAROLD!



EVERY DOOR, EVERY WINDOW THAT HAROLD PASSED WAS LOOKED UP TIGHT AND DARK! THE VILLAGE SQUARE WAS EMPTY AND SILENT...

NOT A POLICE OUT? THEY SURE HOLL THIS TOWN UP TIGHTER'N A DRUM AFTER DARK!



AND THEN HE HEARD IT...THE LAUGHTER AND THE GAY CHATTER, IT CAME FROM A FAMILIAR BUILDING...

WELL, I'LL BE!...THE RESTAURANT I WAS IN THIS AFTERNOON! IT'S OPEN! THERE'RE PEOPLE GOING IN!



THE RESTAURANT WAS ALL LIT UP. PEOPLE SAT AT TABLES, TALKING AND EATING. HAROLD WENT IN...



THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T SLEEP! I WAS HUNGRY! GUESS I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT!

HAROLD SAT DOWN AT A TABLE! HE LOOKED AROUND AT THE PEOPLE SEATED NEAR HIM. A WAITER APPROACHED: A DIFFERENT ONE FROM THE ONE HE'D SPOKE TO EARLIER...



CERTAINLY ARE SOME QUERK LOOKING CHARACTERS OUT THE TIME OF NIGHT?

WILL YOU HAVE THE DINNER, SIR... OR WOULD YOU...

THE WAITER LOOKED AT HAROLD WITH DARK PIERCING EYES... HAROLD SMILED UNCOMFORTABLY...



OK, SIR... THE DINNER WILL BE ROAST WITH FINE? OR... WHAT'S THE MEAT TONIGHT?

ROAST... BOOY... ROAST WITH PRINCE-FRIED COFFEE... SHEET!

HAROLD LICKED HIS LIPS...



GODD! SAY I AM HUNGRY! HEH, HEH!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

THE WAITER WENT AWAY AND CAME BACK WITH A GLASS OF JUICE...



AM I TOMATO JUICE?

VERY FUNNY!

HAROLD SIPPED THE CHILLED JUICE IN THE GLASS. IT TASTED SALTIER THAN USUAL... AND THINNER...



UM? OH, WELL! CAN'T EXPECT MUCH IN A SMALL-BOY'S RESTAURANT! THE WAITER'S LOOKING AT ME! I'D BETTER FINISH IT!

THE SOUP WAS HOT... BUT IT TOO WAS SALTIER THAN HAROLD WOULD'VE LIKED.



STRANGEST TASTING BOUILLION I'VE EVER HAD! RICHER THAN USUAL, TOO...

DO YOU LIKE YOUR ROAST CLOVE WELL-DONE OR MEDIUM...







IN THE OLD DAYS, HUMANS HUNTED THEIR OWN FOOD... PREPARED IT THEMSELVES! HARBOLD TOO! IN THE LEGENDS, HUNTED THEIR OWN HORMONES! BUT NOW, WE, JUST LIKE MODERN MAN, LEAVE THE HUNTING TO THE PROFESSIONALS! WE LEAVE THE PREPARING TO THE PROFESSIONALS, TOO...

YOU WEAR...



THIS RESTAURANT SERVES BLOOD DISHES... LIKE A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT SERVES VEGETABLE DISHES. BLOOD-JUICE-COCKTAIL... HOT BLOOD-CONSCIENCE... ROAST BLOOD-CLOTS... FRENCH-FRIED BLOOD... BLOOD SHERBET...

CHUCK...



I'M SORRY, HAROLD! LIKE THE OTHER SEVENTEEN THAT HUNTERED INTO THIS RESTAURANT, YOU WILL HAVE TO BE SILENCED! I CANNOT SAVE YOU!

THE TAP! BRING THE TAP!



HAROLD WAS LIFTED ROBBILY BY THE GRINLING CROWD OF VAMPIRES WHILE HIS SISTER LOOKED ON UNCONCERNEDLY. ONE VAMPIRE BROUGHT A ROPE! ANOTHER... THE TAP...

TIE UP HIS FEET!

STRUNG HIM UP!

A PARTY!



AND SO HAROLD WAS STRUNG UP... HEAD DOWN! THE TAP WAS INSERTED INTO HIS JUGULAR VEIN! AND EACH OF THE VAMPIRES CAME, ONE BY ONE, AND FILLED ITS GLASS...

NOTHING LIKE THE REAL STUFF!

I'LL TRY...



RICH, RICH! AND THAT'S THE STORY, KIDDIES! THAT'S WHAT "UNHOLY" VAMPIRES DO THESE DAYS! THEY DINE IN BLOODTARIAN RESTAURANTS, OPEN BUNDOON TO SUNRISE WHERE THERE'S ONE IN FOUR TOWN. YOU ASK? WELL, SOME ASK! IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT, LOOK FOR IT! YOU CAN TELL IT BY THE EYES INSIDE! IT'S IN RED... AND IT SAYS "FOURTEEN" NO VAMPIRE THE BATTERED!" THE BOY WHO STARTED THIS CHAIN OF DRINKERIES IS A VAMPIRE BURNING!

HE KNOWS THERE'S A "BURNER" SOME EVERY MINUTE! NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER! "BYE!"

HERE'S A YARN THAT FIGURES  
TO END UP PRETTY HORRIBLE...

# BUSTED MARRIAGE!



JEFFREY HORN WAS A DESPERATE MAN. HE WANTED MONEY. HE WANTED THE COMFORTS MONEY COULD BRING HIM. AND LOUISE BRITTLING WAS RICH... VERY RICH, SO HE SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE... AND PROPOSED...

YOU'RE... VERY RICH, JEFFREY... BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU...! Besides... I'M TEN YEARS OLDER THAN YOU!

LOUISE! AGE DOESN'T MATTER. I LOVE YOU. THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT! I WISH YOU COULD FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO LOVE ME!

I... I...

BUT JEFFREY HORN WAS NOT ONE TO GIVE UP EASILY. HE'D HEARD ABOUT THE LITTLE SHOP DOWNTOWN WITH THE STRANGE NATIVE PROPRIETOR...

I FOLLOWED HER WHEREVER SHE WENT. I PICKED UP THESE HAIR CLIPPINGS AND NAIL CLIPPINGS IN HER BEAUTY PARLOR! YOU SAID YOU'D HEED THEM...

GOOD! GOOD! NOW! YOU SAY YOU WANT TO MARRY ME...!



YES! I WANT HER TO CONSENT TO BE MY WIFE! I WANT US TO BE MARRIED.

LEAVE ME CLIPPING FROM YOUR HAN AND NAILS. AND COME BACK TOMORROW! I WILL BE READY!



THE NEXT DAY... WHY THERE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN DOLLAR DOLLARS THE GINGERBREADS ON WEDDING CAKES

NOT WHITE, MR. MORN! THERE ARE WOODS DOLLARS! THE BRIDE REPRESENTS MISS BRITTLING...



AND THE GROOM REPRESENTS YOU TAKE THEM HOME! PUT THEM SOME-PLACE SAFE FROM HARM. WHATEVER HAPPENS TO THESE DOLLARS, HAPPENS TO THE PERSON THEY REPRESENT!

I... I SEE! AND SINCE THEY ARE GETTING MARRIED, LOUISE AND I WILL BE MARRIED!



EXACTLY! AND MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU MAKE THESE DOLLARS PLACED ON YOUR OWN WEDDING CAKE. SUCH ARTICLES ARE HIGHLY TREASURED. IT WILL INSURE THEIR SAFETY...

YOU... YOU HEAR THAT IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THESE DOLLARS, AN ARM BREAK OFF... OR A LEG... THAT THE SAME THING WILL HAPPEN TO THE PERSON...



IT IS THE WOODS SPELL! YOU MUST TAKE THE BAG WITH THE WOODS THAT IS WHY I SUGGESTED USING THEM ON YOUR CAKE. AFTER THE WEDDING, PUT THEM UNDER GLASS, AND GUARD THEM WELL! ON, BE CAREFUL NOT TO CUT OFF THE SUPPLY OF AIR, ON YOU AND YOUR FUTURE WIFE MAY SUFFOCATE!

I'LL... BE CAREFUL! THANK YOU! THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP!



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LOUISE BRITTLING'S ATTENTION TOWARD JEFFREY BEGAN TO CHANGE, UNTIL...

OH, DARLING! AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU WERE MERELY IN LOVE WITH MY MONEY... BUT NOW I KNOW YOU LOVE ME FOR MYSELF! YES, YES... I'LL MARRY YOU!

LOUISE! LOUISE... AT LAST...



AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED! AND THE FIGURES STOOD UPON THE LATTER WEDDING CAKE... AND...

JEFFREY! I'M SO HAPPY I LIKE THOSE FIGURES... ON OUR CAKE!

LET'S SAVE THOSE FIGURES, HONEY, FOR ALWAYS! THEY WILL BE A SYMBOL OF OUR HAPPINESS.



SO WITH BLISS LIKE THAT, JEFFREY MANAGED TO HAVE THE VOODOO FIGURES PLACED IN A LOCKED CHINA CLOSET UNDER A GLASS BELL IN LOUISE'S PALATIAL HOME...

THERE! AND EVERY TIME WE HAVE A SPAT ON A MISUNDERSTANDING, THESE FIGURES WILL REMIND US OF HOW HAPPY WE WERE AT THIS MOMENT!

OPEN THE WINDOW, JEFF! IT'S SO HOT IN HERE...



JEFFREY LAUGHED AND SHOT A TROUBLED GLANCE AT THE FIGURES INSIDE THE CHINA CLOSET...

HEH! IT'S ONLY WARM FOR NOW BRIDES, MONEY! GO ON OUTSTAYS! I'LL BE IN IN A MINUTE!

ALL RIGHT, JEFF! BUT DON'T BE LONG, WILL YOU? WHEN IT'S AWFULLY STUFFY IN HERE!



HE WATCHED AS LOUISE LAUGHED UP OF THE MARBLE STAIRCASE... AT SOON AS SHE DROVE INTO HER ROOM, JEFFREY UNLOCKED THE CHINA CLOSET, GASPING FOR BREATH...

THAT WAS STUPID OF ME! I FORGOT ABOUT CUTTING OFF THE AIR SUPPLY! TOMORROW I'LL HAVE TO GET A BELL WITH HOLES IN IT! MEANTIME...



JEFF SLIPPED A MATCH STICK UNDER THE EDGE OF THE BELL...

MEANTIME, I'LL PROP IT UP SO AIR CAN GET IN!



THEN HE LOOKED THE CHINA CLOSET AND FROCKED THE KEY. HE WENT OUTFAR, LOUISE SAT ON THE BED SMILING AT HIM...

THAT'S BETTER! WHAT WAS IT?

OH... SOME DAMN POOL HAD FOUNDED UP THE THERMOSTAT!



AND SO, WITH THE AID OF VOODOO... JEFF HAD GOTTEN WHAT HE WANTED! HE'D MARRIED LOUISE WHITTLING... AND HER BILLIONS, THE NEXT DAY HE PURCHASED A NEW GLASS BELL... HAD TINY HOLES CHILLED IN IT... AND SUBSTITUTED IT IN THE CHINA CLOSET. ALL WENT WELL FOR A YEAR OR THEREAFTER...

LOUISE, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DRAG ME TO THESE PARTIES! YOU KNOW HOW I...

WOW! SOMEONE'S COMING!

LOUISE? WHY, YOU GAVE!



... AND THIS MUST BE YOUR NEW MARRIAGE! WELL, INTRODUCE ME...

JEFF! THIS IS EVE PORTER! EVE'S BEEN IN EUROPE FOR TWO YEARS...

GLAD TO MEET YOU, EVE!



EVE PORTER WAS YOUNG AND LOVELY, SHE WAS ATTRACTED TO JEFF! THAT EVENING, AS THEY DANCED...

TOO BAD I DON'T MEET YOU BEFORE LADDER DID, JEFF! YOU'RE QUITE A DUTY!



PERRAPS... PERRAPS WE CAN HAVE DINNER TOGETHER SOMETIME, EVE!

AND SO, EVE AND JEFF BEGAN SEEING EACH OTHER SECRETLY! THEIR ATTRACTION FOR EACH OTHER GREW STRONGER EACH TIME THEY MET. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEY REALIZED THAT THEY WERE FALLING IN LOVE...

DIVORCE LOUISE, DARLING! MARRY ME! WE'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW! I HAVE A SMALL INCOME!



I... I LOVE YOU EVE - BUT THERE'S ANOTHER WAY! A BETTER WAY!

IT WAS LOUISE'S WEALTH THAT JEFF WAS THINKING OF, HE HATED TO GIVE THAT UP, AND THERE WAS A WAY... ONE WAY TO HAVE BOTH... BOTH LOUISE'S MONEY... AND EVE... SO...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JEFF? I'M PUTTING THESE WEDDING CAKE POUNDS UNDER SEPARATE GLASS BELLS. LOUISE'S THOUGHT THEY'D LOOK BETTER THAT WAY...



WHAT JEFF WAS DOING WAS TAKING THE OLD GLASS BELL, THE ONE WITHOUT ANY HOLES AND PLACING IT OVER LOUISE'S FIGURE. HE PUT HIS OWN UNDER THE ONE WITH THE VENTILATION! LATER THAT NIGHT...

GASP... JEFF? GASP! I... I CAN'T BREATHE!



WHAT IS IT, LOUISE? WHAT'S WRONG? SHALL I CALL A DOCTOR?

IT WAS SO SIMPLE! LOUISE'S BREATHING BECAME MORE AND MORE LABORED! THE DOCTOR CAME, HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

IT'S AS IF SHE WAS SOMETHING WERE SUFFOCATING! DOCTOR! DO SOMETHING! IT MUST BE HER HEART!



BUT JEFF KNEW THAT NOTHING COULD BE DONE FOR LOUISE. IN THE CHINA CLOSET, THE LAST TRACE OF AIR INSIDE THE BELL ROUSING LOUISE'S VOODOO FIGURE VANISHED, AND...

SH-SHE'S DEAD, JEFF! I'M SORRY... YOU... YOU DID ALL YOU COULD, DIDN'T YOU? IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!



AND NOW JEFF WAS FREE! FREE TO MARRY EVE! AND LOUISE'S MONEY WAS ALL HIS...

AGREED TO AGREE... DUST TO DUST...



AFTER THE FUNERAL, JEFF WANTED TO DESTROY LOUISE'S IMAGE... BUT HE RECONSIDERED...

I STILL HAVE TO PRESERVE MY FIGURINE! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE MINE IS KEPT FROM HARM! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY...



AND SO...

WHAT IF IT, JEFF? WHAT'S THE SURPRISE?

LOOK?



EVE HAD NEVER SEEN THE FIGURINE IN LOUISE'S CHINA CLOSET! SO IT WAS EASY TO POOL HER...

I BOUGHT THEM FOR OUR WEDDING CAKE! OH, JEFF... HOW SWEET!



LOUISE'S FIGURE STOOD IN HER AIR-TIGHT GLASS BELL...

AFTER THE WEDDING WE'LL KEEP THEM ALWAYS, AS A REMIND OF OUR LOVE... UNDER THESE GLASS BELLS...

OH, JEFF, DARLING! WHAT A FINE THOUGHT! OF COURSE...



EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT. WHEN THE PROPER TIME HAD ELAPSED AND THE WEDDING DAY WAS SET, JEFF REMOVED THE TWO FIGURINES FROM THE CHINA CLOSET... AND...

...FOR THE TOP OF THE WEDDING CAKE, PERHAPS! JUST ONE THING! BE VERY CAREFUL WITH THEM! UNDERSTAND...?

OH... OH, WHEN NOW, I WILL BE EXTRA CAREFUL!



BUT WHEN THE AIR HIT THE FIGURE OF LOUISE, SOMETHING STRANGE BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE. AFTER ALL... LOUISE HAD BEEN DEAD FOR A LONG TIME...

AREN'T SOMETIME SHELLS IN HIS BAKERY, PIERRE...

IT SEE THESE FIGURE... ON DE CAKE! BUT WHAT CAN I DO? M'SIEU HORN INSISTED...



AND AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION...

OH, JEFF! LOOK! THE BRIDE'S FIGURE ON THE CAKE! IT'S ALL MOULTY AND ROTTEN...

GHOST...



AFTER THE WEDDING...

THROW THEM AWAY, JEFF! THE BRIDE IS POTRIFIED! SHE'S LIKE A CRATE!



LET ME SAVE THE GROOM'S FIGURE, EVE! I'LL HAVE PIERCE MAKE US ANOTHER BRIDE!

JEFF PLACED THE VENTILATED GLASS BELL OVER THE GROOM FIGURINE!

ALL RIGHT NOW... COME TO BED, HONEY!

NOON AS I FINISH THIS AWAY!



JEFF DROPPED THE FOUL-SMELLING FIGURINE OF LOUISE INTO THE GARBAGE CAN, AND WENT TO BED.

OH, JEFF! AT LAST, MARRIED?

EVE... BARE...



DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE GARBAGE CAN... THE ROTTING FIGURINE OF LOUISE STIRRED... MOVED? IT CLIMBED FROM THE LITTER-FILLED CAN...



...STUMBLED ACROSS THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE DINING ROOM WHERE JEFF'S FIGURINE STOOD UNDER THE GLASS...



...CLAIMED TO THE TABLE AND PUSHED...



UPSTAIRS, IN THE BEDROOM, THE LIGHT HAD JUST GONE OUT! SUDDENLY, EVE SCREAMED:



HIS HYSTERICAL SHRIERS ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE, DOWN INTO THE DINING-ROOM WHERE JEFF'S VOODOO FIGURE LAY SMASHED INTO A HUNDRED JAGGED PIECES.



THEN, HOW SO EVE'S NEW BRIDE-GROOM JUST FELL APART... AND ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT FOR, TONIGHT WELL, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU! A MODERN MARRIAGE CAN'T LAST IF IT DOESN'T BEGIN SOLIDLY! AND AT LEAST EVE FORGOT BUT THAT JEFF WAS JUST A CAR-BOUN IN TIME! NOW THE OLD



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

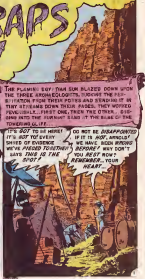
HEL, HEL! SO IT'S **SUPERNATURAL** YOU WANT, EH? WELL... YOU'VE HAD A **WEREWOLF** STORY... A **VAMPIRE** STORY... AND A **POODLE** STORY! NOW LET'S SEE! AH! I'VE GOT THE **RECIPES**! (CHOKES!) I'LL COOK UP A **WITCH** STORY IN MY **CRUDDY CAULDRON**! YEP! IT'S YOUR **SNAKERS** - **GHEP**, THE **OLD WITCH**, READY TO DISH OUT HER TASTY TALE OF TERROR FOR THIS ISSUE OF C.K.'S MAG! SO CRANK UP TO THE **JUBBLING POT**... TUCK YOUR SHROUDES UNDER YOUR GIRNS... FASTER YOUR **SHOOL CUPS**... AND **FEAR** ON THE **POOL PARE** I CALL...

## THIS WRAPS IT UP!

THE **FLAMING** SUN! (THE SUN BLAZED DOWN UPON THE THREE **ARCHAEOLOGISTS**, BURNING THE PER-  
SIFICATION FROM THEIR PORNS AND BURNING IT IN  
TINY STREAMS DOWN THEIR FACES. THEY WORKED  
PENICILLIN... FIRST ONE, THEN THE OTHER... DIS-  
SOLVING INTO THE **FLAMING** SAND AT THE BASE OF THE  
TOWERING CLIFF...

IT'S **NOT** TO BE HERE!  
IT'S **NOT** YET EVERY  
SHARD OF EVIDENCE  
WE'VE **PIECED** TOGETHER!  
SAID THIS IS THE  
SPOT!

DO **NOT** BE **DISAPPOINTED**  
IF IT IS **NOT**, **MR. GLOD**!  
WE HAVE **NOON** WRONG  
**BEFORE**? WHY DON'T  
YOU **REST** NOW?  
**REMEMBER**... YOUR  
HEART...





DOCTOR PHOEBE HUNTER SAT DOWN AND WIPE HIS SOAKING WET FACE WITH HIS HANDS. "WHY? HE STARED HIS TWO ASSOCIATES... PROFESSOR THOMAS STEEL AND DOCTOR JEROME GRABEL... AS THEY CONTINUED DIGGING...

HERE WE ARE... ON THE VERGE OF THE MOST VALUABLE APOCALYPTIC FIND OF THE CENTURY. AND WE HAVE TO WATCH MY HEART?

YOU WERE ADVISED NOT EVEN TO GO ALONE ON THIS EXPEDITION, ARNOLD. NO LESS DID LIKE THAT!

HAH! I'M AS HEALTHY AS A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD! JUST BECAUSE I HAD A SLIGHT HEART ATTACK...

ANOTHER HEART ATTACK COULD BE FATAL, ARNOLD! SET THAT THROUGH YOUR STUPIDLY THICK SKULL!

TOM, ARNOLD LOOK...



DOCTOR JEROME GRABEL POINTED AT THE SPOT WHERE THEY'D BEEN DIGGING.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EXCAVATION WAS A ROUND HOLE HINGE IMBEDDED IN A SLAB, PARTIALLY UNCOVERED SLAB OF STONE...

SOON, THE STONE SLAB HAD BEEN FULLY CLEARED OF SAND. AS ARNOLD ANTICIPATINGLY WATCHED, THOMAS AND JEROME TURNED BY IT.



FINALLY, THE LARGE STONE SLAB WAS MOVED AWAY, REVEALING A DARK OPENING WITH DUSTY STEPS DESCENDING INTO THE BLACKNESS. THE MUSTY ODOR OF DUSTY AND ROT, OF THINGS LONG BURIED AND AIR THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD, SEARED THEIR NOSTRILS...

FOOTSTEPS ECHOED INTO THE SHADOWY BLACKNESS, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF CENTURIES. FLICKERING LIGHT FROM THE LANTERN THOMAS CARRIED CAUGHT WALLS THAT HAD NOT FELT LIGHT FOR OVER A HUNDRED GENERATIONS. THE THREE MEN DESCENDED INTO THE SHAFT...



WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND IT! THE TOMB OF HEM-HE-KANNA, FIFTH PHARAOH OF EGYPT...

I'VE COUNTED FIFTY-FIVE STEPS ALREADY!

WE'RE NEARING THE BOTTOM.

THE STEPS ENDED BEFORE A SMALL DOOR. ITS SURFACE WAS EXQUISITELY DECORATED WITH TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARTISTRY. OVER THE DOOR WAS A TABLET INSCRIBED WITH HEBREW-GLYPHIC.



WHAT DOES IT SAY, THOMAS? YOU'RE THE HEBREW-GLYPHIC EXPERT.

IT SAYS, "BEYOND THIS DOOR LIES EXALTED NEAH-MU-KAMMA, FIFTH PHARAOH OF ALL EGYPT. LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL WHO TRESPASS. DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER HIS TOMB. NEAH-MU-KAMMA WILL RISE TO AVENGE THE DISTURBANCE OF ITS SANCTITY."



ARNOLD TRIED TO PUSH THE DOOR OPEN.

IT'S SEALED!

WE'LL HAVE TO SMASH IT! LEAVE A HAND HERE, JEROME! STEP AWAY, ARNOLD!

THE WHITENED BONES GRINNED UP AT THEM AS IF THEY EACH ENJOYED A SECRET THEY WOULD NOT SHARE.



PERHAPS THESE ARE THE REMAINS OF THOSE WHO ONCE BROKE IN.

IMPOSSIBLE! THE DOOR WAS SEALED!

JEROME'S LAUGHTER WAS THIN AND FUNNED WITH NERVOUSNESS. IT SUPPLED THROUGH THE SILENCE AND ECHOED UP THE STAIRS OF THE SHAFT.



HEH, HEH! TYPICAL OF THE WARNINGS PLACED AT THE ENTRANCES TO OTHER PHARAOH'S TOMBS...

THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO SCARE OFF WANDERING BANDS OF THIEVES WHO MIGHT HAVE SNEAKED INTO THE TOMBS AND STOLEN THE TREASURES BURIED WITH THE PHARAOHS...

FLIPPING THEIR FULL WEIGHT AGAINST THE SEALED TOMB-ENTRANCE DOOR, DOCTOR GRABEL AND PROFESSOR STEEL FINALLY MANAGED TO BREAK IT DOWN...



BASH!

LOOK FOR THE FLOOR!

SKELETONS!

THEY WHO ARE THEY? WORKMEN PERHAPS? SERVANTS...WHO INTERFERED NEAH-MU-KAMMA AND THEN WERE MURDERED SO THAT THE SECRET OF THE TOMB'S LOCATION WOULD BE KEPT.



THOMAS DARTED FORWARD. JEWELS! JEWELS! GEMS! ARNOLD, JEROME... COME...SEE... GORGEOUS LORD! A FORTUNE IN PRECIOUS STONES!



PROFESSOR THOMAS STEEL SCODDED UP HANDFULS OF THE SPARKLING GEMS HURRILY...

ROUBIES? EMERALDS? SAPPHIRES? MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH!

AND THE URNS THAT HOLD THEM ARE SOLID GOLD!

THIS IS THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! I SAID IT WOULD SET

TAKE IT EASY, ARNOLD! DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF! REMEMBER... YOUR HEART!

HERE! IN HERE! IT'S THE BURIAL CHAMBER!



THE BARS SPRANG OF DEAN-MU-KARMA!

THOMAS! HELP ME LIFT THE LID!

GET THAT END, JEROME!

THE LID OF THE CIRCOPHARUS WAS REMOVED, REVEALING THE MUMMY OF DEAN-MU-KARMA.

GASP!

PERFECTLY PRESERVED!

WHAT A FIND! WE MUST GET A MESSAGE BACK TO THE MUSEUM!



THOMAS STARED AT ARNOLD.

BUT... BUT IF WE REPORT THAT WE'VE FOUND THE TOMB... WE'LL HAVE TO TURN THE TREASURE OVER TO THEM.

WELL, OF COURSE, THOMAS! IT BELONGS TO THEM...

BUT WE FOUND IT! WE DUGGED AND BURIED OUT IN THAT HOT SUN UNTIL WE DISCOVERED IT! BUT THAT'S RIGHT, JEROME!

THOMAS! I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! OF COURSE THE TREASURE BELONGS TO THE MUSEUM.

JEROME TOOK THOMAS BY THE ARM AND JERRED HIM INTO A CORNER.

WHY? ARE YOU FOOL? CAN'T YOU SEE A KIDNAP TOO RIGHTER TO CLAIM THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF?

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM! HE STANDS IN OUR WAY...





LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE CAMP OF THE THREE  
 ARCHAEOLOGISTS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB...  
 IS HE ASLEEP?  
 YES! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU DO! GO  
 DOWN INTO THE TOMB! UNWRAP THE  
 MUMMY OF TEAH-NU-KAHMA AND WRAP  
 YOURSELF IN ITS WINDINGS...



THEN SHOUT OR SCREAM! I'LL AWAKEN  
 ARNOLD AND TELL HIM THAT YOU MUST BE  
 DOWN THERE! WHEN WE REACH THE BURIAL  
 CHAMBER, YOU GO INTO A MUMMY ADT.  
 AND I'LL START SHOUTING ABOUT  
 THE CURSE...  
 I GET  
 MY HUN  
 READY?  
 HE'LL  
 DROP  
 DEAD OF  
 FRIGHT!



CRASH! AND WHEN  
 WE BRING HIS BODY  
 BACK TO CAMP, HE'LL  
 CLAIM HE HAD A  
 HEART ATTACK  
 FROM DISAPPOINTMENT  
 OVER THE FAILURE  
 OF OUR EX-EDITION!



ALL RIGHT! GO  
 AHEAD! AND HURRY!  
 WAIT FOR  
 MY SHOUT!



THOMAS WENT DOWN INTO THE  
 TOMB! JEROME SAT IN HIS COFFIN FOR  
 A LONG TIME... GROWING MORE AND  
 MORE UNRESTY FINALLY...

YAAAAAARRR

SHUP?  
 WHAT'S THAT?



ARNOLD SAT BOLT UPRIGHT ON HIS COFFIN! JEROME  
 LEAPED TO HIS FEET! THOMAS'S BLOOD-CURLING  
 SCREAM CAME AGAIN...

IT'S THOMAS! HIS BED'S  
 EMPTY! HE MUST BE DOWN  
 THERE... IN THE TOMB!

LET'S GO...



ARNOLD STARTED DOWN THE TOMB STEPS... JEROME  
 FOLLOWING, SMILING...

HE MUST BE IN  
 TROUBLE!

HURRY, ARNOLD!  
 HURRY!

SUDDENLY, THEY REACHED THE TREASURE CHAMBER. THOMAS'S LAMP SHOT UPON THE FLOOR ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE ROOM. BEYOND WAS THE EGYPTIAN CHAMBER. ARNOLD STOPPED.

OH, MY LORD! LOOK!

IT... IT'S THE MUMMY!



HE CAME FROM THE EGYPTIAN CHAMBER... EXAMINING ALONG... TOTTERING NEARLY... HIS WINDINGS RANGING LOOSELY JEROME HAD TO CONTROL HIMSELF TO KEEP FROM LAUGHING! THOMAS... LOOKED SO COMICAL! THEN... JEROME WENT INTO HIS ACT...

THE GURGE ARROLD! THE GURGE ON THE ENTRANCE DOOR!

DEATH WILL COME TO THOSE WHO ENTER HIS TOMB. HA-HA-HA... WELL... JEROME... RISE!



THE WRAPPED FIGURE STUMBLED FORWARD...

THE GURGE IS TRUE, ARNOLD! THE MUMMY HAS RISE!

ARNO...  
...I...!



IT WAS ALMOST UPON THEM...

ARNOLD! COME ON! LET'S RUN! RUN!

CHUCK JEROME! MY MY...



HEART!

ARNOLD CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR. JEROME SWIFT TO EXAMINE HIM.

HE... HE'S DEAD!



JEROME BEGAN TO LAUGH! THE WRAPPED FIGURE STOPPED.

GOOD NIGHT, THOMAS! GOOD NIGHT! JUST ONE THING...



JEROME DREW THE PISTOL FROM UNDER HIS SHIRT...

"ONE THING YOU *DIDN'T* COUNT ON, THOMAS! YOU SEE? I WANT THAT TREASURE FOR MYSELF! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP."



JEROME FIRED AT THE SHAKING FIGURE BEFORE HIM



THE BULLET TOOK THROU' THE WRAPPINGS BUT THE FIGURE DID NOT FALL...

"FOR GOD'S SAKE! I SHOT YOU, THOMAS! DIE!"



JEROME BACKED OFF...EMPTYING HIS BUN INTO THE WINDING-ENGAGED FIGURE...



BUT THE MUMMY KEPT COMING. JEROME BACKED INTO THE BURIAL CHAMBER. THE SARCOPHAGUS WAS OPEN...



THE MAN IN THE MUMMY LAID OUT A LOOK OF SHEER HUNGER ON HIS FACE...

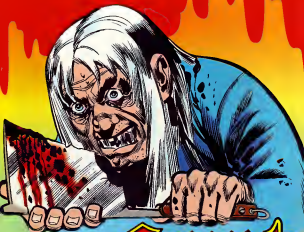
"THOMAS! THOMAS!" THEN...THEN...CHOKED!



WELL, HER I GO...WHY NOT? WHAT'S HIS NAME? TOOK CARE OF THE DIS-TURNERS OF HIS SARCOTITY AS THE CURSE HAD PROMISED. AFTER THAT HE TOSSED THE BONES ON THE PILE WITH THE OTHER SKELE-TONS...YARNED...WENT THE FRONT SLAB ONCE MORE...AND WENT BACK TO SLEEP! WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DO, NOW THAT YOU'VE FIN-ISHED MY...TALK OF HONOR! BYE-NOW!

THE MUMMY WAS RIGHT BEHIND JEROME...ALMOST...TOUCHING HIM





# The Crypt Keeper



**TERROR**



NO. 36  
JUNE-JULY



# TALES



10¢

FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE

E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY

**RAY BRADBURY**

AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!





# THE



## "ARTIST OF THE ISSUE"

## • GEORGE EVANS



Latest permanent addition to the E.C. family, George R. Evans was born Feb. 3, 1920, in Harwood, Pa., of English and Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. When George was nine, his family moved to Kulpmont, Pa., a coal-mining town. George's early art training came at fifteen from a correspondence course, which he paid for by working as a store clerk, coal-trucker, and mill hand. He also attended the Scranton Art School for one year. At 16, he had already started to sell illustrations to airplane pulp magazines, supplementing his income by sign-painting. Came the war, and George spent three years in the AAF, where, by diligence, application, and K.P., he rose to the grade of Plc. Decorations: one (1) Good Conduct Medal, grudgingly awarded. While in the army, George was stationed for a spell on Long Island. He liked it so much that upon being discharged, he came back there to live with his bride, whom he'd married six months previously. After returning to civilian life, George's first job was as a staff artist for another comic publishing house. He also attended night classes at the Art Students League in N. Y. C. George, his lovely wife Evelyn, and their four-year-old daughter, Carol, are now living in a cute little ranch house in Levittown, Long Island. His hobbies include: aviation . . . especially World War I vintage, loading, sports of all kinds, loading, eating, and . . . you guessed it . . . loading! George's work . . . which has been enthusiastically received by you readers . . . appears in E.C.'s three horror mags, two war mags, and two SuspensStory mags!

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! WELCOME, BOILS AND BOWLS... WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR. THIS IS YOUR HORROR-HOST, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, INVITING YOU IN TO HEAR ANOTHER BRISTLY SELECTION FROM MY DISGUSTING COLLECTION. PERHAPS, BEFORE I START MY CHILLING TALE, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO PLAY A LITTLE GAME WITH ME? LIKE... SAY... OLD MAID? I HAVE A REAL LIVE OLD MAID! NO? Oh... TOO BAD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURLING TALE I CALL...

**FARE TONIGHT,  
FOLLOWED BY  
INCREASING  
CLOTTYNES...**



YOU SLAM DOWN THE TRUNK-LID OF YOUR TAXI-CAB AND LOOK AROUND. THE NIGHT IS GAMP AND A FAINT TRACE OF FOG DRIFTS IN FROM THE BAY. CHALLENGING YOU TO THE BONE, YOU STAND THERE FOR A MOMENT, SHIVERING. YOU FUMBLE IN YOUR JACKET POCKET FOR A CIGARETTE, PULL OUT A HALF-EMPTY PACK AND SHAKE ONE BETWEEN YOUR LIPS. THE FLAME OF THE MATCH, FLARING UP IN THE BLOOM, BURNS YOUR EYES, AND EVEN AFTER YOU'VE BLOWN IT OUT, ITS GLOW STILL DANCES BEFORE YOU....

HMMPH... NICE NIGHT...  
FOR A MURDER!



YOU SHUFFLE AROUND TO THE FRONT OF YOUR CAB, BRINE OPEN THE DOOR, AND SETTLE INSIDE ON THE MOST COLD LEATHER DRIVER'S SEAT. YOU SIT THERE FOR A MOMENT, SUCKING IN THE DRY SMOKE FROM YOUR BUTT AND SWALLOWING IT WHOLE INTO YOUR LUNGS. THEN YOU START THE ENGINE.

THINK I'LL CRUISE THE WEST SIDE, TONIGHT!



THE FOG HAS SETTLED ITS BLANKET OF GREY MIST UPON YOUR WINDSHIELD, SO YOU SNAP ON THE WIPERS. INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE FINGERS WHIP BACK AND FORTH, SHAVING THE WATER AWAY. YOU PEEK THROUGH THE CLEAR OPENING AT THE DISTORTED ASPHALT AHEAD. THE STREETS ARE DESERTED.

"DROPPED?" NOT A DOLL, AROUND? WHAT A NIGHT TO TRY TO SCRAPE UP A FARE!



NOW IT HAS BEGUN TO RAIN, A SOFT DRIZZLE AT FIRST, THEN HEAVIER AND HEAVIER... THE WATER CAROOLING BEFORE YOU... THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE WIPERS SCRAMBLING MADLY BACK AND FORTH... CLEARING IT AWAY, FIRST TO ONE SIDE... THEN THE OTHER.

WELL, THAT FINISHED IT! I'LL NEVER GET A FARE, NOW.



YOU CRUISE FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER, SEARCHING THE SIDEWALKS FOR A SIGNALING PASSERBY... A HOMEWARD-BOUND CUSTOMER, BUT YOU SEE NO ONE. YOU SHRUG AND PULL UP TO A DESERTED RACE STAND.

NO USE WASTING GAS. I'LL PARK HERE BY THE SUBWAY EXIT.



YOU SHUT OFF THE ENGINE AND SIT BACK, EXTRACTING ANOTHER BUTT FROM YOUR EMPTYING PACK. A ROAR BELOW TELLS YOU THAT A SUBWAY TRAIN HAS PULLED IN. A FEW SECONDS LATER, FIGURES POUR FROM THE SUBWAY EXIT...

TAXI? TAXI LADY? TAXI?



THE SUBWAY RIDERS HURRY OFF INTO THE WET SLOOM. THE NEWSIEK AT THE CORNER CALLS AFTER THEM, TRYING TO UNLOD HIS NIGHT'S PAPER ORDER.

READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER BODY FOUND! ANOTHER MURDER! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

TAXI? TAXI? TAXI?



THE PUSHING THALLOWS ARE GONE. THE NIGHT AND THE RAIN SETTLE DOWN AGAIN. YOU STARE ACROSS THE MIRRORING SIDEWALK TO THE NEWSSTAND. ANOTHER HUNGER, CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF YOU. YOU SNAP OPEN THE CAB-DOOR AND DART THROUGH THE RAIN TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STAND'S OVERHANG...

PAPER, MISTERY?

YEAH, THANKS!



YOU SETTLE BACK IN YOUR CAB CHAIR MORE, LIGHT UP ANOTHER BUTT, AND OPEN THE PAPER. THE HEADLINES SCREAM AT YOU...

THE CORPSE OF A THIRTY YEAR OLD WOMAN WAS FOUND DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD LAST NIGHT THIS IS THE THIRTEENTH VICTIM TO DATE...



ANOTHER MURDER. FORTY-SEVEN OF THEM NOW. EACH BODY DRAINED OF ITS BLOOD. YOUR EYES SWEEP OVER THE COLUMNS OF TINY PRINT. THE DORY DETAILS, SUDDENLY, A PARAGRAPH CATCHES YOUR ATTENTION...

A SUGGESTION THAT A VAMPIRE MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE MURDERS WAS OFFERED BY DR. FREDERICK MULLER, NOTED MYTHOLOGIST. POLICE HAVE REFUSED THIS POSSIBILITY.



YOU SHIVER. THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE. YOU LOOK AROUND UNCOMFORTABLY, PEERING OUT AT THE DOWNGRAVE. THE RAIN POUNDS DOWN ON YOUR CAR-ROOF CHATTERING LOVELY...

A... A VAMPIRE? WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT!



THE NIGHT SWIMS IN A TORRENT BEFORE YOUR EYES. THE DARKNESS MELTS FROM THE BLACKNESS ABOVE AND SPATTERS DOWN ON THE ENGINE HOOD... CASCADES DOWN THE WINDSHIELD IN SHEETS OF DANCING LIGHTS. SUDDENLY HE IS BEHIND YOU, HIS BLACK OVERCOAT COLLAR TURNED UP, COVERING THE LOWER PART OF HIS FACE... HIS BLACK HAT-BRIM TURNED DOWN, SHIELDING THE UPPER PART. ONLY HIS EYES GLARE LIKE FIRE-LIGHTS FROM THE REVERBER OF HIS BOOTS...



HE MUTTERS THE STREET AND NUMBER AND SLIDES INTO THE BACK SEAT. HE CARRIES A BRIFCASE, WHICH HE HOLDS ON HIS LAP. YOU HEED BEARS AND PULL AWAY, GRINNING. A CUSTOMER... AT LAST, YOU GLANCE AT HIM IN THE MIRROR...



HIS ANSWER IS QUIET, ALMOST INAUDIBLE. IT IS A BRIEF ARRANGEMENT THAT HE CANNOT NOT TO CONVERSE. YOU SPRING AND GLIDE YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE REFLECTIONS, AND THE TORRENTS TOWARD THE ADDRESS HE'S GIVEN YOU.



THE STREET IS IN ONE OF THE WORST NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE CITY... A NARROW, LITTER-STREWN, COBBLE-STONE ALLEY NICHED BETWEEN BAD-FACED, STARRING TENEMENTS. YOUR PALE STEPS OUT INTO THE DOWNPOUR...



HE SCURRIES INTO A DARKENED HALLWAY AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS. YOU SHRUG, GLANCE AT THE METER, AND SETTLE BACK TO WAIT THE RAIN IS LETTING UP NOW. THE STREET IS A BLACK MIRROR REFLECTING THE SQUALOR THAT RISES IT AT EITHER CURB. SOMETHING IN THE MIRROR CATCHES YOUR EYE...

HIS BRIEFCASE.

YOU TURN AROUND AND STARE AT THE SHINY NEW LEATHER BRIEFCASE YOUR CUSTOMER HAS LEFT ON THE BACK SEAT. THE GOLD INITIALS PULSATE IN THE LIGHT FROM THE STREET LAMP.

E.M., PH.D? E.M., PH.D? WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THOSE INITIALS?

THE NEWSPAPER ROLLED UP BESIDE YOU REMINDS YOU OF COURSE.

OF COURSE? E.M., ROBERT MULLER, THE NOTED MYTHOLOGIST... THE MAN WHO IS TRYING TO CONVINCE THE POLICE THAT THE JORDONSON IS A VAMPIRE.

YOU PULL OUT YOUR PACK OF BUTTS, FISHING FOR ANOTHER CIGARETTE. THE PACK IS EMPTY. YOU CURSE. FAR DOWN THE BLOCK, AT THE CORNER, A DIM LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH A STONE WINDOW, SILHOUETTING THE LETTERS PAINTED ON IT...

BAR? THEY'D HAVE A CIGARETTE MACHINE.

YOU SWING FROM THE CAR AND START DOWN THE LONG DARK STREET. THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. A MUDDY STREAM OF WATER RUSHES HEADLONG AT THE CURBSIDE POURING DOWN INTO A FOWL-SMELLING SEWER, PULLING THE LAST TRACES OF RAIN WITH IT. UP ABOVE, THE CLOUDS ARE BREAKING UP... AND HERE AND THERE, A STAR BLINKS THROUGH A BLACK HOLE IN THE GREY COVER...

GOING TO BE A NICE NIGHT AFTER ALL.

YOU'RE ALMOST TO THE CORNER WHEN THE LIGHTS IN THE BAR-WINDOW DISAPPEAR AND BLACKNESS DESCENDS. THE SIGN IN THE DOOR LAUGHS AT YOU, AND THE LAUGH ECHOES OVER THE SLEAZY STREETS AND OFF THE GRIMING FACED OF THE TENEMENTS.

CLOSED! BLAST IT...

CLOSED

THE LAUGH DIES. SILENCE CLOSSES IN, THICK, BLACK, FRIGHTENING SILENCE. STRANGE. NO RADIO PLAYING? NO BABY CRYING? NO SOUNDS OF THE PEOPLE THAT LIVE BEHIND THE WHITE TENEMENT FACADES? JUST SILENCE...

NO WONDER? THESE TENEMENTS ARE ALL BOARDED UP. THEY'RE DESERVED.

THEN WHY THE HELL? WHAT BUSINESS COULD A BAR DO IN A CONFINED TENEMENT DISTRICT? YOU START BACK TOWARD YOUR CAR, AND THEN YOU HEAR THEM... AT FIRST YOU THINK THEY'RE SCHOOLS OF YOUR OWN... BUT WHEN YOU STOP, THEY CONTINUE...

FOOTSTEPS. SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING ME.



YOU QUICKEN YOUR STEPS, THE CAR IS A MILLION MILES AWAY BEHIND YOU, THE FOOTSTEPS INCREASE THEIR TEMPO TOO. YOU BEGIN TO RUN...

THE CAR? I'LL NEVER REACH IT IN TIME.



THE OPEN HALLWAY YAWNS AT YOU. YOU DUCK IN, CRINKLING IN THE SHADOWS. A FIGURE HURRIES BY... BLACK OVERCOAT... BLACK HAT...

HIM? MY CUSTOMER? MULLER.



YOU HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS POUNDING UP THE BLOCK. IN YOUR CHEST, YOUR HEART IS POUNDING TOO, THEN THE FOOTSTEPS STOP... AND YOUR HEART SLIPS A BEAT.

HE'S COMING BACK?



YOU BACK OFF INTO THE GLOOM. THE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. HE STANDS FRAMED IN THE HALLWAY ENTRANCE. HIS EYES BURNING LIKE TWO WHITE-HOT COALS.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, MY FRIEND! YOU'RE TRAPPED!



HIS EYES SEEM TO PIERCE THE DARKNESS, SEEM TO SEARCH YOU OUT OF THE SHADOWS. CAN HE SEE YOU THERE? CAN HIS EYES PENETRATE THE NIGHT LIKE A LANTERN?

LIKE A BAT'S? LIKE A VAMPIRE'S?



YOU SHRIEK. YOU OPEN YOUR QUIVERING LIPS AND YOU SHRIEK. AND YOU TURN AND RUN... DOWN THE LONG BLACK CORRIDOR, STUMBLING, GETTING UP, RUNNING AGAIN.

IT'S NO USE! YOU'RE TRAPPED! I'VE CAUGHT YOU!

NO! NO!



THE CELLAR DOOR HINGS CRAZILY ON BROKEN RUSTED HINGES. STEPS LEAD DOWNWARD INTO BLACKNESS. YOU LENSE THROUGH...



THE STEPS, ROTTED AND DECAYED, GIVE WAY BENEATH YOUR WEIGHT AND YOU PLUNGE INTO THE DARKNESS...



YOU STRUGGLE TO YOUR FEET ABOVE YOU, YOUR CUSTOMER PEERS DOWN THROUGH THE CELLAR DOORWAY...



AND HIS LAUGH COMES LOUDLY THROUGH THE DAMP DARK CELLAR...

SUDDENLY THERE ARE STRANGE SOUNDS ABOUT YOU, CREAKING NOISES, AND DEEP SINGS... AND FLUTTERINGS IN THE DARK. THE CELLAR IS FILLED WITH LOW, EVIL-LOOKING BOXES, NO, NOT BOXES AT ALL...



THE LIDS HAVE COME ALIVE NOW, SLIPPING FROM THE COFFINS, SWINGING UPWARD, FALLING BACK, GHOST-FACED FIGURES, WITH SLANTED EYES AND FANGED MOUTHS OODING SPITTLE, RISE FROM THEIR DEPTHS...



THEY STUMBLE TOWARD YOU, SHRIEKING... LAUGHING... REACHING OUT...



AND THEN THEY ARE UPON YOU, THEIR FANGS RIPPING AND TEARING AT YOUR FLESH... THEIR DRY LIPS CLOSING OVER YOUR WOUNDS, DRAWING THE LIFE-FLUID THAT POURS RED FROM THEM...



THE SCREAM ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES IN YOUR EARS. YOU CLAW AT THE COLD LEATHER SEAT. AND YOU OPEN YOUR EYES...

WONT WHAT... WHERE AM I?



THE RAIN CHATTERS ON YOUR CAR ROOF. PEOPLE POUR FROM THE SUBWAY EXIT. THE NEWSIE CHANTS AT THEM...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER BOOF FOUND! ANOTHER MURDER! READ ALL ABOUT IT!



YOU'RE BACK AT THE BACK-SEAT, BY THE SUBWAY EXIT. THE REAL-ITISH DREAMS UPON YOU.

I... I FELL ASLEEP. I'VE BEEN DREAMING!



YOU STARE DOWN AT THE OPEN PAPER ON YOUR LAP HIS NAME SEEMS TO RISE FROM THE BLOODS OF TYPE... MANGIFIED... BLACK AND SHINING...

DR. ROBERT MULLER? WHY DID I DREAM ABOUT HIM? WHY...



AND THEN HE IS BESIDE YOU, HIS BLACK OVERCOAT PULLED UP, HIS BLACK HAT-BRIM TURNED DOWN, AND HIS EYES GLARING LIKE FIRE-LIGHTS

BOOF?

NO BOOF? HOP IN? WHERE TO?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT THE INITIALS ON THE BRIEF-CASE HE IS CARRYING. YOU KNOW WHO HE IS. HE MUTTERS THE STREET AND NUMBER AND SLIDES INTO THE BACK SEAT. YOU MESH GEARS AND PULL AWAY.

WHY DID I DREAM ABOUT HIM? AND THE VAMPIRES... ATTACKING ME? WHAT DID IT ALL MEAN?



SUREDEMLY, YOU KNOW. YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF YOUR NIGHTMARE. AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO...

THIS ISN'T THE WAY...

IT'S A SHORT-CUT, DOCTOR MULLER...





YOU STOP THE CAR, IT'S ONE OF THE WORST NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE CITY, THE NEIGHBORHOOD YOU DREAMED ABOUT.

YOU, YOU KNOW ME?

YES, DOCTOR! SET OUT...

IT'S CLEAR NOW, THE WHOLE DREAM IS CLEAR, OR ROBERT MULLER IS A PHREASY TO YOU. THAT'S WHY YOU DREAMED OF HIM FOLLOWING YOU... TRACKING YOU DOWN...

MY... MY BRIEFCASE! I LEFT IT ON THE SEAT!

YOU WON'T NEED IT, DOC.

AND THE VAMPIRE... THE ONE THAT ATTACKED YOU IN THE CELLAR. DOCTOR MULLER KNOWS ABOUT VAMPIRES. ALL ABOUT THEM. SOONER OR LATER HE'D CONVINCE THE POLICE.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? THIS HALLWAY. IT'S SO DARK...

KEEP GOING!

IT WOULD BE HIS VAST KNOWLEDGE OF VAMPIRES THAT WOULD FINALLY MEAN YOUR ULTIMATE DEATH. THE DREAM MADE SENSE. THE DREAM WAS A WARNING.

WHO ARE YOU? WHO AM I? NO! NO! MY GOD!

YES, DOCTOR! YES...

HE STRUGGLES, BUT YOU ARE STRONG. YOU BEND AND BARE YOUR FANGS INTO HIS SOFT WHITE SUPPLING NECK... DRAWING IN THE THICK RED LIFE-FLUID THAT YOU MUST HAVE...

AND WHEN THE LAST DROP IS GONE, YOU FLUNG HIS LIFELESS BODY DOWN THE ROTTED CELLAR STEPS WITH THE OTHERS ONLY THIRTEEN VICTIMS HAD WAIT TILL THEY FIND THE REST DOWN THERE! AS DAWN BREAKS, YOU OPEN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR, CRAWL IN ONTO THE THIN LAYER OF SOIL AND YAWN...

IS... NO-HOW... BETTER GET A GOOD DAY'S REST TODAY? IMAGINE... A VAMPIRE FALLING ASLEEP AT NIGHT? AND DREAMING, YET...

HEH, HEH, NOW SOME PEOPLE MIGHT ACCUSE ME OF SPINNING BAGE FABLES, BUT YOU WOULDN'T AGREE, WOULD YOU, RICHIE? THE ONLY THING I'M BULLY OF IS TALKING TO YOUR IMAGINATION SINCE IN A WHILE, WELL, I'VE GOT TO MEET FRIENDS, SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE WALT-KEEPER FOR HIS OFFERING. WHO'S THE FRIEND, YOU ASK? OH,

SOME DOCTOR I KNOW. THEY SPOTTED HIM AS A HYCK WHEN HE CAME TO NEW YORK. SOLD HIM THE VAMPIRE STATE BELIEFING, ISN'T THAT A BLOODY SHAME? WHE, NOW, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF HIM LATER?

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELCH? VENTURE INTO THE VAULT, VULTURES. THIS IS YOUR HOOF IN HOWLS, THE VAULT-KEEPER. READY TO NARRATE ANOTHER HAUNTING NOVELETTE FROM MY GRANKLY COLLECTION. SO COME IN, SIT DOWN ON THAT PILE OF SHOE-BOKS THERE, AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURDLING FARN I CALL...

## CURIOSITY KILLED...



THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR. SOMEBODY ON LATER HE'LL GET IT OPEN AND I'LL... I'LL BE MURDERED. I'M SCRAMBLING THIS DOWN AS FAST AS I CAN SO YOU'LL KNOW THE WHOLE STORY. MY NAME IS HENRIETTA CLAYTON. I LIVE IN THE ROYAL ARMS APARTMENT HOTEL. IT ALL STARTED THE MORNING I WENT DOWN THE HALL TO VISIT MY FRIEND, EMILY DUNHAM.

YES, YES, IT'S FINE, MRS. CLAYTON.

IS EMILY AT HOME, MR. DUNHAM?  
I...EH...WANTED TO GET A RECIPE...



FIRST LET ME SAY THAT, EVER SINCE I'D KNOWN HIM, WALLACE DURAND HAD ALWAYS BEEN SHY, QUIET, AND COMPLETELY DOMINATED BY HIS WIFE, EMILY. THAT MORNING, HE SEEMED LIKE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PERSON. HE BRANDED AT ME...

EMILY'S GONE, MRS. CLAYTON SHE'S TAKEN A TRIP... TO THE COAST... TO VISIT RELATIVES.

OH? SHE DIDN'T MENTION IT!



WALLACE DURAND STOOD STRAIGHT, LOOKING AT ME DEFIANTLY. HE SEEMED TALLER SOMEDAY... TALLER THAN HE'D EVER BEEN - LIKE HEAVY WEIGHTS HAD BEEN DROPPED FROM HIS TIRED SHOULDERS...

IT WAS SUDDEN, MRS. CLAYTON. SHE LEFT LAST NIGHT, AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

Y-YES, MR. DURAND? I'M SORRY I DISTURBED YOU...



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR - SLAMMED IT, MIND YOURSELF DURAND... THE MIDDLETOWN... THE WEAKLING... SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE, I STOOD THERE SHOOKED! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

EMILY'S GONE AWAY BEFORE, BUT WALLACE DURAND HAD NEVER BEHAVED THAT WAY WHILE SHE'S BEEN GONE. IT WAS AS IF HE KNEW SHE WASN'T COMING BACK...

I RANG FOR THE ELEVATOR. A COLD SHIVER RAN UP MY SPINE. I GLANCED AT MY WATCH, 8:40 STILL TIME.

WHAT? WHAT'S COME OVER HIM? HE'S LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN? HE'S NEVER ACTED LIKE THAT?

SOMETHING'S WRONG, I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! HE'S... HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO EMILY...



GOOD MORNING, MRS. CLAYTON.

GOOD MORNING, GEORGE... ER... YOU BEEN ON ALL NIGHT?



SINCE NINE P.M., WASN'T ANYTHING WRONG?

DID YOU TAKE MRS. DURAND DOWN LAST NIGHT, GEORGE? EMILY DURAND? SHE WOULD HAVE HAD A SUITCASE...

NO, WAH? I BROUGHT YOU AND MRS. DURAND UP AT TEN P.M. LAST NIGHT, REMEMBER? THAT'S THE LAST I SAW OF HER. DIDN'T TAKE HER DOWN LAST NIGHT AT ALL!

I SEE? OH, SUPPOSE SHE WALKED DOWN, GEORGE? WHO'S SHE HERE?



WALKED DOWN, MR. SLAYTON? FOURTEEN FLOORS? I HARDLY THINK SHE'D WALK DOWN, BESIDES, IF SHE DID, JED WOULD HAVE SEEN HER. HE WAS AT THE DESK ALL NIGHT... WORKIN' THE SHY TOWNBOARD.

ASK HIM FOR ME, WILL YOU, GEORGE? ASK JED IF HE SAW MRS. OR MR. DURAND LAST NIGHT?

GEORGE NODDED. THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLID CLOSED, AND IT WHINNED AWAY. I WATCHED THE HAND ABOVE SWING SLOWLY AROUND TOWARDS ONE. I WENT BACK TO MY OWN APARTMENT. MILTON WAS GETTING INTO HIS COAT. MILTON IS MY HUSBAND...

WELL, HENRIETTA... MILTON? HE'S GOOD-BYE! I'M OFF...

HUH? WHO? MR. DURAND? HE'S KILLED EMILY? I KNOW IT!



MILTON LOOKED AT ME AND BEGAN TO GIGGLE...

WALLY? KILL EMILY? DON'T BE SILLY! HE... HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

HE'S ACTING SO STRANGELY, SO FUNNY. HE SAID EMILY WENT ON A TRIP, BUT I CHECKED. SHE HADN'T LEFT THIS BUILDING SINCE HE CAME HOME FROM THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL LAST NIGHT.



I HEARD THE ELEVATOR DOOR OUTSIDE SLIDE OPEN. I PEERED OUT. GEORGE WAS COMING TOWARD MY APARTMENT.

WELL, GEORGE? WHAT DID JED SAY?

HE SAID NOBODY CAME DOWN THOSE STAIRS LAST NIGHT, MA'AM. BUT NOBODY...



I THANKED GEORGE AND HE SHUFFLED OFF. I TURNED TO MILTON...

THEN SHE'S STILL IN THERE, MILTON? POOR EMILY... LYIN' DEAD IN THAT APARTMENT.

DON'T YOU THINK THAT IF WALLY DID MURDER EMILY, HE'D HAVE GOTTEN RID OF HER BODY, HENRIETTA?



NOW, MILTON? THAT'S JUST IT! HOW? HE COULDN'T CARRY HER BODY DOWN FOURTEEN FLIGHTS, BESIDES, JED SAID NOBODY CAME DOWN THE STAIRS LAST NIGHT. HE COULDN'T TAKE HER DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR, AND THE FIRE-ESCAPE WOULD BE TOO RISKY. NO? SHE'S STILL IN THERE?

WELL, I'M LATE. I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE OFFICE. LOOK, HENRIETTA... IF YOU'RE SO SURE WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE POLICE?



MILTON LEFT AND I HEARD THE ELEVATOR COME AND TAKE HIM DOWN. I WENT TO THE PHONE. I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER. I HESITATED...

I I CAN'T CALL THE POLICE. I HAVE NO PROOF. I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF.



I PUT DOWN THE PHONE AND WENT TO THE KITCHEN. I TOOK A MEASURING CUP FROM THE CUPBOARD AND WENT DOWN THE HALL TO THE DURAND APARTMENT. I KNOCKED. I HEARD FOOTSTEPS MOVING AROUND INSIDE, AND WALLACE DURAND OPENED THE DOOR...

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN. NOW WHAT?

COULD I BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR, MR. DURAND? I'M A LITTLE SHORT?



I STARTED IN BUT MR. DURAND BLOCKED MY WAY. HE LIFTED THE CUP FROM MY HAND...

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, MRS. CLAYTON.

OH, THANKS.



HE CLOSED THE DOOR AND LOCKED IT. HE WOULDN'T LET ME IN. HE WAS HIDING SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT. EMILY WAS IN THERE? POOR EMILY.

HERE YOU ARE?

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. DURAND.



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR. I WAS ALONE IN THE HALL. I WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT. MY HAND SHOOK...

ALL RIGHT, WALLACE. DURAND? ALL RIGHT? I'LL GET THE PROOF. YOU'LL SEE...



I PULLED A CHAIR UP TO THE APARTMENT DOOR AND SAT DOWN. I OPENED IT A CRACK SO I COULD WATCH THE DURANDS' DOOR. I WAITED. AFTER AN HOUR, MR. DURAND CAME OUT... LOCKED THE DOOR CAREFULLY... AND PRESSED THE ELEVATOR BELL.



WHEN HE WAS GONE, I DARTED ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM AND OUT THE FRENCH DOORS. THE DURANDS AND WE SHARED A TERRACE. I CROSSED THE LOW DIVIDING WALL AND PEELED INTO THEIR APARTMENT THE BLINDS WERE SHOWN. I COULDN'T SEE. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

I WON'T GIVE UP. I WON'T. HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO TRY TO GET RID OF HER BODY. AND WHEN HE DOES...



ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER, WALLACE DURAND CAME BACK. HE CARRIED A SMALL CARTON ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SHOE-BOX...



HE LET HIMSELF INTO HIS APARTMENT, AND I HEARD HIM LOCK IT FROM THE INSIDE. I TOOK THE CUP OF SUGAR AND WENT DOWN THE HALL AND KNOCKED...



HE SEEMED ANNOYED. HE SNATCHED THE SUGAR, LOCKED THE DOOR, AND RETURNED WITH THE EMPTY GLASS...



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE...



HE WAS DOING SOMETHING ALL RIGHT. IT WAS OBVIOUS. I WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE HIS HORRIFICOUS DEED. SO I WATCHED EVERY DAY. HE WENT OUT IN THE MORNING **EMPTY HANDED**...



AND EVERY DAY HE CAME BACK WITH ANOTHER SHOE-BOX...



FINALLY AFTER TWO MONTHS OF THIS...GOING OUT **EMPTY-HANDED** AND COMING BACK TWO HOURS LATER WITH THE INEVITABLE **SHOE BOX**, I ACCUSED HIM ONE DAY...



I THOUGHT MY EARS WERE DECEIVING ME. I HEARD IT PLAIN AS DAY. A SCRATCHING SOUND INSIDE THE BOX HE WAS CARRYING...

N-NEVER, MR. DURAND? EMILY'S LEFT ME FOR GOOD? NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND...



HE WENT INSIDE. I WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT. I TRIED TO THINK. WHAT DID HE HAVE IN THAT BOX? WAS EMILY'S BODY STILL IN THAT APARTMENT, OR HAD WALLACE DURAND MANAGED TO GET RID OF IT? AND THEN, THAT NIGHT, AS I RODE THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR...



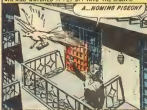
WHAT'S THAT?

THERE WAS A FLAPPING SOUND OUT ON THE TERRACE. I TIPTOED TO THE FRENCH DOORS. WALLACE DURAND WAS OUT THERE... AND HE HELD SOMETHING IN HIS OUTSTRETCHED HANDS...



A. A. PIGEON!

M.R. DURAND CHECKED THE SMALL CAN STRAPPED TO THE PIGEON'S LEG. THEN HE TOSSED THE BIRD INTO THE AIR AND WATCHED IT FLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT...



A...ROMING PIGEON!

I WOKE UP MILTON. I TOLD HIM WHAT I'D SEEN...

SO WHAT? WHAT IN BLAZES WAS ONE THING TO DO WITH THE OTHER?

DON'T YOU SEE, MILTON? HE'S BEEN GETTING RID OF EMILY'S REMAINS THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT AT A TIME... IN THAT CAN STRAPPED TO THE PIGEON'S LEG...



GOOD LORD. IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS!

I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE.



NOT WHAT? YOU CAN'T BE SURE? WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW HIM TOMORROW MORNING? FIND OUT WHERE HE SETS THOSE BIRDS?



AND THEN I'LL SEE WHAT HE DOES WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE CAN.

THAT'LL BE THE PROOF YOU NEED!

YES. YES.



I TOOK MILTON'S ADVICE... AND THE NEXT DAY, I FOLLOWED WALLACE DURAND WHEN HE LEFT THE ROYAL ARMS APARTMENT HOTEL. HE TOOK A SUBWAY OUT OF THE CITY TO THE END OF THE LINE, THEN A BUS. I FOLLOWED THE BUS IN A TAXI...

HE'S GETTING OFF! ALL RIGHT, DRIVER. I'LL GET OUT HERE...



MR. DURAND WENT TO THE REAR OF A RUNDOWN SHACK. I COULD HEAR THE LOUD BARKING OF DOGS...



IT WAS ALL SO CLEAR. I WATCHED HIM UNTIL THE CAR FROM THE HOMING PIGEON THAT HAD ARRIVED THAT NIGHT AND EMPTY THE CONTENTS INTO THE KENNEL FULL OF SLEEPING HUNGRY DOGS...



THEN HE TOOK ANOTHER PHEEN FROM THE COUP, PLACED IT IN A SHOE-BOX AND WENT AWAY. I WAITED UNTIL HE WAS GONE BEFORE I CAME OUT OF MY HIDE-PLACE. I FELT SICK... NAUSEOUS... POOR EMILY! WHEN I FINALLY GOT BACK TO MY APARTMENT...



MILTON LOOKED STRANGE. HE HAD A WILD GLEAM IN HIS USUALLY SAD EYES. EMILY AND I HAD BEEN ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER BECAUSE WE WERE SO MUCH ALIKE... DOMINATING WIVES WHO LOOMED OVER SHY, QUIET, MELLOWED-HUSBANDS...



I HEARD THE UNMISTAKABLE COOING OF A PIGEON...

I SCREAMED AND RUSHED FOR THE BED-ROOM. I LOCKED MYSELF IN. I WAS TRAPPED. MILTON DISGLED... HIS VOICE DRIFTING THROUGH THE DOOR...

WE PLANNED IT THIS WAY, HENRIETTA! FIRST WALLY, THEN WE'VE RENTED THE SHACK, THE DOGS, THE PIGEONS... BUT YOU FOUND OUT... TOO SOON...



THE DOOR IS OPENING. I'LL HAVE TO STOP WRITING... SO NOW, EVEN THOUGH WALLY ISN'T THROUGH GETTING RID OF EMILY'S BOO... I'LL HAVE TO START HENRIETTA... START BY KILLING YOU... THEN CUTTING YOU UP INTO TINY LITTLE PIECES... BIG ENOUGH TO FIT IN CANS...



AT THIS POINT OUR MANUSCRIPT ENDS, KIDDIES... ENDS IN A BLOODY SNAKE! HENRIETTA IS NOW... FOR THE BIRDS! NOW DID I GET HOLD OF THIS LITTLE YARN, YOU ASK? SO WHO DO YOU THINK OWNED THE SHACK, THE DOGS... THE PIGEONS?





**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

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MAD

WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY  
AND THE 23¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:

WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY  
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

**TIGHT  
SQUEEZE!**

Not ten seconds after Kendall had seized the payroll bag and started toward the factory exit, he knew he was being pursued. He could hear their feet clattering along the concrete walk behind him, then a shot screamed along the corridor and ricocheted off the wall not five feet from his head. They were armed . . . and they meant business. And from the sound their shoes were making, there were at least three guards tracking him.

Almost in panic, Kendall clawed at his coat pocket and fumbled his gun free as he ran. It was the three guards against him . . . their lives against his own, he thought as he fled. They had him badly outnumbered . . . there wasn't much chance for him to escape . . .

Then he saw the steel staircase spiraling up far overhead to the catwalk which ran the length of the factory. This might help him squeeze out of the trap, Kendall thought, as he raced frenziedly up the steps. In another moment he was scampering along the catwalk and could hear them pounding up the steps after him. In a second they'd have him cornered; if he turned to fight, their bullets would cut him down in the first exchange of hot lead. And if he surrendered, it meant conviction for the fourth time . . . imprisonment for the rest of his life!

He stopped momentarily, amazement on his face. There, just a short

jump below, was a small area surrounded by steel walls. If he could just reach that haven, he'd be able to shoot at the guards as they came after him along the catwalk. And their own shots would be shrugged aside by those gleaming metal plates!

The jump jarred him more than he had expected: it was a half-minute before he recovered his balance and turned back to face the oncoming guards. The first of them reared up above him, leveled his gun. But he never pulled the trigger, because a bullet from below sent him reeling backwards.

Kendall crouched lower behind the steel walls . . . heard the guards' bullets ploughing into the plates with a shrill whine, then bounce harmlessly aside. He was safe, Kendall grinned to himself. At least for the moment. They couldn't get him with their guns . . . and if the two remaining guards gave him even the slightest target, he'd shoot to kill! Just one shot at each of the guards . . . that was all Kendall wanted . . .

A whirring sound made him pause in fear. He must be seeing things, he thought . . . but no! The steel plates that sheltered him . . . they were grinding toward one another, moving together ominously! He leaped to his feet and began to scream out his surrender, but it was too late! The walls could not be stopped . . . already they were pressing against him on each side. Already they were crushing his chest and legs . . . squeezing the breath out of his tortured lungs . . . mashing him into a bloody shadow on the sides of the huge steel vise he had heedlessly plunged into!



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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Guess all you EVANS fans can stop howling now! Gorgeous George's biography and pictures, as you probably noticed, and if you haven't, why not?, is on the inside front cover of this miserable mag. And now YOU can stop howling TOO, George! Ya Gads, these apologetic critics! Glory . . . glory . . . all they want is hate and fame! Now take ME! All I want is FORTUNE . . . and all I get is FAMOUS! (IN-JANUARY would be a BETTER word, C.K., old boy!—ed.) I don't see them handing YOU TWO any laurel wreaths, you moon-buggy pervert! (Midway? What's "money," AL? Diana, Sil. Sounds familiar, but there sure ain't been none of that stuff 'round HERE in some time!—ed.) Ah, you poor, poor boy! Isn't it a pity? You'll have to drive your LAST YEAR'S Cadillac for a while yet! (But C.K., THE ASH-TRAYS are FULL!—ed.) Reckin'-buns, I presume! (O course . . . and KING-SIZE, too!—ed.) Oh, DIG those CRA-ZY good-natured! And so on (the mail)

Dear Crypto-Keeper,

We are three intellectual college ghosts who spend our evenings reading your degenarous literature. The protagonists in your most horrible stories remind us of some of our long-lost dates. (Now we know what happened to them!) Due to our advanced education, we are properly equipped to fully appreciate your subtility and sarcasm. Please print this as we boys!! De-generately yours,

Slimy Syd  
Mammeford Myrna  
Fast Flava Javie

PROTAGONISTS!! Man! DIG those CRA-ZY co-ed!

Dear Padge-Pace,

All of your stories turned everyone on the house a lovely shade of green. My Aunt Mawmaw was eating when she read your book, and she's been in the re-gurgitatorium to count word, so don't throw it up to me!! for the past week. I personally thank you most for crapp, but then again we all!

Believe Zorrich  
Sanderly Ohio

CRA-ZY, man! That's what I said! DIG them CHARTELISE Ohioans!

Most Beloved Crypto-Keeper,

I'm a steady fan of yours, and enjoy all of the EC mag's very much! Here are a few additional titles for your "horror but paradi":

LADY OF PAIN (I will give you!)  
GONE SQUISHIN'  
I'LL DISMEMBER APRIL!  
CAN'T HELP LOATHING THAT CLAN  
OF NINE

Ralph Chapman  
Anchorage, Alak.

THE WHITE STUFF OF DOVER  
ALL OF ME . . . WHY NOT EAT ALL  
OF ME  
I'M RUKIN' OVER MY DEAD DOG  
ROVER

Dick Daggen  
Delaware Iowa

MAN! That dog is REAL GONE!

How about that?

JUMBEDEYERBALLS  
THE BLOODIEST BITS OF THE EAR  
I WANT A GHOUL JUST LIKE THE  
GHOUL THAT BURIED DEAR OLD  
DAD

Maura (Ma) Miller  
Chicago, Ill

DIG that CRA-ZY barbershop!

How do you like:

OLD MACDONALD WAS ENHANCED  
WHEN YOU AND I WERE HUNG,  
MAGGIE!

Dave Gordon and  
Dick Mervel  
Brooklyn, Mass.

DIG that . . . (Hey C.K., Ditch the bast . . . here comes COPS in a SQUAD CAR . . . down 90 mph!—ed.)

DOOOOOOOOOOOO!  
(O K, C.K./ They're gone!—ed.)

MAN! I thought they'd NEVER leave!

Dear C.K.,

The story by Ray Bradbury, "There Was an Old Woman," (T.C. No. 34) was kept. I read the original, but forget did it more than justice with his fine illustrations!

Warren A. Feilberg  
Cairo, Ill

... I love your mag, but I think that Ray Bradbury's story . . . stunk! What happened?

Ed Redling  
Paterson, N. J

Well, we can't please EVERYBODY! Anyway, Mr. FREIBERG will be happy to find EC's adaptation of Mr. B's "The Handler" . . . also illustrated by Ghauri Ghaibari Ingles! . . . in the wind-up spot of this issue. Before closing, a couple of "it's-gonna-cost-you-money-if-a-ya-ruckus-enough-to-be" announcements. A limited number (seven hundred fifty-two thousand one hundred and sixty-nine) of copies of the 3rd annual TALES OF TERROR, EC's anthology of horror and Supernatural, are now cluttering up the office. Help us unload? 25¢ Also . . . subscribers to any EC mag

71c 6 mag! Address for either or both of the above, mail, poetry, books, letters, or 1955 Cadillac is:

The Crypt-Keeper  
Room 166, Dept. 36  
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DIG that CRA-ZY weborg!

here's some more

HERE'S A TERROR-TALE OF  
SPORTING LIFE! I CALL IT...

# HOW GREEN WAS MY ALLEY



HIS JOB AS A TRAVELING SALESMAN HAD ENABLED ROBERT TO KEEP UP THE DECEPTION FOR THREE EXCITING YEARS. IT HAD BEEN SO SIMPLE TO CARRY ON HIS DOUBLE LIFE, SPENDING A WEEK WITH ANNE, A WEEK WITH JEAN, AND TWO WEEKS ON THE ROAD. YES, ROBERT SMITH WAS A MARRIAGE.

**MUST YOU GO, DON'T YOU KNOW HOW I MISS YOU WHEN YOU'RE AWAY.**



**NOT TO EARN A LIVING, ANY MONEY. WELL, GOOD-BYE, SEE YOU IN A MONTH.**

ROBERT LOOKED DOWN AT SLIM, DARKHAired ANNE. SHE SNUGGLED SLEEPILY IN THE BED, REACHING TOWARD HIM...

**KISS ME GOOD-BYE AND WITH ME LUCK. THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S AMATEUR ATHLETIC TOURNAMENTS ARE TWO WEEKS OFF...**

**SAY I'LL ALMOST FORGIVE YOUR GOLF TOURNAMENTS. I DON'T YOU SOMETHING.**



ROBERT WENT OUT TO THE CAR. HE UNLOCKED THE TRUNK. INSIDE WERE TWO CAREFULLY WRAPPED PACKAGES. HE CHOSE ONE AND BROUGHT IT BACK INTO THE HOUSE TO THE BEDROOM...



HERE, HONEY! FOR ME, FOR LOOK!  
BOB, BOB SWEET!  
WHAT IS IT?

ROBERT PUT OUT HIS HAND...

WAIT! DON'T OPEN IT NOW! NOT UNTIL YOU GET TO YOUR GOLF TOURNAMENT! IT'S A SURPRISE! IT MAY HELP YOU WIN...



AMY PUT DOWN THE PACKAGE AND SLIPPED HER ARMS AROUND ROBERT'S NECK...

I REALLY HAVE TO GET GOING, HONEY! IT'S LATE EVENING... BEAST! HOW CAN BUSINESS BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN... PLEASURE?



ROBERT SLIPPED AWAY FROM AMY AND PICKED UP HIS BAGS. SHE FOLLOWED HIM TO THE DOOR...

YOU'LL COME DOWN AND SEE ME PLAY, BOB? TWO WEEKS FROM TOMORROW... AT THE N.R.A.A. COURSE IN SPRING DALE. I'LL BE AT THE HOTEL! I'VE RESERVED A DOUBLE ROOM!

OF COURSE, HONEY! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T MISS MY WIFE'S CAPTURING THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP!



BOB CHUCKLED AS HE DROVE OFF...

MY ATHLETIC WOMEN! LITTLE DID I KNOW, WHEN I SUGGESTED TO AMY THAT SHE TAKE UP GOLF WHILE I WAS AWAY ON THE ROAD, THAT SHE'D BECOME SUCH AN EXPERT GOLFER. NOW SHE'S ENTERED IN THE N.R.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.



THE CAR ROARED NORTH THROUGH SMALL TOWNS AND OVER MILES OF HIGHWAYS UNTIL, THE NEXT NIGHT...

HOB, HONEY! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE BACK TONIGHT! I CAME HOME FROM PRACTICE EARLY...

JEAN, BABY!



SHE TOSSED HER BODY TO THE FLOOR AND HE WAS IN HER ARMS. JEAN WAS HEAVIER THAN ANY MORE MUSCULAR. HER HAIR FELL IN SOFT GOLDEN TRESSSES ABOUT HER BARE SHOULDERS...

OH, DARLING! I MISSED YOU! I MISSED YOU!

AND I MISSED YOU, HELL, I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE-FEET-A-MONTH DEAL ANY MORE THAN YOU DO...



HEN, HEN! WELL, HODGES, THAT'S THE PICTURE. LOVER BOY COMMITTED BETWEEN WIVES. ONE WEEK WITH SLIM, SWEET ANY... ONE WEEK WITH BROWN JEAN FOR THREE YEARS, THIS LITTLE RACKET HAD BEEN GOING ON. ANY TOOK UP SELF WHILE ROBERT DARLING WAS ON THE ROAD... KNOW WHAT JEAN TOOK UP? READ ON...



THE WEEK WAS OVER. JEAN AND BOB WERE SAYING GOOD-BYE...

WHAT IS IT, BOB? DON'T OPEN A SURPRISE... IF JEAN! YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A TOURNAMENT LAST MONTH WHEN I WAS HOME...



YES, THE W.A.A.A. BOWLING TOURNAMENT, IT'S NEXT WEEK. I'VE QUALIFIED...

WELL, AFTER YOU GET THERE, THEN OPEN IT. HATE? IT'LL HELP YOU WIN.



YES, JEAN HAD TAKEN UP BOWLING. ROBERT HAD SUGGESTED IT, AND LIKE ANY, JEAN HAD PROVEN HIMSELF VERY ADAPT AT NEW CHOSEN SPORT...

JUST THINK! MY WIFE YOU WILL COME DOWN AND A CHAMPION BOWLER. SEE ME BOWL NEXT WEEK, WON'T YOU, HONEY?



OF COURSE, JEAN. WHERE'D YOU SAY IT WAS?

SPRINGDALE? THE W.A.A.A.'S ALLEYS THERE.



SPRINGDALE? BUT... BUT I THOUGHT THERE WAS A GOLF COURSE THERE.

THERE IS, AND TENNIS COURTS, AND A POOL. THE W.A.A.A. HOLDS ALL ITS TOURNAMENTS THERE. YOU WILL COME, WON'T YOU? I HAVE A RESERVATION FOR A DOUBLE ROOM...

WELL, I'LL, I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT, HONEY. AT LEAST I'LL STOP BY YOUR HOTEL TO WISH YOU LUCK!

OH, DARLING, I'LL MAKE YOU SO PROUD OF ME. NOW... KISS ME GOOD-NITE!



**BOB SPEED OFF.**

HEY, HEY, SO BOTH MY ATHLETIC WOMEN WILL BE IN THE SAME TOWN AT THE SAME TIME. WELL... THIS OUGHT TO BE FUN. I'M LUCKY THAT "SMITH" IS A COMMON NAME. ANY AND JEAN WILL NEVER SUSPECT ANYTHING, AND IF I **WORK** IT RIGHT... NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER.

HEHE. SPRINGDALE PROBABLY HAS ONLY ONE MOTEL. THEY'LL BOTH BE THERE. YES, BUT THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!

BUT THEN, HAVEN'T THE LAST THREE YEARS?



SPRINGDALE'S ONE HOTEL WAS A BUSTLE OF EXCITEMENT ON THE FIRST DAY OF TOURNAMENT WEEK. THE LOBBY WAS JAMMED...

SORRY, NO ROOMS. YOU HAVE A RESERVATION FOR ME... MRS. ROBERT SMITH? MRS. ROBERT SMITH? MRS. ROBERT SMITH? MRS. ROBERT SMITH? MRS. ROBERT SMITH?



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I'M MRS. ROBERT SMITH. HERE'S YOUR LETTER ACKNOWLEDGING MY RESERVATION...

OH, DEAR. THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE. OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE TWO MRS. ROBERT SMITHS. I SEE YOU'RE FROM GENTLE CITY. THE ONE THAT RESERVED THIS MORNING IS FROM LET'S SEE... LAKEVIEW.



LAKEVIEW? DID I HEAR SOMEONE MENTION LAKEVIEW? THAT'S MY...

OH, MRS. SMITH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE. THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE ERROR. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MRS. ROBERT SMITH.

SEEMS WE HAVE THE SAME NAME, HONEY, AND THE SAME ROOM RESERVATION...

LADIES? I HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU TWO SHARE THE ROOM? I SEE THAT IT'S A DOUBLE.

WELL, MY HUSBAND IS COMING DOWN TO SEE ME PLAY.

SO'S MINE, BUT WE COULD DOUBLE UP UNTIL THEY STRAIGHTEN THIS BESS OUT.



OH, YES! WE'LL  
GET THINGS UP  
THIS IS ALL  
OUR FAULT.

O'MOM,  
HONEY! MY  
NAME'S  
AMY!  
WHAT'S  
YOURS?

JEAN!  
I  
BOWE...

I PLAY GOLF  
ER... BOY!  
TAKE THESE  
BAGS TO  
ROOM 204.

ISN'T IT A COIN-  
CIDENCE... I MEAN  
US HAVING THE  
SAME MARRIED  
NAME!

WELL, HONEY...  
ROBERT SMITH  
IS AN awfully  
COMMON NAME!  
IN HERE...

I GUESS SO.  
MY BOB IS  
A TRAVELING  
SALESMAN...



HE'Y BOB'S MINE! I  
HARDLY SEE HIM! ONLY  
ONE WEEK A MONTH!

HERE, BOB! THANKS.  
DID YOU SAY ONE WEEK  
A MONTH? THAT'S  
OUR ARRANGEMENT,  
TOO!

I GUESS ALL TRAVELING  
SALESMEN'S WIVES HAVE IT  
AROUND. THAT'S WHY I  
TOOK UP GOLF.

SAME HERE... WITH  
MY BOWLING. IT GAVE  
ME SOMETHING TO DO!  
OH, I FORGOT...



MY HUSBAND GAVE ME THIS  
PACKAGE. IT'S A SUR-  
PRISE. I WAS SUPPOSED  
TO OPEN IT WHEN I  
GOT HOME...

THAT'S FUNNY! I  
HAVE ONE, TOO! HERE!  
SEE?

THE TWO GIRLS STRUGGLED WITH THEIR PACKAGES...  
TEARING THEM OPEN FERVOROUSLY...

WHAT THE...?

GOOD LORD!





AMY STARED AT THE SHOES WITH THE ONE RUBBER SOLE AND THE ONE LEATHER ONE...

THESE... THESE ARE **BOWLING SHOES...**



JEAN STARED AT HER GIFT... SHOES WITH METAL CLEATS...

AND... **THESE ARE GOLF SHOES.**



THEN IT DAWNED UPON THEM. THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER...

BUT... BUT **I PLAY GOLF!**

AND I... **BOWL!**



IN SILENCE THEY EACH RUMMAGED THROUGH THEIR SUITCASES, TOSING CLOTHES ASIDE...



AND WHEN THEY EACH FOUND WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR, THEY HELD THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS UP... COMPARING THEM...



SO THEY WAITED FOR ROBERT TOGETHER...

WHAT THE... **HELLO, BOB!** **COME IN OUR HUSBAND!**



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE TOURNAMENT STARTED, THE JUDGES FOUND AMY ON THE FIRST GREEN OF THE GOLF COURSE, HER HAIR STRINGY, HER FACE PALE, SLEEPFULLY PRACTICING HER PUTTING...



AMY WAS USING ROBERT'S EYEBALLS...

AND THEY FOUND JEAN AT THE ALLEYS WHEN THEY CAME TO OPEN THEM UP. SHE WAS PRACTICING HER BOWLING...



JEAN WAS USING ROBERT'S EYELESS HEAD.

HEH, HEH. AND THE MORAL OF THE STORY TODDIES IS DON'T BE A **MASHIE** AND **SPOON** WITH A **SHRINE** WIFE OR YOU'LL **STRIKE OUT** IN THE **LAST FRAME**. AND HOBBOY WILL TELL FOWL BECAUSE **ONE WIFE IS PAIR** FOR THE **COURSE**. SO IF YOU FEEL LIKE **PUNISHING** YOURSELF DOWN, DON'T **SPELT** YOUR AFFECTION. **ONE SIB IS ENOUGH** FOR **ANY DUFFERS!**

HEH, HEH! AND NOW THE **OLD WITCH** WANTS TO **WIND UP** MY **TERROR-MAA**. 'BYE, NOW. REMEMBER **OLD BOLPER'S** NEVER ON!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELLO, HERE, IT'S YOUR DIETICIAN IN DISGUISE DRAMA. THE OLD WITCH, READY TO STIR UP ANOTHER STEAK-AND-EGG IN MY CAULDRON HERE IN THE MOUNT OF FEAR, TO COME IN, HODDIE, AND SIT DOWN BY THE FIRE. THIS TIME, MY MENU CONSISTS OF ANOTHER ADAPTION OF A TALE BY MY BOSS, BRADBURY. REVOLTING RAY, AS I AFFECTIONATELY CALL HIM. LISTEN TO RAY BRADBURY'S SUPERS...

## THE HANDLER

MR. BENEDICT WALKED DOWN THE STEPS AND OUT THE GATE, WITHOUT ONCE LOOKING AT HIS LITTLE MORTUARY BUILDING. HE SAID THAT PLEASURE FOR LATER IT WAS VERY IMPORTANT THAT THINGS TOOK THE RIGHT PRECEDENCE. IT WOULDN'T PAY TO THINK WITH JOY OF THE BODIES AWAITING HIS TALENTS IN THE MORTUARY BUILDING, NO, IT WAS BETTER TO FOLLOW HIS USUAL DAY AFTER DAY ROUTINE. HE WOULD LET THE CONFLICT BEGIN...



MR. BENEDICT KNEW JUST WHEN TO GET HIMSELF ENGAGED. HE SPOKE WITH MR. RODGERS, THE DRUG DIST., AND HE SAVED AND PUT AWAY ALL THE SLURS AND INTORATIONS AND INSULTS.



MR. ROGERS ALWAYS HAD SOME TERRIBLE THING TO SAY ABOUT A MAN IN THE FURNAL PROFESSOR, AND OUTSIDE THE DRUG-STORE, MR. BENEDICT MET UP WITH MR. STUTTSBART, THE CONTRACTOR.

OH, HELLO, BENEDICT. HOW'S BUSINESS? ALL YER, YER? BET YOU'RE GOING AT IT **TOOTH AND NAIL**, DID YOU **BET IT?** I SAID **TOOTH AND NAIL**. **YOUR BUSINESS, MR. STUTTSBART?**



AND ON IT WENT, PERIOD AFTER PERIOD.

SAY, HOW DO YOUR HANDS GET SO **COLD**? BENEDICT OLD MAN! THAT'S A **COLD SHAKE** YOU GOT THERE. YOU JUST GOT DONE EMBALMING A **FRIED WOMAN**? YER, THAT'S **HOT** SAYS, YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID?

GOOD, GOOD? WELL...GOOD SAY?



MR. BENEDICT WAS THE LAKE INTO WHICH ALL REFUSE WAS THROWN. PEOPLE BEGAN WITH PEBBLES, AND WHEN MR. BENEDICT DID NOT RIPLE, THEY HEAVED A STONE... A BRICK... A BOULDER.

THERE YOU ARE, NEXT CHOPPER! NOW ARE ALL YOUR CORNED-BEEFS AND PICKLED BRAINS?



THAT WAS MR. FLINGER, THE DELICATESSEN MAN. THERE WERE MORE, MANY MORE. THINGS WORKED TO A CRESCENDO. FINALLY, MR. BENEDICT TURNED WILDT AND RAN BACK THROUGH TOWN. HE WAS ALL READY NOW.

SOME BODY WASH! ON YOU, MR. BENEDICT? HEY? BET IF I SAID SOME **GOOF**.



THE AWFUL PART OF THE DAY WAS OVER. THE GOOD PART WAS NOW TO BEGIN! HE RAN EAGERLY UP THE STEPS OF HIS MORTUARY.



THE ROOM WAITED LIKE A FALL OF SNOW. THERE WERE WHITE HUMMOCKS AND PALE DELINEATIONS OF THINGS RECURRENT UNDER SHEETS IN THE DIMNESS. MR. BENEDICT FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR.



HE WAS THE PUPPET-MASTER COME HOME.

HE STOOD FOR A LONG MINUTE IN THE VERY CENTER OF HIS THEATER. IN HIS HEAD APPLAUSE, PERHAPS, THUNDERED. THEN HE CAREFULLY REMOVED HIS COAT, GOT INTO A FRESH WHITE SMOKE, AND RUBBED HIS HANDS TOGETHER AS HE LOOKED AT HIS VERY GOOD FRIENDS.



HE WALKED ALONG THE SLEEPING ROWS OF SHEETED PEOPLE. IT HAD BEEN A FINE WEEK, THERE WERE ANY NUMBER OF FAMILY RELICS LYING THERE. HE NOTED EACH NAME ON ITS WHITE CARD...

MRS. WALTERS, MR. SMITH, MISS BROWN, MR. ANDREWS, AH, GOOD AFTERNOON, ONE AND ALL!



MR. BENEDICT LIFTED A SHEET AS IF LOOKING FOR A CHILD UNDER A BED...

HOW ARE YOU TODAY, MRS. SHELLMUND? YOU'RE LOOKING *SPLENDID*, DEAR LADY!



MR. BENEDICT PULLED UP A CHAIR AND, REGARDING MRS. SHELLMUND THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS...

MY DEAR MRS. SHELLMUND, DO YOU REALIZE, MY LADY, THAT YOU HAVE A *SEVERED CONDITION* OF THE FORESKIN OIL AND GREASE PIMPLES. A RICH, RICH DIET WAS YOUR TROUBLE. TOO MANY FROSTIES AND SPONGE CAKES AND CREAM DANDIES. YOU ALWAYS PRIED YOURSELF ON YOUR BRAIN, MRS. SHELLMUND...



BUT YOU *FEET* THAT WONDERFUL, PRICELESS BRAIN OF YOURS AFOUNT IN *PARAFATS* AND *FIZZES* AND *LIMEADES* AND *SOODAS* AND WERE SO VERY SUPERIOR TO ME THAT NOW, MRS. SHELLMUND, HERE IS WHAT SHALL HAPPEN...



MR. BENEDICT DID A NEAT OPERATION ON HER, CUTTING THE SCALP IN A CIRCLE, HE LIFTED IT OFF, THEN LIFTED OUT THE BRAIN, THEN HE PREPARED A CAKE CONFECTIONER'S LITTLE SUGAR-BELLOWS AND SQUIRTED HER EMPTY HEAD FULL OF WHIPPED CREAM AND CRYSTAL, RESSONS, STARS AND PRO-LIPS, IN PINK, WHITE AND GREEN, AND ON TOP HE PRINTED A FINE PINK SCROLL...



THEN HE PUT THE SKULL BACK ON AND SEWED IT IN PLACE AND HED THE MARKS WITH WAX AND POWDER AND WALKED ON TO THE NEXT TABLE...

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. WREN, AND NOW IS THE MASTER OF RACIAL HATREDS TODAY *PURE, WHITE LAUNDERED* MR. WREN. *CLEAN AS SNOW, WHITE AS LILIES*. THE MAN WHO HATED JEWS AND NEGROES. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU, MR. WREN? FIRST, LET US DRAW YOUR BLOOD FROM YOU, INTOLERANT FRIEND!



THE BLOOD WAS DRAWN OFF.

NOW...THE INJECTION OF, YOU MIGHT SAY, *EMBALMING FLUID*.



MR. WREN, SNOW-WHITE, LINDY PURE, LAY WITH THE FLUID GOING IN HIM, MR. BENEDICT LAUGHED. MR. WREN TURNED BLACK. *BLACK AS DIRT! BLACK AS INK!*



THE SMALL MINI-FLUID WAS... *JOKE!*

MR. BENEDICT SEVERED WORTH'S HEAD, PUT IT IN A COFFIN ON A SMALL PILLOW, FACING UP, THEN HE PLACED ONE HUNDRED NINETY POUNDS OF BRICKS IN THE COFFIN AND ARRANGED THEM TO LOOK LIKE A BODY IT WAS A FINE ILLUSION



THE OTHER TWO CASKETS WERE FILLED WITH PEBBLES AND SHELLS AND BAVELS OF GINGHAM. IT WAS A FINE SERVICE, EVERYBODY CRIED...



THOSE THREE INSEPARABLES, AT LAST SEPARATED?

HEH, HEH

MR. BENEDICT MOVED ON

AND HELD TO YOU, EDMUND WORTH. WHAT A HANDSOME BODY YOU HAD, POWERFUL, WITH MUSCLES PINNED FROM HIDE BONE TO HIDE BONE, AND A CHEST LIKE A BOWLER. WOMEN GREW SPEECHLESS WHEN YOU WALKED BY... MEN STARED WITH ENVY? AND NOW, HERE YOU ARE...



SINCE IT WAS A GROWING AND POPULAR HABIT IN THE TOWN FOR PEOPLE TO BE BURIED WITH THE COFFIN LIDS CLOSED OVER THEM DURING THE SERVICE, THIS GAVE MR. BENEDICT GREAT OPPORTUNITIES TO VENT HIS REPRESSIONS ON HIS RAPLESS GUESTS. HE HAD THE MOST UTTERLY WORTHLESS FUN WITH A GROUP OF OLD MAIDEN LADIES WHO WERE WASHED IN AN AUTO ON THEIR WAY TO AN AFTER-NOON TEA. THEY WERE FAMOUS GOSSIPERS, ALWAYS WITH HEADS TOGETHER OVER SOME CHOICE BIT. AS IN LIFE, ALL THREE WERE CROWDED INTO ONE CASKET, HEADS TOGETHER IN ETERNAL FOLD-RETIFFED GOSSIP



NOT LACKING FOR A SENSE OF JUSTICE, MR. BENEDICT BURIED ONE RICH MAN STARK NAKED.



A POOR MAN HE BURIED WOUND IN GOLD CLOTH, WITH FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECES FOR BUTTONS AND TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD COINS ON EACH EYELID.



A LANTERN HE DID NOT BURN AT ALL...  
BUT BURNT MEN IN THE INCINERATOR...



HIS COFFIN CONTAINED NOTHING  
BUT A MOLE-CAT, TRAPPED IN THE  
WOODS ONE SUNDAY.



AN OLD MAN WAS THE VICTIM OF  
A TERRIBLE DEVISE. UNDER THE  
SILKEN COMFORTER, PARTS OF AN  
OLD MAN HAD BEEN BURIED WITH  
HER, THERE SHE LAY BEING MADE  
COLD LOVE TO BY HIDDEN HANDS  
AND THINGS. THE SHOOC  
SHOWED ON HER FACE,  
TOMEWHAT...



SO MR. BENEDICT MOVED FROM BODY TO BODY IN HIS  
MORTUARY. THE FINAL BODY OF THE DAY WAS THE  
BODY OF ONE MERRIWELL BLYTHE, AN ANCIENT MAN  
AFFLICTED WITH SPILLS AND COMAS. MR. BLYTHE  
HAD BEEN BROUGHT IN FOR DEAD SEVERAL TIMES,  
BUT EACH TIME HE HAD REVIVED IN TIME TO PREVENT  
PREMATURE BURIAL. MR. BENEDICT PULLED BACK  
THE SHEET...



MR. BENEDICT FELL AGAINST THE SLAB, SUDDENLY  
SHAKEN AND SICK...



THE OLD MAN ON THE SLAB SAILED, ROLLING HIS EYES  
ABOUT IN HIS HEAD IN WHITE ORBITS...

"OH, YOU DARK DARK THING, YOU ANGEL THING, YOU  
FIEND, YOU MONSTER, GET ME UP FROM HERE! I'LL  
TELL THE MAYOR AND THE DOUNGE AND EVERYONE,  
OH, YOU DARK DARK THING! YOU DEFILED AND  
SADIST, YOU PERVERTED SCOUNDREL... YOU  
TERRIBLE MAN..."



THE OLD MAN SHRIEKED, FROTHING...

TO THINK THIS HAS GONE ON IN OUR TOWN...  
ALL THESE YEARS AND WE NEVER JONER THE  
THE THINGS YOU DID TO PEOPLE! OH YOU  
MONSTROUS MONSTER, THE THINGS YOU  
SAID! THE THINGS YOU DO!"



MR. BENEDICT REACHED FOR A HYPODERMIC...

MR. BENEDICT STABBED MR. BLYTHE IN THE ARM WITH THE NEEDLE. THE OLD MAN CRIED WILDLY TO ALL THE SHEETED FIGURES...

YOU! HELP ME!  
YOU OUT THERE, UNDER  
THE STONES, HELP  
ME! LISTEN!



THE OLD MAN FELL BACK. HE KNEW HE WAS DYING...

ALL, LISTEN! WE'VE DONE THIS  
TO ME, AND YOU, AND YOU, ALL  
OF YOU. HE'S DONE TOO MUCH,  
TOO LONG. DON'T TAKE IT!  
DON'T, DON'T LET HIM DO ANY  
MORE TO ANYONE!



MR. BENEDICT STOOD THERE...

TRAY CAN'T GO  
ANYTHING TO ME,  
AND NEITHER CAN  
YOU!

OUT OF YOUR  
GRAVES, HELP  
ME! TONIGHT,  
OR TOMORROW,  
OR SOON. BUT  
COME AND FLY  
ME... THIS  
HORRIBLE  
MAN!



THE OLD MAN RAVED ON AND ON, GETTING WEAKER. THE ROOM WAS SUDDENLY VERY DARK. IT WAS NIGHT. IT WAS GETTING LATE. FINALLY, SMILING, THE OLD MAN WHISPERED...

THEY'VE TAKEN A LOT FROM YOU, HORRIBLE MAN.  
TONIGHT, THEY'LL... GO... SOMETHING.



AND THEN, THE OLD MAN DIED...

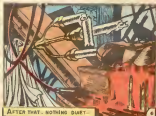
PEOPLE SAY THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION THAT NIGHT, IN THE GRAVEYARD, OR RATHER A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS, A SMELL OF STRANGE THINGS, A MOVEMENT, A VIOLENCE, A RAINING, STONES TOPPLED AND THINGS SWORE OATHS...



... AND THERE WAS A CHAOS AND A SCREAMING, AND MANY SHADOWS, MOVING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE MORTUARY BUILDING IN SWIFT JERKS AND SHAKING. WINDOWS BROKE. DOORS WERE TORN FROM HINGES, LEAVES FROM TREES. IRON GATES CLATTERED...



... AND IN THE END, THERE WAS MR. BENEDICT RUNNING ABOUT, RUNNING ABOUT, YAWNING, AND A TORTURED SCREAM THAT COULD ONLY BE MR. BENEDICT HIMSELF...



AFTER THAT, NOTHING SUIT...

THE TOWN PEOPLE ENTERED THE MORTUARY THE NEXT MORNING. THEY SEARCHED THE MORTUARY BUILDING AND THEN WENT OUT INTO THE GRAVEYARD, AND THEY FOUND NOTHING BUT BLOOD, A VAST QUANTITY OF BLOOD, SPRINKLED AND THROWN AND SPREAD EVERYWHERE YOU COULD POSSIBLY LOOK, AS IF THE HEAVENS HAD BLEED PROFUSELY IN THE NIGHT...



WHERE COULD HE BE?

HOW SHOULD WE KNOW?

WALKING THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD, THEY STOOD IN DEEP TREE SHADES WHERE STONES, ROW ON ROW, WERE OLD AND TIME-ERASED AND LEANING. NO BIRDS SANG. THEY STOPPED BY ONE TOMBSTONE...



HERE, NOW! LOOK AT THIS...

FRESHLY SCRATCHED, AS IF BY FEEDBLY, FRANTIC, NASTY FINGERS IN THE GREYISH, MOSS-FLECKED STONE WAS THE NAME: MR. BENEDICT...



GOOD LORD!

LOOK... OVER HERE, THIS ONE TOO... AND THIS ONE AND THIS ONE...

A VILLAGER POINTED TO THE OTHER GRAVESTONES, UPON EACH AND EVERY STONE, SCRATCHED BY FINGER-NAIL SCRATCHINGS, THE SAME MESSAGE APPEARED: MR. BENEDICT...



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THE TOWN PEOPLE WERE STUNNED...

HE... HE COULDN'T BE BURIED UNDER ALL THESE GRAVESTONES!



THEY STOOD THERE FOR ONE LONG MOMENT. INSTINCTIVELY THEY ALL LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER NERVOUSLY IN THE SILENCE AND THE TREE DARKNESS. THEY ALL WITCHED FOR AN ANSWER WITH FUMBLING, SENSELESS LIPS. ONE OF THEM REPLIED, SIMPLY



COULDN'T HE?

WEE, WEE! SO, THAT'S THE *DISH, DRAPE*, HAVE YOU FOUND IT A TASTY TALE. THIS BOY BRADBURY HAD WRITTEN AN IMMORTALITY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY WELL, THAT ABOUT WINDS UP THE GRIFF-KEEPER'S MAG, I'LL JUST POUR SOME BLOOD ON THE FIRE



UNDER MY CHILDREN, LAP UP THE LAST TRACE OF THIS ISSUE'S CULINARY CONCOCTION, AND GET READY FOR MY NEXT HORROR HELPING, WHICH WILL BE IN THE GRIFF-KEEPER'S MAG, THE BUILT OF HORROR! 'BYE, NOW'





This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
LASTS FOR 1 YEAR OR  
30 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY

**I GAINED  
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY  
POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES**

**2 ME'S**  
**is YOU ?**

THAT 112 LB. A FT.

**SPINDLE-ARMED Sissy** below  
**WAS ME**  
 A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

YOUR LAST  
CHANCE

[illegible]

M15 100

## RESEARCH

11/11/2004 11:11 AM

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

100

[illegible]

100% **OTC**  
 100% **OTC**

**The new steel**  
making domestic iron  
stronger than  
any other in the world



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 4 ft. WEAKLING  
look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE STAR BE AIN

from Head to Toe  
as **YOU**  
can be  
seen.

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHILD? dropped. Your BACK, too? SHOULDER broadened. From head to toe, POWER, SPEED! You're become a MAN. A Winner in everything you tackle—or my Training won't

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
**Gain Pounds. INCHES. FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFE/LOVE STORY of every way  
known to develop your Body. Then I devised the BILT by BILT, my  
"LIFEY PROGRESSIVE FORMS" the only method that builds your Strength  
fast. You save FLARE, SOULERS like movie star Tom Tyler also. Like  
chance Roger Wrench also. Like HARRY THOMPSON like you did. SO WELL  
developed body!

100

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6½ inches to your CHEST**  
**3 inches to each ARM** 

Four book covers from the 'How to Build a Mighty' series are shown. The covers are titled 'How to Build a MIGHTY ARMS', 'How to Build a MIGHTY CHEST', 'How to Build a MIGHTY LEGS', and 'How to Build a MIGHTY GRIP'.

**FREE**

6010001  
 6010001  
 "Lions of  
 Chicago"  
 4 Lionesses  
 4 Lionesses  
 4 Lionesses  
 4 Lionesses

**Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME  
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME...AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

Category	Subcategory	Value
Category 1	Subcategory 1	Value 1
Category 1	Subcategory 2	Value 2
Category 1	Subcategory 3	Value 3
Category 1	Subcategory 4	Value 4
Category 1	Subcategory 5	Value 5
Category 1	Subcategory 6	Value 6
Category 1	Subcategory 7	Value 7
Category 1	Subcategory 8	Value 8
Category 1	Subcategory 9	Value 9
Category 1	Subcategory 10	Value 10
Category 1	Subcategory 11	Value 11
Category 1	Subcategory 12	Value 12
Category 1	Subcategory 13	Value 13
Category 1	Subcategory 14	Value 14
Category 1	Subcategory 15	Value 15
Category 1	Subcategory 16	Value 16
Category 1	Subcategory 17	Value 17
Category 1	Subcategory 18	Value 18
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**NO!** I don't care how skinny or healthy you are. If you're a triathlete, in your 20's or 30's or even if you're short or tall, or obese, work you do. All I want is JUST 120-150 POUNDS in your home to MAKE YOU ONE of the 14M0 METHOD's 1 billion people from a world in a Classroom of Champions.

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN  
2. MUSCLE METER

**Keywords:** *depression, mood, anxiety, self-esteem, self-efficacy, self-esteem, self-efficacy, self-esteem, self-efficacy*

**"General Company  
SPECIALTIES AND  
MADE TO ORDER  
CLOTHING  
AND APPAREL  
FOR MEN  
AND WOMEN"**

JOHANNIT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

**Figure 1**

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FAMOUS 1950s EC COMICS!



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# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING



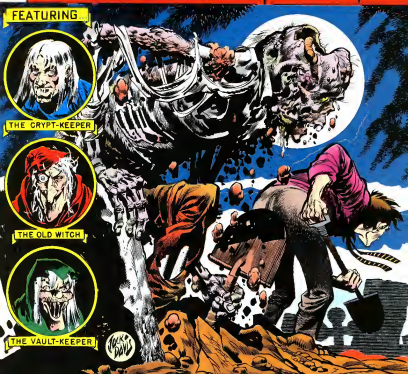
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

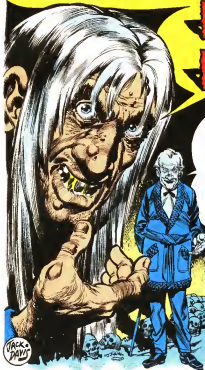
HEH, HEH! BACK FOR MORE, FIENDISH FANS? WELCOME AGAIN TO THE CRAWLY CRYPT. THIS IS YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, MASTER OF SCARE-A-MONIES, AND A-I TERROR-TALE-TELLER... READY TO REVEAL ANOTHER REVOLTING RECITATION FROM MY LIBRARY OF LOATHSOME LITERATURE. THIS SPINE-TINGLING SCREAM-STORY WILL BE TOLD BY A DR. CARL WINSTON, IN HIS OWN WHIMPERING WORDS. DR. WINSTON... IF YOU PLEASE... GO AHEAD WITH THE YELI-YARN YOU CALL...

## DEAD RIGHT!

JOSEPH FAIRBANKS AND I HAD BEEN LIFE-LONG FRIENDS. WE'D MET IN MEDICAL SCHOOL, AND THROUGH OUR INTERNSHIP AND ON INTO OUR PRACTICING YEARS OUR FRIENDSHIP HAD GROWN. JOSEPH HAD BECOME ONE OF THE NATION'S OUTSTANDING SURGEONS, AND I'D ENJOYED NO SMALL SUCCESS AS A HEART SPECIALIST. NEITHER OF US HAD MARRIED AND CONSEQUENTLY, AS WE'D GROWN OLDER, WE'D SOUGHT EACH OTHER'S COMPANY MORE AND MORE TO FILL THE LONELINESS OF BACHELOR LIFE. WHEN OUR WHIRL DAYS HAD PASSED, AND A CONTENTMENT FOR JUST SITTING BY AN OPEN FIRE AND SIPPING BRANDY HAD COME UPON US, WE'D MADE IT A POINT TO VISIT EACH OTHER'S HOMES AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK... USUALLY ON FRIDAY NIGHTS...

GOOD EVENING,  
JOSEPH!

COME IN, CARL. COME  
IN!



SINCE NEITHER JOSEPH NOR I HAD FAMILIES OR CLOSE RELATIVES, IN DEFERENCE TO OUR CLOSE FRIENDSHIP WE HAD ARRANGED OUR WILLS SO THAT WE WERE EACH OTHERS' INHERITORS.

SIT DOWN, CARL! WILL IT BE THE USUAL? BRANDY?

YES, JOSEPH! AH... THE FIRE FEELS GOOD TONIGHT. THIS DAMP WEATHER ALWAYS SETTLES IN MY BONES.



I THINK THAT THE OLDER WE'D GOTTEN, THE MORE CHILDISH WE'D BECOME ABOUT THIS CONTINUOUS DISAGREEMENT OVER JOSEPH'S RIDICULOUS THEORY. WE'D COME TO FIGHT ABOUT IT AS TWO CHILDREN FIGHT OVER WHO'S TO BE 'IT' IN TAG...

BUT ISN'T IT POSSIBLE, CARL, THAT THE SENSORY FUNCTIONS OF THE BODY CAN CONTINUE AFTER WHAT WE PRESUMPTUOUSLY CALL 'DEATH'?

IF THE BRAIN CELLS DIE, SENSORY FUNCTIONS CEASE!



RIDICULOUS? NO! POSSIBLE! VERY POSSIBLE! IN A STATE OF SHOCK, WHERE THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN CELL WERE CURTAILED, THE LITTLE OXYGEN LEFT IN THE PROTOPLASM AT THE MOMENT OF HEART FAILURE WOULD BE ENOUGH TO PROLONG THE LIFE OF THE GELL FOR HOURS.

SO A DEAD MAN IS NOT REALLY DEAD WHEN HE IS PRONOUNCED DEAD, EN? HE CAN STILL FEEL AND SEE AND HEAR, ALTHOUGH HE CANNOT MOVE...



OF COURSE, JOSEPH AND I HAD HAD OUR DIFFERENCES, TOO, LIKE THAT SILLY THEORY OF HIS THAT HE WOULD UNFAILINGLY BRING UP EVERY TIME WE WERE TOGETHER...

BUT, ACTUALLY, CARL, HOW DO WE KNOW? HOW DO WE KNOW A MAN IS REALLY DEAD? WHO'S TO SAY THAT HE CANNOT HEAR OR SEE OR FEEL WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND HIM?

BECAUSE, MY DEAR JOSEPH, HIS HEART HAS STOPPED! THE BLOOD NO LONGER FLOWS TO HIS BRAIN! THE CELLS DIE FOR LACK OF OXYGEN!



BUT WE KNOW THAT BRAIN CELLS CANNOT LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES WITHOUT OXYGEN!

IN THEIR NORMAL STATE... YES, BUT SUPPOSE THAT AT THE MOMENT OF HEART CESSATION... WHETHER THROUGH BODY INJURY OR SIMPLE FAILURE... SUPPOSE THAT THE BRAIN CELLS GO INTO A STATE OF SHOCK... OF REDUCED METABOLISM...

REDUCED METABOLISM?! SNOCK?! HOW RIDICULOUS!



EXACTLY! THINK OF THE NUMBER OF CORPSES YOU'VE SEEN WHOSE EYES ARE STILL OPEN... WHOSE EYES WE THOUGHTFULLY PRESS CLOSED WITH PENNIES OR WADS OF COTTON UNDER THE LIDS. THINK OF THE HORROR OF HAVING YOUR EYES FORCED SHUT AND HELD SHUT... WHEN YOUR EYES CAN STILL SEE...

JOSEPH! THIS THEORY OF YOURS IS SHEER POPPY-COCK!



THINK OF THE HORROR OF LISTENING TO YOUR BLOOD BEING PUMPED FROM YOUR BODY OF EMBALMING FLUID BEING FORCED IN! THE PAIN! THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN! AND LISTENING TO YOUR OWN FUNERAL CEREMONY... OF FEELING THE CLOSENESS OF THE COFFIN... THE LID SLAMMING SHUT... PERHAPS BEING NAILED!

STOP IT, JOSEPH!

THINK OF FEELING YOURSELF BEING LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE... THE THUMPING OF EARTH BEING SHOVELED DOWN ON TOP OF YOU... AND THEN... ONLY THEN... FADING AND ACTUALLY DYING!

GOOD LORD, JOSEPH, I SHALL LEAVE THIS MINUTE IF YOU PERSIST IN CONTINUING THIS SHOULISH CONVERSATION...

AS I SAID, WE WERE JUST LIKE CHILDREN. I HAD TO THREATEN TO LEAVE IN ORDER TO GET JOSEPH TO STOP HIS NONSENSE. THE REST OF THE EVENING WOULD BE PLEASANT, AND WE'D REMAIN THE BEST OF FRIENDS, BUT LAST NIGHT WAS DIFFERENT. LAST NIGHT WAS VERY DIFFERENT...

SIT DOWN, CARL! WILL IT BE THE USUAL? BRANDY!

YES, JOSEPH! BRANDY WILL BE FINE!

LAST NIGHT WE'D SAT BEFORE THE FIRE, SIPPING OUR BRANDIES, AND JOSEPH DIDN'T ONCE BRING UP HIS RIDICULOUS THEORY. INSTEAD HE TALKED OF INVESTMENTS AND BAD LUCK AND SOME SUCH NONSENSE. I HADN'T PAID MUCH ATTENTION. FACT IS, I'D THOUGHT OF A NEW ARGUMENT AGAINST HIS THEORY AND WAS WAITING, MULLING IT OVER IN MY MIND...

SO YOU SEE, CARL. I'M BANKRUPT!

EH? WHA...? JOSEPH! DID YOU SAY YOU'RE BANKRUPT?

THAT'S RIGHT, CARL. AND I'M BADLY IN DEBT! I NEED MONEY! A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY!

WHY I'LL GLADLY LEND YOU WHAT YOU NEED, JOSEPH!

LEND, CARL? DON'T BE SILLY! I'M TAKING IT! YOUR WHOLE FORTUNE! YOU SEE... I'VE POISONED YOUR BRANDY...

JOSEPH! NO!

I STAGGERED TO MY FEET. I FELT WEAK AND DIZZY AND MY LEGS AND ARMS WERE TINGLING...

DON'T BOTHER TRYING ANY EMETICS, CARL. THE POISON IS A FAST-ACTING ONE. YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A MOMENT.

JOSEPH! HOW COULD YOU...

I WAS HALF-WAY ACROSS THE ROOM WHEN I SIMPLY COLLAPSED TO THE FLOOR. I TRIED TO MOVE. I TRIED TO SPEAK. IT WAS AS THOUGH I WERE COMPLETELY PARALYZED.

GOOD-BYE, CARL.  
THANK YOU FOR THE  
INHERITANCE.



HE CAME AND STOOD OVER ME. I COULD SEE CLEARLY, YET I COULDN'T MOVE MY EYES. THEY WERE GLUED IN THE ONE POSITION. JOSEPH MOVED INTO MY LINE OF VISION AND KNELT BESIDE ME. I FELT HIM LIFT MY LIMP HAND...

NO PULSE. YOU'RE DEAD,  
CARL! STONE DEAD!



DEAD? HOW COULD I BE DEAD? I COULD SEE... I COULD FEEL... I COULD HEAR JOSEPH DIALING THE TELEPHONE...

HELLO, NORTON FUNERAL PARLOR? THAT YOU, BEN? THIS IS DOCTOR JOSEPH FAIRBANKS. YOU'D BETTER GET OVER HERE AND BRING YOUR WICKER...



DOCTOR CARL WINSTON? NO! JUST DIED! YES. AT MY HOUSE? HEART ATTACK... OH, PLEASE. NO!



I HEARD JOSEPH HANG UP. I HEARD HIM APPROACH AND I SAW HIS FACE WHEN HE LEANED OVER ME... HIS LEERING FACE...

POOR CARL! HOW WE USED TO ARGUE... ABOUT SILLY THEORIES... THEORIES THAT I DIDN'T BELIEVE MYSELF!



OH LORD, WHAT HE WAS SAYING TO ME... THINKING I COULDN'T HEAR... KNOWING I WAS DEAD...

BUT I NEVER COULD GET YOU ANGRY ENOUGH, COULD I, CARL? I NEVER COULD GET YOU SO UPSET YOU'D DROP DEAD! NO! I HAD TO POISON YOU TO GET YOUR MONEY... YOUR ESTATE...



THEN, A PAIN... A HORRIBLE EXCRUCIATING PAIN IN MY CHEST... AND JOSEPH GRINNING DOWN AT ME AND BRAGGING...

IT WILL BE SIMPLE, CARL. I'M A PHYSICIAN. I'LL SIGN THE DEATH CERTIFICATE. DEATH... BY NATURAL CAUSES. NO ONE WOULD QUESTION A SURGEON'S WORD... AH. THE BELL! THE UNDERTAKER IS HERE...





BEN NORTON CAME IN LOOKING VERY SAD. JOSEPH'S VOICE CHANGED. NOW, AS HE SPOKE, HE SOUNDED GENUINELY BEREAVED...

IT WAS AWFUL, BEN! AWFUL! ONE MINUTE, SITTING AND DRINKING! THE NEXT MINUTE, DEAD!

HOW'D IT HAPPEN, DOC?

WE WERE ARGUING ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER. A MEDICAL THEORY OF MINE. CARL WAS SHOUTING. HE MUST HAVE BECOME TOO EMOTIONALLY UPSET. HIS HEART.

TOO BAD. SUCH A NICE GUY! WELL...I'LL GET HIS BODY ON DOWNTOWN...

I'LL GO WITH YOU, BEN! OH... SINCE I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD CARL HAD... NO FAMILY, YOU KNOW... THERE'S NO USE DRAGGING THIS OUT, ARRANGE FOR A SMALL DISGUSTED FUNERAL... TOMORROW...

SURE! WHY WASTE TIME? I GOT A WICKER IN THE TRUCK. C'MON AND HELP ME...



YOU... YOU WHO ARE READING THIS STORY! HOW CAN YOU UNDERSTAND HOW I FELT? HOW CAN YOU KNOW THE HORROR THAT GREPT UP MY RIGID SPINE? I WAS DEAD. DEAD BY ALL STANDARDS. AND YET I COULD FEEL... COULD HEAR... COULD SEE THINGS MOVE AS THEY LIFTED ME AND PLACED ME INTO THE WICKER...

YEP. NICE GUY... THE DOC WAS...

HEAVY THOUGH. HEAVY PEOPLE ARE MORE APT TO SUFFER HEART TROUBLE...



I COULD SEE THEM LOOKING DOWN AT ME. BUT I COULDN'T BLINK... COULDN'T MOVE AN EYELID... COULDN'T LIVE... EVER AGAIN...

LOOK, BEN. HIS EYES...

YEAH. I KNOW. THEY'RE OPEN. ALMOST LIKE HE WAS SEEN' US, EH? WELL...



BEN REACHED DOWN AND I FELT HIS FINGERTIPS TOUCH MY EYELIDS, PUSHING THEM CLOSED. AND NOW I WAS SHROUDED IN THE DARKNESS OF DEATH. BUT I COULD STILL HEAR. I COULD STILL FEEL THEM LIFT THE WICKER AND CARRY ME. I COULD IMAGINE WHAT WAS HAPPENING. THEY WERE PUTTING ME INTO THE BACK OF THE BLACK PANEL TRUCK WITH THE BLACK CURTAINED WINDOWS...

EASY, NOW...

WHY...? HE CAN'T FEEL THE BUMPS...



I COULD HEAR THEM GET IN THE FRONT... HEAR THE ENGINE START... FEEL THE MOTION OF RIDING... RIDING INTO TOWN TO THE FUNERAL PARLOR...

WELL... HERE WE ARE.

HELP ME GET HIM OUT...



I COULD HEAR THE BACK DOORS OPEN AGAIN. I COULD FEEL THE WICKER BEING LIFTED AND CARRIED INTO THE COLD WHITE ROOM WITH THE NEEDLES AND TUBES. I COULD SMELL THE PERFUME THAT TRIED TO HIDE THE FORMALDEHYDE ODOR...



I COULD FEEL MYSELF BEING LIFTED... BEING PLACED ON A COLD SURFACE... A MARBLE TABLE...



I COULD HEAR THE RUSTLING WHISPER OF HOSES, THE SHARP CLINKING OF BOTTLES, THE HUM OF PUMP-MOTORS STARTING...



I FELT WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A NEEDLE ENTERING MY ARM. BUT THERE WAS NO PAIN. JOSEPH HAD BEEN WRONG. THERE WAS NO PAIN, EVEN AS THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD DRIPPED OUT OF MY BODY AND I HEARD IT GURLING DOWN A DRAIN SOMEWHERE...



ANOTHER PUMP. ANOTHER NEEDLE PRESSING AGAINST MY DEAD FLESH. MORE GURLING...



JOSEPH DIDN'T WANT TO SEE HIS MONEY WASTED. NOT TOO EXPENSIVE. I WANTED TO SCREAM. BUT HOW COULD I? DEAD MEN DON'T SCREAM. THEY ONLY LIE STIFFLY... LISTENING... FEELING... AND CRYING INSIDE...



I WAS BEING LIFTED AGAIN. NOW I COULD FEEL THE SMOOTH SATIN AGAINST MY DEAD HANDS. THE CAMPHOR SMELL OF NEWNESS. I WAS BEING PUT INTO MY GOFFIN...



HOW LONG I LAY THERE I DO NOT KNOW. PERHAPS TIME, TO ONE DEAD, IS IMMEASURABLE. THE LID WAS SLAMMING DOWN...



BEING NAILED...



I WAS BEING MOVED AGAIN. A VOICE... EULOGIZING ME... MY FUNERAL ORATION. I WAS HEARING IT ALL...



A MOTOR. THE COOLNESS OF OPEN AIR. I WAS BEING LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE. THE VOICE...



THE HOLLOW BOON OF DIRT CRASHING DOWN UPON THE COFFIN LID. THE HORROR... THE SCREAMING SILENT HORROR OF IT...



AND NOW, THE SHOVELING HAS STOPPED. THERE IS LAUGHTER AND VOICES...



THE LID IS CREAKING OPEN. A RUSH OF FRESH AIR CARRESSES MY FACE...



A FINGER TOUCHES MY EYES. THE NIGHT STARS TWINKLE DOWN AT ME. JOSEPH'S FACE CUTS ACROSS THEM, BLOCKING THEM OUT...



YOU'RE PARALYZED, CARL. YOU'RE NOT REALLY DEAD. IT'S A NEW TYPE ANAESTHETIC! I PUT IT INTO YOUR BRANDY!

JOSEPH GRINS AT ME. BEN NORTON IS BESIDE HIM...



WE STAGED THIS, CARL... BEN AND I, TOGETHER! YOU'RE IN THE GARDEN OUT IN BACK OF MY HOUSE...

IT ISN'T MORNING YET, CARL!

THE DRUG WILL BE WEARING OFF SOON...



WE DIDN'T EVEN GO TO THE FUNERAL PARLOR! I JUST DROVE YOU AROUND!

THEN WE BROUGHT YOU BACK TO THE HOUSE... INTO MY OFFICE. WE PRETENDED IT WAS THE FUNERAL PARLOR...



I LENT OGG FAIRBANKS A FEW OF MY PUMPS FOR SOUND EFFECTS... AND THIS COFFIN...

IT WAS A GAG, CARL. I WANTED TO SHOW YOU THAT MY THEORY COULD BE RIGHT! YOU ALMOST BELIEVED IT, DIDN'T YOU CARL? DIDN'T YOU?



DOC. IT'S FIVE-THIRTY! SHOULDN'T HE BE COMING OUT OF IT?

IT'S MORNING NOW. THE STARS HAVE GONE AND I FEEL THE SUN ON MY FACE. JOSEPH IS PLEADING WITH ME... TEARS IN HIS EYES. BEN NORTON'S FACE JUST GETS PALER AND PALER...



CARL! FOR GOD'S SAKE, CARL! COME OUT OF IT! IT'S A GAG, CARL... COME OUT OF IT... PLEASE...

OH, LORD HELP US...

POOR JOSEPH AND HIS THEORY. HE WANTED SO MUCH FOR ME TO ACCEPT IT. AND NOW I HAVE ACCEPTED IT! ONLY HE WON'T KNOW HE'S RIGHT! NOT UNTIL HE GOES THROUGH WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH. FOR I AM DEAD. I DIED OF A HEART ATTACK JUST BEFORE THE UNDERTAKER CAME!



HEH, HEH! SO NEXT TIME YOU MEET A CORPSE, KIDDIES, BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, EH? YOU MIGHT HURT ITS NON-FEELINGS. AND NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED TELLING US YOUR LITTLE TALE, CARL, YOU CAN GO CRAWL BACK INTO YOUR GOFFIN AGAIN AND I'LL TUCK YOU IN WITH A BLANKET OF GRAVE-GRAVEL. WHILE I'M SHOVELING, FIENDS, WHY DON'T YOU SHOVEL ALONG TO THE VAULT-KEEPER WHO, BREATHLESSLY AND DRIPPING CROOL, WAITS WITH HIS GUEST-SPOT GORE-TALE, COMPLETE WITH GUARANTEED AGGRAVATING NEXT-MARE. I'LL DIG YOU LATER!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HID, HIEN! WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF HORROR, HIDIOTS. THIS IS YOUR SCREAM-STORY-SPINNER, THE VAULT-KEEPER, WAITING TO NARRATE ANOTHER NAUSEATING TALE FROM MY CREEPS-COLLECTION. SO COME IN, SIT DOWN, AND I'LL BEGIN. THIS WILL BE A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR YOU... SO RELAX AND BECOME THE MAIN CHARACTER IN A STORY THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS TO YOU. I CALL THIS YELP-YARN...

## PLEASANT SCREAMS!

IT IS AS IF YOU WERE SUDDENLY MOLDED OUT OF SILENCE AND INFINITE BLACKNESS AND YOU ARE NOW STANDING IN A STORMSWEEP FOREST, FEELING THE WIND ON YOUR FACE AND HEARING THE SIGHING TREES BENDING UNDER ITS ON-SLAUGHT. YOU CANNOT REMEMBER ANYTHING BEFORE THIS MOMENT. THE PAST IS A VOID WITHOUT MEMORIES OR RECOLLECTIONS, AND YOU KNOW ONLY THAT YOUR NAME IS FELIX PURDY AND THAT YOU ARE AFRAID...



WHAT...WHAT AM I DOING  
HERE? HOW DID I GET  
HERE?



THERE IS A CRAWLING FEAR IN YOU, FELIX PURDY. YOU STAND BELOW THE TOWERING WINDSWEEP TREES AND THE CLOUDS ABOVE LOOM LIKE MYSTERIOUS GHOST-SHAPES THAT HURRY BY BELOW A COLD MOON. YOUR HANDS TREMBLE AND YOUR BLOOD RUNS COLD AND YOUR HEART THROBS WILDLY IN YOUR CHEST. AND THEN YOU HEAR THE INHUMAN HOWL...



WHAT'S THAT? IT...IT SOUNDS  
LIKE A WILD ANIMAL...

SHEER TERROR ROOTS YOU TO THE SPOT AND YOU SWAY LIKE THE TREES THAT SURROUND YOU...WAITING... LISTENING... AS THE HOWLING THING COMES CLOSER... AND THEN IT BURSTS FROM THE BLACK OVERGROWTH, AND THE GHOST-CLOUDS PART SO THAT THE COLD MOON ILLUMINATES IT...



AND NOW YOU'RE RUNNING, FELIX, AND SCREAMING, AND THE INHUMAN WOLF-THING IS LOPING AFTER YOU, FANGS BARED AND SPITTLE DROOLING FROM ITS FLAME-RED MOUTH...



YOU RUN TILL YOUR HEART IS A HAMMER SLAMMING INSIDE YOUR CHEST, NOW YOU CAN FEEL THE HOT FOUL BREATH OF THE WEREWOLF CLOSE BEHIND YOU...



SUDDENLY YOUR LEGS ARE RUBBER COLLAPSING BENEATH YOU AND YOU SPRAWL ON THE GROUND. THE WEREWOLF IS OVER YOU, ITS BLAZING EYES STARING DOWN, A LOW TRIUMPHANT GROWL, ERUPTING FROM ITS HEAVING CHEST. IT HESITATES, WAITING WHILE YOU SCREAM AND COWER BEHIND UPRAISED PROTECTING ARMS...



AND THEN IT SPRINGS UPON YOU, AND ITS RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS ARE TEARING AT YOUR FLESH AND ITS KNIFE-LIKE FANGS ARE SINKING INTO YOUR BODY AND PULLING AND RIPPING AND SLASHING...



SUDDENLY THERE IS BLACKNESS AROUND YOU, ENDING THE PAIN, ENDING THE HORROR, AND THEN THE BLACKNESS FADES AND YOU ARE STANDING IN AN ALLEYWAY BETWEEN TALL BUILDINGS WITH BOARDED WINDOWS AND LOCKED DOORS AND YOU ARE AFRAID AGAIN...



YOU KNOW YOU ARE FELIX PURDY AND YOU KNOW YOU ARE A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER, BUT YOU CANNOT REMEMBER ANYTHING OF YOUR PAST... YOUR CHILDHOOD... LAST YEAR... LAST MONTH, YOU'VE SUDDENLY FOUND YOURSELF... AND YOU ARE YOU, AND THERE IS NO YESTERDAY... AND NOW YOU ARE IN AN ALLEY... AND FOOTSTEPS APPROACH...



A SHADOW LEAPS ACROSS THE GAPING ENTRANCE TO THE ALLEY. YOU COWER BACK INTO THE GLOOM. IT PEERS IN, ITS SLANTED EYES GLOWING, ITS NEEDLE-LIKE FANGS GLITTERING...



A... VAMPIRE...

A BREEZE STIRS, RUSTLING PAPERS ON A TRASH PILE BEHIND YOU, SPINNING UP THE ALLEYWAY, CARRYING YOUR SCENT TO THE VAMPIRE'S SENSITIVE NOSTRILS. IT LIFTS ITS ARMS AND THE BLACK CAPE DRAPES FROM THEM LIKE BAT-WINGS AND THERE IS A DULL BEATING SOUND AS IT SEEMS TO GLIDE TOWARD YOU...



NO! OH, GOD... NO!

FOR A MOMENT YOU STAND GRINING, FLATTENED AGAINST THE BUILDING WALL LIKE A YELLOWED POSTER, WATCHING IN MORBID FASCINATION AS THE BLOOD-HUNGRY BEAST MOVES TOWARD YOU...



K-K-KEEP AWAY...

AND THEN HORROR STRIKES AT YOU, SENDING YOU FLAILING DOWN THE ALLEY... DOWN INTO THE SHADOWS... RUNNING FROM THE HIDEOUS THING BEHIND YOU...



HELP ME! OH, LORD... HELP...

THE BOARD FENCE IS HIGH AND FLAT AND EXPRESSIONLESS. YOU FALL AGAINST IT SOBING. IT'S A BLIND ALLEY, AND YOU ARE TRAPPED... AND THE BEATING SOUND IS BEHIND YOU. YOU SINK TO YOUR KNEES...



WHAT DID I DO? WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS... SOB... THIS TORTURE...

AND NOW THE VAMPIRE IS BENDING OVER YOU AND YOU CAN FEEL ITS NEEDLE-FANGS SINKING DEEP INTO YOUR THROAT AND ITS DRY LIPS SUCKING AROUND THE WOUNDS, DRAWING IN THE RED LIFE-FLUID IT CRAVES...



EEEEEEEE... GGGH...

NOW EVERYTHING IS FADING AND THERE IS DARKNESS AGAIN AND YOU ARE STANDING IN A GRAVEYARD AND YOUR EYES ARE FILLED WITH TEARS. YOU ARE FELIX PURDY, SCHOOL TEACHER, WITH NO YESTERDAY AND NO TOMORROW, AND ONLY THE HORROR OF THE PRESENT TO LIVE FOR...



WHY? WHY ALL THIS? WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHY MUST I SUFFER LIKE THIS?

THE GRAVEYARD ECHOES WITH THE SILENCE OF DEATH AND THE TOMBSTONES ARE BLANK FACES THAT DO NOT SMILE OR CRY OR SHOW PITY FOR YOU. THE MOUNDS ARE HEAPED HIGH OVER THE LATE AND DEPARTED AND THEIR GRASS IS YELLOWED FROM WINTER'S CHILL. YOU STAND AND WAIT, HALF-EXPECTING, HALF-KNOWING.



YOUR EYES BORE INTO THE DARKNESS AND YOU SEE THE ROTTING FOUL-SMELLING CORPSE STUMBLING TOWARD YOU. YOU GRIT YOUR TEETH, FIGHTING OFF THE REVULSION THAT SWEEPS OVER YOU...



BUT YOUR LIFE DOES NOT FADE. ONLY THE SCENE FADES ONCE MORE, AND YOU STILL EXIST. THE BLACKNESS DESCENDS LIKE A CURTAIN AND LIFTS, AND THE GUILLOTINE RISES INTO THE MOONLIGHT...



YOU ARE FELIX PUROY, HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER. YOU ARE RESIGNED TO YOUR ROLE IN THIS GORY MATINEE. YOU WALK TO THE GUILLOTINE-STEPS AS IF YOU HAVE REHEARSED THIS ACTION WELL...



AND THEN YOU HEAR THE DRAGGING SOUND... THE SOUND OF FEET LONG DEAD AND DECOMPOSED AND CRAWLING WITH DECAY AND THE SLIME OF THE GRAVE. YOU HEAR THE DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS IN THE CHILL OF THE NIGHT, MOVING SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, UPON THE MOUNDS AND AROUND THE GRAVE MARKERS AND OVER THE DRY GRASS. AND YOU WAIT...



AND NOW THE THING IS UPON YOU AND ITS COOR SEARS YOUR NOSTRILS AND YOUR STOMACH HEAVES AND YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH SO AS NOT TO SUCK THE FETID STENCH INTO YOUR LUNGS. YOU FEEL THE PUTRID ARMS AROUND YOU AND THE MOLDY FLESH FALLING AWAY AND THE BONE FINGERS CRUSHING THE LIFE FROM YOU...



YOU LOOK UP AT THE GLEAMING BLADE HANGING BETWEEN THE TRACKS THAT CLIMB TOWARD THE STARLESS SKY. YOU KNEEL... RESIGNED...





YOU PLACE YOUR HEAD IN THE HOLLOWED KNIFE-BED AND YOU STARE DOWN AT THE WOVEN BASKET WAITING PATIENTLY TO RECEIVE ITS DUE. YOU HEAR THE BLADE SQUEELED DOWNWARD AND AN INVOLUNTARY CRY ESCAPES YOUR QUIVERING LIPS.



AND NOW YOU ARE BEHIND THE BLACK CURTAIN AGAIN, WAITING FOR THE NEXT TORTUROUS SCENE TO BE UNVEILED. YOU FLOAT IN A SEA OF DARKNESS...CRYING, WAITING, SPINNING...



AND YET, YOU SEEM TO RECALL A ROOM...LONG AGO...FAR AWAY... A ROOM WITH WHITE LEERING FACES... LITTLE MONSTERS...AND A LITTLE EVIL THING THAT SAT AND STARED AT YOU AND... AND...BUT IT IS ONLY A FAINT RECOLLECTION...AS THOUGH IT NEVER REALLY EXISTED...



AND NOW THE CURTAIN IS LIFTING AND THE SEA OF DARKNESS IS RECEDING AND YOU ARE STANDING IN AN OPEN FIELD WITH FOG CLINGING TO THE HOLLOW PLACES, AND THERE IS A GIGGLING. FACES... WHITE, LEERING FACES... SURROUND YOU...



AND THEN YOU SEE THE YAWNING PIT BEHIND THEM AND YOU SEE THE SHOVELS IN THEIR HANDS AND THEY CLOSE IN ON YOU...GIGGLING...



LITTLE CLAWING HANDS SEIZE YOU,PUSH YOU,AND YOU STIFFEN. BUT THERE ARE MANY HANDS AND YOU SKID TOWARD THE GAPING HOLE...SO LONG...SO NARROW... SO DEEP...



NOW YOUR FEET ARE AT THE PIT-EDGE,SLIDING. THE DIRT CHATTERS AS IT DROPS IN, AND THE MANY HANDS PUSH, AND YOU ARE FALLING... FALLING...



YOU LIE IN THE MOIST COLD EARTH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLE AND YOU LOOK UP AT THEIR GRIMING FACES. THEN, YOU HEAR THE CRUNCHING SOUND AS A SPACE DIGG INTO THE MOUNDEO SOIL BESIDE THE EXCAVATION...



THE DIRT CRASHES DOWN ON YOU, AND THE GIGGLING GROWS LOUDER. SPACES FLY... EARTH FALLS, YOU SCREAM... AND THE LAUGHTER SCREAMS BACK AT YOU...



YOU ARE FELIX PURDY, HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER, FLOATING IN DARKNESS, LISTENING TO LAUGHTER... ENTHUSIASTIC, EFFERVESCENT LAUGHTER, YOUNG LAUGHTER. THE LAUGHTER OF...



YOU ARE FELIX PURDY... WITH NO PAST AND NO FUTURE... A CREATURE BORN OF NOW... BORN TO SUFFER... TO DIE A MILLION TIMES IN ONE BRIEF SPAN OF EXISTENCE. AND SOMEWHERE, REALITY IS LAUGHING AT YOU...



YOU HAVE DIED MANY TIMES IN THIS, YOUR BRIEF LIFE-SPAN, FELIX PURDY. YOU HAVE DIED IN MANY HORRIBLE VICIOUS WAYS. BUT NOW YOU KNOW...



YES, FELIX PURDY SOMEWHERE, REALITY IS LAUGHING AT YOU. THE REALITY THAT SURROUNDS YOUR CREATOR...



AND THE LAUGHTER IS DESTROYING YOU, FELIX. EVEN NOW YOU CAN FEEL YOURSELF FADING...



FOR THIS, THEN, IS YOUR **REAL DEATH**, FELIX. THIS THEN IS **THE HORROR OF ALL THE HORRORS...** MORE **HORRIBLE** THAN YOUR DREAMER HAS CONCEIVED IN ANY OF HIS WILD WISH-DREAMS. IN A **MOMENT**, **SLEEP WILL VANISH**, AND **SO WILL YOU...**

NO! WAIT! SLEEP SOME MORE! DON'T LISTEN TO THEM! WAIT...



NOW YOU ARE GONE, FELIX PURDY. YOU EXIST NO LONGER. NOW YOU ARE **REALLY DEAD**. YOU HEAR NO MORE LAUGHTER. DAYLIGHT HAS BLANCHED YOU AWAY. BUT THE **DREAMER** HEARS THE LAUGHTER...

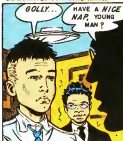
HUH?



A BOY. A BOY LIFTS HIS HEAD FROM HIS HIGH-SCHOOL DESK AND RUBS HIS EYES, SLEEPILY. HIS CLASSMATES SURROUND HIM...

GOLLY...

HAVE A NICE NAP, YOUNG MAN?



THE BOY LOOKS AROUND. HIS TEACHER STANDS OVER HIM, FUMING...

I. I'M SORRY, SIR!

YOU SHOULD BE. YOU HAVEN'T EVEN **TOUGHED** YOUR EXAM PAPER... AND THE PERIOD IS OVER!



THE BOY GRINS SLEEPILY. THE TEACHER DEFTLY APPLIES A RED PENCIL TO THE BARE EXAMINATION PAPER, SWINGING IT IN A LARGE CIRCLE...

ZERO FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN! I HOPE YOUR LITTLE NAP WAS WORTH IT!

YES... MR. PUROY!



BUT IT IS TOO LATE, FELIX PURDY. THE LAUGHTER IS LOUD. THE DREAMER STIRS. THERE IS A BLINDING LIGHT THAT IS LIKE WHITE-HOT LIQUID METAL, CASCADING AT YOU AND DISSOLVING YOU IN ITS BRILLIANCE...

EEEEAAAGHH...



HEH, HEH! SO NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT **FEELS** TO BE THE **MAIN CHARACTER** IN A **DREAM**, EH, FRIENDS? A **CHARACTER** THAT YOUR **DREAMER** PARTICULARLY **DISLIKES**... HEH, HEH... LIKE HIS **MATH TEACHER**... OR IS IT **LATIN**, OR MAYBE **ENGLISH**, IN YOUR CASE? WELL, THAT'S MY TALE FOR THIS ISSUE OF

C.K.'S MAG. I'LL DREAM UP ANOTHER NIGHTMARE WHEN NEXT WE MEET. NOW, C.K. AWAKES, SO I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO HIM. O'NIGHT! PLEASANT... HEH... HEH... DREAMS?





# HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S ... THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Ruah Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I watch your show on HBO. And I buy your comics. I have also seen both your movies (DEMON, BORDELLO). I love the story in CRYPT 20 "How Green Was My Alley". Please print my address and could you send me some CRYPT stuff? Your #1 fan,

Petro (Coffin-Keeper) Boucouvalos II 35 School ST  
Saco, ME 04072

I was wondering if you could send me some drawings (like the wax exhibits in the story "The Works in Wax"). If you can I would appreciate it. Thank you,

Darren Toland Claysville, PA

Freebies, freebies, freebies! Nobody ever went broke underestimating the taste of the public, and nobody ever got rich giving freebies! —CK

I'm a big fan of everything of yours, your action figures, comics, movies, everything. I was wondering if you could tell me where I could get your comics, movies, and toys, in Phoenix or Payson, AZ. Your big fan,

Joey Kellogg Payson, AZ

How come you don't have a fan club? There are a lot of toys and collectibles that I missed in stores, is there any sick-twisted way you could come out with a catalog?

Are you and Elvira ever going to make a movie? I love everything you do or make! Please print address.

Alex Harrow 1455 SW Sexton MTN DR #7E  
Beverton, OR 97008

Now, here are boys ready to take part in a market economy! We'll rely on our readers to tell us about Arizona comics shops, but we offer many EC items (mostly 2D) by mail order ourselves. Writer for details.

Closest I've got to a fan club is the EC fanzine HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR; issue 9 is still available for \$10 from Bill Leach, 203 Bemeur DR, Pittsburg, CA 94565. He has other goodies, too! —CK

I am one of your ghoulish fans! I can't stop reading your terror-best comics and videos! They rule!!!! Keep up your witchy work! Your Ghoulish Murder,

Freddy Kruger Elm ST, USA

Hi! My name is Shauna. Most people call me "Crypt" because all I do is talk about you! I've seen every single show you've made. I also have seen and still see your new show "Secrets of the Crypt-Keeper's Haunted House." I love horror

My brother hates you. He says he's sick and tired of watching your show and hearing my laugh (oh I know how to laugh your laugh!). My Mom likes you too. We've watched both your movies DEMON NIGHT and BORDELLO OF BLOOD. They were great! Please print my address. Frightfully yours,

"Crypty" 2144 S 15th ST  
Shauna Van Elss Philadelphia, PA 19145

What use are brothers, anyway (not counting target practice)? —CK

When I was a child in the fifties—after the comic book code had banished CRYPT and other EC publications—a few of us had issues of the magazine handed down to us by our older siblings. These were cherished archival possessions.

Imagine my delight to find issue #19! It was a wonderful nostalgic trip back to my early childhood. After forty years I still vividly remembered those stories and hoped that I'd be able to read them again some day. Thanks for the mummies! —

Richard H. Bush Meriden, CT

And burning lips and burning ships and burning toast and prunes. —CK

It's me again, The Zombie Master. I would just like to ask if on VAULT 32, your #21, is the guy on the front going to have the meat cleaver hanging in his head. Also, I think that the rule for sending in your real name and address really bits some big. Also my friend and me draw our own Horror Comics. My friend draws just as good as the drawers for EC. (Print my address.)

The Zombie Master 114 Howard AV  
Arnold, MD 21012

If that vapid Vault-Keeper doesn't chicken out, you'll see that cover uncovered next month. But did you know MY next issue will receive its first uncensored showing just 3 short months from now? —CK

After reading the first 19 issues of CRYPT and the other EC horror titles, I began to wonder if they hadn't been so bad after all, that maybe all the criticism they received in the prudish 50s was unwarranted. Thus, I had been providing my children with inexpensive 64-page reprints (after careful screening, of course). Then I got CRYPT 20 and read Gashly's horrifying "The Handler." WOW!

At last I had found material so objectionable that there's no way in HELL I'll let my kids see it until they're 18! None of us want to think about what a mortician might do to us when our time comes to be prepared for our crypt, but

this story sure fuels our worst fears! The scene that was the nail in the coffin is what was done to the old maid ("Hands end things" ...EWWWWW!) Naturally, I loved the story. Keep up the good work on the reprints, and thanks for the chills

Donald P. Deaton

Fort Wayne, IN

PS) To all of you underage readers out there: Close this comic IMMEDIATELY and take it to the nearest adult for review and potential censorship (They're not paying attention, are they? Well, I hope it scares the living CRAP out of them.)

Just like to keep you on your toes!

-CK

I happen to be a big fan of yours. I would first off like to say Johnny Craig is the best EC Comic artist. Your comics keep me entertained and I am going to subscribe. I also want to say your story in VAULT 18 ("Let's Play Poison") was the best. I would like to list my 5 favorite stories from your bone chilling collection:

5) "The Maestro's Hand", 4) "Ghost Ship", 3) "Let's Play Poison", 2) "The Hungry Grave", 1) "A Mute Witness To Murder!"

This summer I'm to work up at camp. I'll make sure to have an EC comic book in my hand.

John Aiken

Centerville, VA

Especially during latrine breaks!

-CK

Your stories are the best. I love your TV shows and movies. I was wondering if you could send me one of your best horror stories, maybe the ones about vampires or zombies. Your bloodsucking fan,

John Farren

Austin, TX

My name is David Harfe and I really enjoy reading your comics, and collecting them. CRYPT 19 was brilliant, a real horror issue.

"Midnight Mess!" was my fav story, the artwork was class. One thing, though: Page 2, panel 7, when Harold was seated in the restaurant why didn't the vampire waiter notice that Harold has a reflection, or Harold notice that the waiter has no reflection in the mirror? Was the man sitting at the table a vampire, 'cos he had a reflection? Send some free comics. Please print my address. I want to hear from other EC fans. ECing you,

David Harfe  
5 Shannon Tie

South Circular Road  
Limerick, IRELAND

In the daytime, the restaurant was all nonvampire; at night, vice-versa! The landlord collected double-rent (the lousy bloodsucker)! TANSTAAFCI (There ain't no such thing as a free comic!) -CK

You're genial. You're perfect. I love your comics and of course I love you, too. I'm sorry that my english sucks but I'm a 15 years young girl from Germany.

I'm one of your greatest fan (sticker). I think you looks very nice. I've got three questions to you. Do you teal real Love? Can I have an autograph from you or something like that? (Please.) Do you like all your fans? (I think the first question sounds silly, but this is serious.)

And I think your friends (Sorry: fiends) looks not very clever, too. But all your friends are my friends (fiends).

Hey, CK! Can I talk with you a while? Eh, you're the only one with whom I can talk about my problems. My school sucks, and my parents suck, too. Sometimes I feel like a loser.

And sometimes I think there is no normal human on the earth, too. Oh, what can I do? The people in my village tease me every day. And tell lies about me. I feel so unhappy. Oh, eh, I think I get on your nerves with my long letter, don't I? OK, I say Good Bye!

Stefanie Muller

Bad Endbach, GERMANY

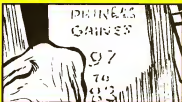
Although the enomymous editor fixed a few words in your letter, he left most of it intact to share the charm of your nescent English. I'm continually amazed by my foreign readers' English skills! (I know a little Spanish: "Dos cafes, to vamoos!")

I really love all my fans. I will consider buying a pencil, so I can do autographs. How do you spell "CK"? -CK

In CRYPT 20, "The Handler" (last story), page 3, panel 7, there's a gravestone with the inscription "In Memory of \_\_\_\_\_ Ganes \_\_\_\_\_ 97 to \_\_\_\_\_". What is the first name, it looks like it starts with the letter "p"? The date of birth must be 1897 and the only number in the date of death that I can clearly read is the last number which appears to be a 3. I know that Bill's father Max died in the late 1940s in a boating accident and his mother was alive when the artwork was done. Who can shed light on this? Puzzled,

David Dellano

Kensington, CT



Perhaps this photomicrograph will shed some light, and likely cause you to rethink your conclusions. A hint: see WEIRD SCIENCE 21, available now! -CK

I love your mag! It's so cool. I always go on the net and look for your web site. But the bad news is that issue 19 was my first mag. Can I have the mags 16 and 15? I promise if I get them I'll get all the mags you make. I'll buy back issues, too. Put my address down because I want a pen pal.

Matt Laney

428 Sunset RD  
Skillman, NJ 08558

#### ATTENTION: CHARLES DRAGOO!

I am writing concerning Charles Drago who wrote in #19. I am a comic book artist who would like to illustrate CELLAR DWELLER. I am 13 years old. I've made 10 comic books, 3 of them horror books. I have collaborated with a writer on one of them: PSYCHO BILLY. Please print my address! I would like to get in contact with Charles Drago. very much.

Brian Dishon

19102 Matthew CIR  
Huntington Beach, CA 92646

The stories [in CRYPT 19] offered a thought provoking progression family tree of undead: brother werewolf, sister vampire, voodooed wife, and, of course, a mummy (no relation to the scheming archeologists)!

This issue was originally available Apr/May 1953. When did MAD first use its "Humor in a Jugular Vein" motto? Is it fair to say that this was inspired by the scene where the hero of "Midnight Mess!" got tapped out in the vampire restaurant?

In "This Wraps It Up!", Professor Thomas Steel's patronym should have been Steel!

Issue 20. After perusing the verbose initial title, "Fare Tonight, Followed by Increasing Clottiness.", I debated weather or not to proceed. Fog goodness sake, I'm glad I did.

In "Curiosity Killed.", the evidence was destroyed a smidgen per pigeon in "How Green Was My Alley", it was good to see a left-hander in action. Amy putting.

Was naming the protagonist Mr. Benedict in "The Handler" a reference to Benedict Arnold? As an honored and trusted Revolutionary War colonel, his betrayal became thereby more heinous. Similarly with Satan, who was once the highest-ranking angel. Please print address.

Bob Gorby 13153 Sunny LN  
Cermanlo, CA 93012

MAD #1 was released in October, 1952, but who says life is fair?  
-CK

Ah! My new CRYPT just arrived and I must say, you didn't disappoint. Firstly, I would like to address some of the very kind people who mentioned me: The Crazy Corpse, Grizley Reaper, and most of all, Jessica Meador, to whom I dedicate this letter. Thank you for your support.

I personally don't think that either the Dark Demon or Blue Demon is Robert Borruso. Philip Smith, maybe, but not Borruso. Borruso had some interesting things to say, while Smith was just rather uptight about everything, going on incessantly about who CRYPT's No. 1 fan is, as if the fate of the world depended upon it. Robert Borruso's not like that.

Grave Digger, don't bother with the Demons. They're not worth the time or effort. By the way, I agree, "Horror We? How's Bayou?" was a wonderfully-drawn tale.

And so, on to the contents of [#19]:

"By The Fright Of The Silvery Moon!" Excellent, one of the ultimate classics. The cover depiction was absolutely stunning. "Midnight Mess!" The best story in the book, or at least I thought so. Perhaps, being a hardcore vampire addict, I'm biased. "Busted Marriage!" Sorry, not into the voodoo thing. Too many voodoo stories in the early issues. They do become rather tiresome. "This Wraps It Up!" This story was at least better than its title. It was better than I expected.

I'm shocked, astounded, and aghast and not in a good way, either! In CRYPT 20, which I received not five minutes ago, I see that you have printed my address as "Rockville, IL." I do not now live, nor have I ever lived, in Illinois (though it's a nice place to visit). My address is still RR 4 Box 141, Rockville IN 47872 and shall be for several years to come. Please rectify this error and hopefully, we can put this all behind us.

Now to address some other matters. Firstly, I would like to say to Grave Digger that there are no hard feelings. I've never been one to hold a grudge, especially against a person who is big enough to apologize. As of the time of this printing, Grave Digger, you have probably already received a letter from me stating this, but I would just like everyone else to now that there is peace between us.

As for the stories, "Fare Tonight" was excellent. I see your mag was plugged on pages two and seven. "How Green Was My Alley" was brilliant, the best story in the entire mag. Not to be outdone, Bradbury's "The Handler" was ingenious, as are all of his works. Ingels did a nice job on the artwork.

In closing, I say this: Buy "CRYPT: THE OFFICIAL ARCHIVES" It's worth its weight in plasma. Gravely yours,  
Myron James Rockville, IN

I miss Philip Smith, and hope he'll write again. Is the correct response to perceived uprightness more uprightness? I say nay!  
-CK

## NEXT ISSUE



Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and PANIC. Watch for KNUIT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, FRONTLINE COMBAT and CRIME! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, SOLD OUT; FRONT #1-4, \$2 each, all others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each, CRYPT, W SCI & SHOCK #4-18, and KNUIT, W FAN, 2FIST, HAUNT and CRIME #4-15, \$2 each. All others, \$2.50 each. Sublet issues CRYPT and W SCI are up to 21, KNUIT, W FAN, 2FIST, HAUNT & CRIME are up to 20, FRONT to 9 and PANIC to 3).

Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION (#1-3, \$1.50 each; #4-11, \$2 each) and the 18 issues of SHOCK SUSPENSION (#1-3, \$1.50 each; #4-15, \$2.00 each; #16-18, \$2.50 each)!

Add \$5 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

Write to:  
CRYPT  
GEMSTONE  
POB 485  
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

## THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPT #37\* (#21, AUG/SEP 1953)

COVER by Jack Davis

"Dead Right!"

Jack Davis

"Reasant Screams!"

Joe Orlando

"Strop! You're Killing Me!"

Bill Elder

"The Rover Boys!"

Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of correction. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, economy and length. We automatically withhold names and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. Periodicals may be used if you provide us with your accurate name and address. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the topmost letter.

HERE'S A TERROR TIDBIT TO WHET  
YOUR DULLED FIENDISH APPETITES.

# STROP! YOU'RE KILLING ME!



OLD DAN HARPER WAS SITTING IN HIS USUAL WICKER ARM-CHAIR READING HIS USUAL DAILY PAPER AND SMOKING HIS USUAL CORN-COB PIPE WHEN THEY CAME INTO THE LYNDALE FIRE-HOUSE. HE LOOKED UP FROM HIS PAPER TO SEE GRIM-FACED MAYOR WITTER AND THE STRANGER IN THE BLUE UNIFORM WITH THE GOLD BUTTONS AND THE DAZZLING WHITE CAP...

AFTERNOON, MAYOR WITTER, IS  
THAT CLEM DUNLOP'S REPLACEMENT?

NOT EXACTLY, DAN. THIS IS LYNDALE'S NEW FIRE CHIEF!  
NOW THAT CLEM'S RETIRED, THE CITY COUNCIL'S  
DECIDED TO MODERNIZE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT,  
SO WE HIRED MR. MILLER HERE... FRANK  
MILLER.

GLAD TO  
MEET YOU,  
DAN!



OLD DAN COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS. FOR SEVEN-TEEN YEARS, HE AND CLEM DUNLOP HAD COMPRISED LYNDALE'S TWO-MAN FIRE DEPARTMENT. NOW THAT CLEM HAD RETIRED, OLD DAN HAD EXPECTED THE TOWN FATHERS TO HIRE A REPLACEMENT FOR HIM, BUT HE'D NEVER EXPECTED THEM TO HIRE SOMEONE WHO'D BE OLD DAN'S SUPERIOR...

NEW FIRE-CHIEF!  
BUT... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
I'M SENIOR  
MEMBER NOW!

TIMES HAVE CHANGED, DAN.  
METHODS OF FIGHTING FIRES  
HAVE CHANGED TOO! CHIEF MILLER  
WILL BE IN FULL CHARGE FROM  
NOW ON. WHAT HE SAYS GOES!  
I'M... SORRY...



MAYOR WITTER TURNED TO CHIEF MILLER, SMILING...

WELL, SIR, THIS IS IT. LET ME  
SAY THAT ANY IMPROVEMENTS  
YOU WISH TO MAKE, THE COUNCIL  
WILL GLADLY CONSIDER.  
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY  
DESK, SO...

OF COURSE, MAYOR  
WITTER.  
GOOD AFTER-  
NOON.

AFTER-  
NOON,  
MAYOR.



MAYOR WITTER LEFT AND LYNDAL'S NEW FIRE CHIEF LOOKED AROUND...

HMMMM WELL, DAN, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO, SO LET'S GET MOVING...

WORK? WHAT KIND OF WORK?



CHIEF MILLER WAVED HIS HAND AT THE OLD FIRE-ENGINE.

FIRST OF ALL, WE'RE GOING TO PAINT AND POLISH THAT OLD ENGINE TILL SHE SPARKLES. IT'S IN TERRIBLE CONDITION! LOOK AT 'ER!

PAINT 'ER? POLISH 'ER? WHY? IS SHE GONNA FIGHT FIRES BETTER IF WE DO?



CHIEF MILLER'S FACE GREW VERY STERN... LOOK HERE, MR. HARPER, I'M IN CHARGE NOW, AND WHAT I SAY GOES! AND I SAY WE'RE GOING TO POLISH AND SHINE THAT FIRE-TRUCK... AND KEEP IT POLISHED!



NOT 'OKAY? YES, CHIEF! Y-YES... CHIEF! NOW, GO DOWN TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND GET TWO CANS OF BRASS POLISH, TWO CANS OF CHROME POLISH, TWO GALLONS OF RED PAINT, TWO BRUSHES, AND SOME RAGS...



OLD DAN HOBBOLED OFF DOWN THE STREET TOWARD THE HARDWARE STORE... HMMMPH. AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS, THEY HIRE SOME YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPER WITH NEW-FANGLED IDEAS TO BOSS ME AROUND. HMMMPH...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER HE RETURNED TO THE FIREHOUSE, HIS ARMS FILLED WITH PACKAGES...

HERE'S WHAT YOU WANTED, YOUNG FELLER! WHUE!

'CHIEF MILLER', IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. HARPER, WELL, LET'S GET TO WORK...



DAN LOOKED AROUND...

JUS' LEMME CATCH MY BREATH. LEMME SET FOR A SPELL IN MY...MY... SAY? WHERE IN BLAZES IS MY WICKER CHAIR?

I PUT IT UP-STAIRS, MR. HARPER. THEY'LL BE NO LOLLING AROUND DOWN HERE FROM NOW ON!





LOLLIN' AROUND! LOOK HERE, YOU YOUNG SQUIRT. I WAS FIGHTIN' FIRES BEFORE YOU WERE OLD ENOUGH TO PUSH A TOY FIRE TRUCK. AN I BEEN LOLLIN', AS YOU CALL IT, IN THAT WICKER DOWN HERE ALL THAT TIME. AND...

FROM NOW ON, WE REST UPSTAIRS, MR. HARPER. I INTEND TO INSTALL A GOT AND A RADIO AND OTHER COMFORTS...



AND HOW YOU 'SPECT WE'RE GONNA GET DOWN WHEN AN ALARM COMES IN? JUMP? OR ROLL DOWN THEM BACK STAIRS?

I INTEND TO INSTALL A DESCENT-POLE, MR. HARPER. A WELL-POLISHED POLE, UPON WHICH WE WILL SLIDE DOWN FROM UPSTAIRS IN A SPLIT-SECOND. BUT ENOUGH TALK. THERE'S WORK TO DO...



AND SO, OLD DAN AND EAGER NEW CHIEF MILLER SET TO WORK PAINTING AND POLISHING THE OLD FIRE-TRUCK UNTIL IT GLEAMED LIKE NEW.

THERE! THAT LOOKS BETTER!

HMMPH.



THEN THE FIRE HOUSE WAS SCRUBBED AND PAINTED...



QUITE A CHANGE, EH?

HMMPH!

...AND A DESCENT-POLE WAS INSTALLED...

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE...

HMMPH!



SO OLD DAN HARPER WAS FORCED TO WORK HIS HEART OUT FOR THE NEW CHIEF. HE POLISHED AND PAINTED TILL HIS OLD BONES ACHED. FOR THERE WERE TWO THINGS THAT H'D MEANT EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO DAN: HIS JOB IN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, AND THE SMALL HOUSE JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN TO WHICH HE NOW RETURNED, EXHAUSTED, EACH NIGHT...

WHEN! LORD, I'M DONE IN. THAT YOUNG EAGER-BEAVER'S TRYIN' TO WORK ME TO DEATH!



OLD DAN'S LITTLE HOUSE WAS HIS PRIDE AND JOY. AND HIS JOB WITH LYNDALE'S FIRE DEPARTMENT HAD BEEN HIS WHOLE LIFE. BUT NOW, CHIEF MILLER HAD COME UPON THE SCENE, AND OLD DAN'S JOB HAD BECOME A NIGHTMARE FOR HIM...

IF YOU'RE TOO OLD TO COME DOWN THAT POLE PROPERLY, THEN YOU'RE NOT FIT TO BE A FIREMAN.

PUFF...PUFF... OKAY! OKAY! I'LL TRY IT AGAIN...



CHIEF MILLER MADE IT ROUGH ON OLD DAN. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE CONSIDERED DAN TOO OLD FOR THE JOB AND WAS TRYING TO DISCOURAGE HIM...TO MAKE HIM QUIT. BUT OLD DAN WAS STUBBORN...



EVENIN', CHIEF MILLER.

YOU'RE **THREE MINUTES LATE**, MR. HARPER. I INSIST UPON **PUNCTUALITY** WHEN REPORTING FOR DUTY!

SHUCKS, IT WAS SUCH A **NICE NIGHT**, I **WALKED** INTO TOWN.

WELL, **DON'T** LET IT HAPPEN **AGAIN**. DURING YOUR SHIFT TONIGHT, I WANT YOU TO **POLISH ALL THE BRASS**... UNDERSTAND?



ALTHOUGH LYNDALE'S FIRE DEPARTMENT WAS RARELY CALLED UPON BECAUSE OF ITS SMALL POPULATION (152, LAST CENSUS), CHIEF MILLER HAD INSTITUTED A TWO-SHIFT, TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR-A-DAY POLICY...



POLISH ALL THE BRASS? YES, SIR. EH...HOW'S YOUR **NEW HOUSE**, CHIEF MILLER?

VERY NICE. WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, MR. HARPER.

THERE WERE TIMES WHEN OLD DAN HAD THE URGE TO CHUCK THE WHOLE DEAL. THE CONSTANT PRESSURES EXERTED ON HIM BY THE NEW FIRE CHIEF CERTAINLY MADE HIM MISERABLE. BUT HE'D GRITTED HIS TEETH AND STUCK DOGGEDLY TO THE JOB...



I **WON'T** GIVE UP. I **WON'T**. NO YOUNG JOHNNY-COME-LATELY IS GOING TO MAKE ME TOSS AWAY A JOB I'VE HAD FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS. **WHERE'S THAT BLASTED POLISH**...

CHIEF MILLER FINALLY WENT TO SEE MAYOR WITTER...



FIRE-FIGHTING IS A **YOUNG MAN'S** PROFESSION, MAYOR. MR. HARPER IS **TOO OLD**.

**SORRY**, CHIEF MILLER. I **COULDN'T** FIRE HIM.

BUT, HE'S A **HINDRANCE** MORE THAN A **HELP**. I'VE **TRIED** TO **DISCOURAGE** HIM...



IF HE **WON'T** QUIT, THEN YOUR JUST HAVE TO **KEEP** HIM ON TILL HE REACHES **RETIREMENT** AGE...

BUT THAT'S NOT FOR ANOTHER **FIVE YEARS**!

I **KNOW** THAT, CHIEF MILLER. MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO **CONVINCE** HIM...



IT WAS WHILE CHIEF MILLER WAS ON THE NIGHT SHIFT THAT THE ALARM CAME IN...

215 ELM. HURRY! THE OLD PLACE IS BLAZIN'! I THINK OLD DAN'S TRAPPED INSIDE... I'LL BE RIGHT THERE...



CHIEF MILLER LEAPED FROM HIS COT. THEN, HE STOPPED...

OF COURSE! WHAT AM I RUSHING FOR? NOW I CAN GET RID OF THAT OLD CODGER ONCE AND FOR ALL...



SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, HE DRESSED IN HIS FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT...

HEH, HEH! TRAPPED... EH?



JUST BEFORE PUTTING ON HIS RUBBER BOOTS, THE CHIEF LIT A CIGARETTE...

THAT'S TOO BAD...



HE SMOKED A WHILE, THEN PUT THE CIGARETTE OUT AND DONNED HIS BOOTS...

I CAN KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! I'LL SAY THE OLD FIRE-TRUCK WOULDN'T START!



HE SLID SLOWLY DOWN THE POLISHED DESCENT-POLE...

I'LL GET RID OF OLD DAN, AND I'LL CONVINCE THE TOWN COUNCIL THAT THEY NEED A NEW FIRE-TRUCK... BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!



CHIEF MILLER UNLOCKED THE HOOD OF THE FIRE-TRUCK AND GRINNED IN AT THE ENGINE...

I WONDER WHY IT WOULDN'T START... HEH, HEH...



THEN HE STROLLED TO THE FIRE-HOUSE DOORS AND SWUNG THEM OPEN...

WELL. THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! IT'S BEEN FIFTEEN MINUTES SINCE THE CALL CAME IN...



THE OLD FIRE-TRUCK LEAPED FROM THE FIRE-HOUSE, SIREN SCREAMING...

HEH, HEH...



WHEN THE FIRE-TRUCK FINALLY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, OLD DAN'S HOUSE HAD BURNED TO THE GROUND WITH OLD DAN INSIDE IT...

I COULDN'T GET THE OLD ENGINE **STARTED!** IT WAS **AWFUL...**

HE... HE COULD'VE BEEN **SAVED** IF YOU'D GOTTEN HERE RIGHT AFTER I **CALLED...**



OF COURSE, NO ONE SUSPECTED CHIEF MILLER OF DELIBERATELY STALLING IN GETTING TO THE FIRE THAT HAD KILLED OLD DAN. THEY BELIEVED HIS STORY... AND A MONTH LATER, THE NEW FIRE-TRUCK ARRIVED...

HEH, HEH...



BUT ONE NIGHT, CHIEF MILLER RECEIVED ANOTHER ALARM. THE VOICE ON THE LINE WAS STRANGE... ALMOST LAUGHING...

71 BEECHTREE DRIVE... WHAT A BLAZE! **HURRY...**

71 BEECH-  
TREE DRIVE!  
WHY, THAT'S  
MY HOUSE!



CHIEF MILLER DIDN'T STALL AROUND **THIS** TIME. THIS WAS AN **EMERGENCY**. HE LEAPED FROM HIS COT, AND DRESSED LIKE A DEMON...

THAT VOICE ON THE PHONE... IT SOUNDED FAMILIAR! WELL, I CAN'T WASTE TIME THINKING ABOUT THAT NOW...



HE RUSHED TO THE DESCENT-POLE, WRAPPED HIS ARMS AND LEGS AROUND IT, AND PLUMMETED DOWNWARD...

OH, LORD... I KNOW! I KNOW WHOSE VOICE THAT WAS! IT WAS HIS! OLD DAN HARPER'S! NO! NO, IT COULDN'T...



THE NEXT MORNING, THEY FOUND WHAT WAS LEFT OF CHIEF MILLER LYING BESIDE THE NEW FIRE-ENGINE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DESCENT-POLE IN A POOL OF DRYING BLOOD. HIS ARMS AND LEGS HAD BEEN SEVERED FROM HIS BODY AND HIS TORSO NEARLY SPLIT IN TWO. SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING... HAD REPLACED THE DESCENT-POLE WITH A **STEEL STRIP, SHARPENED TO A KEEN RAZOR-EDGE**...



WHICH BRINGS MY TALE TO A **CUTTING CLIMAX**, EH, FIENOS? CAN YOU **PICTURE** SLICING DOWN A **FIFTEEN-FOOT KNIFE BLADE**? QUITE A **STRETCH** OF THE IMAGINATION, EH? WASN'T THAT A **GEM** OF A YARN? I'LL **RAZOR** 'NOTHER ONE NEXT TIME WE MEET... IN **V.K.'S SHARP MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR**...

AND NOW, THE **OLD WITCH** AWAITS WITH HER **HONE-COOKED YARN**. 'BYE, NOWFOH, BY THE WAY, **GILLETTE** THE CAT OUT TONIGHT? 'BYE!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE. SMELL THE CONCOCTION I'M COOKIN' IN MY CRUDDY CAULDRON? IT'S A REEKING RECIPE OF REVOLTING REVELRY THAT I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY. THIS IS YOUR HOSTESS IN THE NAUNT OF FEAR, WAITING TO DSH OUT ANOTHER OF HER LURID LUNCNEONS. READY? THEN I'LL START FEEDING YOU THE FOUL FARE I CALL...

## The ROVER BOYS!

**PROLOGUE:** THE DAWN SKY IS LIKE A GREY BLANKET HANGING LOW OVER THE STILL-SLEEPING CITY. HERE AND THERE A FEW STARS, RELUCTANT TO RETREAT FROM THE DAYLIGHT NOW BLOOMING IN THE EAST, TWINKLE FAINTLY AND THEN FADE. BELOW, THE STREET-LIGHTS STILL CAST DARK SHADOWS IN THE CANYONS BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS. A MILK WAGON CAREENS OVER THE COBBLE-STONES, ITS FRANTIC DRIVER UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTING TO HALT THE OLD HORSEWHO WHINNIES AND SNORTS, GALLOPING MADLY. FLASHING METAL-SHOOD HOOVES SPARK AGAINST THE PAVEMENT. A PACK OF STRAY DOGS, Slobbering and YELPING, LEAP AND SCRAMBLE... NIPPING AND CLAWING AT THE DASHING HORSE. ITS FLANKS ARE SCARRED AND BLEEDING... ITS EYES FILLED WITH TERROR.



WHOA THERE, BOY! WHOA...



**STORY:** DOCTOR SHELTON REMSEN STOOD BEFORE THE FIVE GRIM-FACED MEMBERS OF THE STATE MEDICAL BOARD LISTENING TO THE CHAIRMAN'S COLD AND EXPRESSIONLESS VOICE MOUTHING THE WORDS THAT MEANT THE END OF EVERYTHING FOR HIM.

AND SO, DOCTOR REMSEN, IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS BOARD, IN VIEW OF THE EVIDENCES PRESENTED HERE OF CONDUCT UNBECOMING A MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, THAT YOUR LICENSE BE REVOKED AND THAT YOU BE BARRED FROM EVER PRACTISING MEDICINE AGAIN.

NO!  
NO!



THE CHAIRMAN LOOKED AROUND. THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD ROSE SILENTLY AND FILED FROM THE ROOM. DR. SHELDON REMSEN LIFTED HIS HANDS IN A FINAL PLEADING GESTURE...

PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU... DON'T DO THIS TO ME. MEDICINE IS MY LIFE! PLEASE...



DR. REMSEN DARTED FORWARD. HE CLUTCHED AT THE SLEEVE OF THE LAST DEPARTING BOARD MEMBER...

WOULDN'T YOU RECONSIDER? I BEG YOU FOR LENIENCY! I MADE A MISTAKE! I'M SORRY! PLEASE...  
THE DECISION OF THE BOARD IS FINAL, DR. REMSEN. IF YOU PLEASE...



DOCTOR REMSEN STOOD ALONE IN THE BOARD ROOM. FAINT LAUGHTER DRAFTED THROUGH THE DOOR BEYOND WHICH HIS JUDGES AND CONDEMNERS HAD DISAPPEARED HE CURSED...

GO AHEAD, YOU RIGHTEOUS OLD \*#%\$!%\$!%\$! LAUGH! LAUGH AT ME! WE'LL SEE WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH...



STRIPPED OF HIS PRIVILEGE TO PRACTISE MEDICINE, AND SPURNED BY HIS PROFESSION, DR. REMSEN WALKED SLOWLY FROM THE BOARD ROOM, ACROSS THE ECHOING FOYER OF THE MEDICAL BUILDING, AND OUT INTO THE WARM SUNLIGHT. HE FELT NAKED AND EXPOSED, AND HATE FILLED HIS HEART...

I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! YOU'LL BE SORRY... ALL OF YOU!



HE MOVED UP THE CROWDED STREETS. HE WAS JOSTLED AND PUSHED AND CARRIED ALONG BY THE JABBING THROGS. BUT HE FELT AND HEARD NOTHING. DR. REMSEN'S MIND WAS FAR AWAY, PLANNING, DISCLAIMING, AND PLANNING AGAIN...

I HATE THEM! I'LL GET EACH OF THEM... ONE BY ONE! BUT HOW? HOW?



A SHADOW FELL ACROSS HIM, BLOCKING THE SUN. DR. REMSEN LOOKED AROUND. HE WAS UNDER A MARQUEE... A THEATER MARQUEE. THE COLORFUL BILLBOARD BLINKED AT HIM...

HMMM. 'CAPTAIN JOHN SMYTHE AND HIS TRAINED SEALS. SEE THEM PERFORM. THEY'RE ALMOST HUMAN!'



THE LAST LINE SCREAMED. THE WORDS SEEM TO LIGHT UP...

'THEY'RE ALMOST HUMAN! OF COURSE...'



THE DOCTOR SLID THE MONEY UNDER THE BOX-OFFICE GLASS AND HELD UP HIS INDEX-FINGER...



LAUGHTER ERUPTED FROM A HUNDRED MOUTHS AS HE MOVED SOFTLY DOWN THE CARPETED AISLE. ON-STAGE, A CLOWN WAS CAVORTING...



THE CLOWN SOMERSAULTED OFF INTO THE WINGS AMID CHEERS AND APPLAUSE. DR. REMSEN SAT DOWN...



THE CURTAIN WENT UP. THE GLIMMERING BLACK SEALS BARKED AND SWAYED. THEIR UNIFORMED TRAINER BEGAN THE ACT. DR. REMSEN'S GRIM MOUTH SLOWLY STRETCHED INTO A LEERING GRIN.



THE ACT WAS OVER. DR. REMSEN LEFT THE THEATER. HIS EVIL PLAN WAS FORMING IN HIS HATE-FILLED MIND...



THE PET SHOP SMELLED OF FLEA-POWDER AND ANIMAL SWEAT AND BIRD-SEED AND ECHOED WITH THE SQUEALS OF MONKEYS AND PARROTS AND THE HOWLING OF DOGS...



WE HAVE SOME FINE THOROUGHBRED BOXERS... OR WOULD YOU PREFER FRENCH-POODLES...



DOCTOR REMSEN'S LABORATORY WAS SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL WHINES OF THE DOGS THAT COWERED BEHIND THE WIRE MESH OF THE FIVE CAGES THAT LINED THE ROOM. THE DOCTOR WAS BUSY PLACING SHINY INSTRUMENTS INTO A STEAMING STERILIZER...

A KNOCK RESOUNDED THROUGH THE LABORATORY. THE DOGS BEGAN TO YELP. DOCTOR REMSEN WENT TO THE DOOR AND OPENED IT...

"YOU! REMSEN!  
SO THIS IS WHERE  
YOU LIVE NOW?  
BUT I THOUGHT...

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE  
PAYING A HOUSE-CALL ON  
A SICK MAN, EH, DOCTOR HALE?  
THAT'S WHAT I WANTED YOU  
TO THINK!

SOON, MY LITTLE PETS. SOON,  
NOW...



DOCTOR REMSEN WAIVED THE SMALL PISTOL AT THE SURPRISED BOARD-CHAIRMAN...

INSIDE, DOCTOR HALE! AND WHAT'S  
DON'T TRY ANYTHING. I THE  
WOULDN'T HESITATE TO MEANING  
USE THIS... OF THIS, REMSEN?

IT MEANS, MY DEAR CHAIRMAN OF  
THE MEDICAL BOARD, THAT I AM  
GOING TO TAKE MY REVENGE  
UPON YOU AND YOUR  
FELLOW BOARD-  
MEMBERS FOR  
HAVING EXCLUDED  
ME FROM YOUR  
PROFESSION!

YOU'RE  
MAD,  
REMSSEN.

PERHAPS, DOCTOR  
HALE! AND NOW, IF  
YOU WILL REMOVE  
YOUR COAT, WE WILL  
GET ON WITH THE  
OPERATION.

OPERATION? WHAT...WHAT  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO DO?



DO? WHY, I AM GOING TO REMOVE  
YOUR BRAIN, DOCTOR, AND SUB-  
STITUTE IT FOR THE INADEQUATE  
BRAIN THAT NOW RESTS IN THE  
CRANIAL CAVITY OF ONE OF  
THOSE MISERABLE DOGS  
THERE!

REMSSEN!  
FOR GOD'S  
SAKE!  
PUT DOWN THAT  
HYPODERMIC!

OUTSIDE THE OLD HOUSE INTO WHICH DOCTOR REMSEN  
HAD MOVED HIS LABORATORY, THE WIND WHISTLED, CARRY-  
ING THE ECHO OF DOCTOR HALE'S SCREAM ACROSS THE  
DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE...





ON THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED, ONE BY ONE, THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE STATE MEDICAL BOARD CAME TO THE LONELY HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



YOU?  
REMSSEN?

WELCOME,  
DOCTOR SIMPSON!

ONE BY ONE, THEY CAME... BUT NONE WENT AWAY. ON THE FIFTH MORNING, FIVE FRESH-DUG GRAVES LAY SILENTLY IN THE DAWN-LIGHT BEHIND THE HOUSE...



INSIDE, IN THE LABORATORY, FIVE DOGS WITH HUMAN BRAINS COWERED BEHIND THE MESH-WIRED DOORS OF THEIR KENNELS...



YOU WILL *PERFORM* AS YOU ARE *BID*, MY FRIENDS. EVEN IN YOUR *ALIEN BOOIES*, YOU STILL HAVE THE *DESIRE TO SURVIVE*...

AND YOU WILL SURVIVE SO LONG AS YOU *COOPERATE*! IF YOU *DON'T*... YOU WILL *DIE*! AND *NOW*... WE MUST *BEGIN REHEARSING OUR ACT*!



AND SO, SILENTLY, WITH TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS, AND A GROWING HATE GLEAMING IN THEIR EYES, THE FIVE REMARKABLY INTELLIGENT CANINES WENT THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF LEARNING THEIR FABULOUS ACT...



MY DEAR DOCTOR HALE, PERHAPS A DAY WITHOUT YOUR *RATIONS* WILL *CONVINCE* YOU THAT I *MEAN BUSINESS*! WHEN I CALL *'ROVER'*... YOU *BARK* THE ANSWER... *CORRECTLY*!

FINALLY, THE TIME CAME. UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME, DR. REMSEN MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH A THEATRICAL AGENT AND PROUDLY AUDITIONED HIS ANIMAL ACT...



AMAZING, MR. SHELTON! AMAZING! I'LL BOOK YOUR ACT IN EVERY VAUDEVILLE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY! YOU'RE *MADE*...

AND SO, IN THE VERY SAME THEATER WHERE DR. SHELTON REMSEN HAD SEEN THE TRAINED SEALS THAT HAD GIVEN HIM HIS FANTASTIC AND DIABOLICAL SCHEME, SHELTON'S DOGS MADE THEIR THEATRICAL DEBUT...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE *GREATEST ANIMAL ACT* TO EVER PERFORM UPON ANY STAGE. SHELTON'S *INTELLIGENT DOGS*, THEY *COUNT*... THEY *SPELL*... THEY DO *EVERYTHING* BUT *TALK*!

DR. REMSEN'S ANIMAL ACT GAINED IMMEDIATE SUCCESS. HIS AMAZING DOGS ASTOUNDED PEOPLE. DOGS COULD BE TRAINED TO APPEAR INTELLIGENT, BUT HIS...



YOUR QUESTION, SIR?

WHAT YEAR DID COLUMBUS DISCOVER AMERICA?

THE DOGS ACTUALLY PICKED OUT CARDS CONTAINING THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS, HISTORICAL DATES...

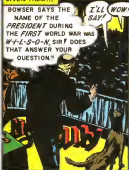


1492? QUITE CORRECT, ROVER!

AMAZING! INCREDIBLE!

BRAVO!

THE DOGS MANIPULATED ALPHABET BLOCKS TO ANSWER QUESTIONS GIVEN THEM...



BOWSER SAYS THE NAME OF THE PRESIDENT DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS W-I-L-S-O-N, SIR? DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

I'LL WOW! SAY!

FINALLY, DUE TO THE GRUELLING SCHEDULE OF TRAVELLING THE VAUDEVILLE CIRCUITS, DR. REMSEN RETURNED TO HIS LONELY HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN FOR A BRIEF VACATION.



HEH, HEH! WELL, MY LITTLE PETS! THANKS TO YOU, I AM GETTING RICHER EACH DAY!

SOON, I WILL BE READY TO RETIRE! OH IT WILL BE SUCH A SHOCK TO THE THEATRICAL WORLD WHEN YOU ARE ALL DESTROYED IN AN UNFORTUNATE FIRE!



THE NIGHT THAT DOCTOR REMSEN MADE HIS STARTLING PRONOUNCEMENT AS TO THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN-BRAINED CANINES, HE CARELESSLY LEFT ONE OF THE WIRE-MESH KENNEL DOORS UNLOCKED, AFTER HE'D RETIRED, A SLEEK FORM MOVED FROM KENNEL TO KENNEL, UNLOCKING THE OTHER DOORS...



DOCTOR REMSEN HAD BEEN RIGHT. THE DESIRE TO SURVIVE WAS INDEED STRONG...EVEN FOR IMPRISONED HUMAN BRAINS. A LOW GROWL AWAKENED THE DOCTOR AND HE SAT UP IN BED STARING INTO FIVE PAIRS OF BLAZING EYES...



NO! OH, LORD, NO...

ONE OF THE REMARKABLE DOGS HELD A HYPODERMIC IN ITS Slobbering MOUTH...

TOWARD MORNING, AN OLD HORSE ON A NEARBY FARM WAS ATTACKED BY A PACK OF YELPING WILD DOGS AND DRIVEN TOWARD THE OLD HOUSE...

AND DAWN FOUND A SIXTH GRAVE ADDED TO THE SILENT FIVE...



THE FARMER WHO OWNED THE HORSE FOUND IT WANDERING MILES FROM THE FARM THE NEXT DAY...

AND FIVE DOGS WERE SEEN OFTEN IN LATER WEEKS, YELPING AND RACING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY...

THERE YOU ARE, BOY! GET ALONG HOME NOW. THAT MILK COMPANY MAN'S COMIN' TO BUY YOU!



THE MILK COMPANY RECEIVED NUMEROUS COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE NEW HORSE FROM ITS DRIVER...

GRAZY, THAT'S WHAT HE IS. ALWAYS SMORTIN' AND WHIMMIN' AND STAMPIN' HIS HOOF'S... LIKE HE WERE TRYIN' TO TELL ME SOMETHIN'!



**EPILOGUE:** THE DAWN SKY IS LIKE A GREY BLANKET. A MILK-WAGON CAREENS OVER THE COBBLESTONES, ITS HORSE GALLOPING MADLY. A PACK OF STRAY DOGS... FIVE OF THEM... Slobbering and barking... LEAP AND SCRAMBLE, NIPPING AND CLAWING AT THE FRENZIED ANIMAL. ITS FLANKS ARE SCARRED AND BLEEDING... ITS EYES FILLED WITH TERROR. AND THE YELPING DOGS SEEM TO BE LAUGHING AT IT...



HEE, HEE! SO DOC REMSEN, 'CAUSE HE HORSED AROUND WITH BRAINS, ENDED UP WITH HIS IN ONE. WELL, KIDDIES, NEXT TIME YOU SEE A PACK OF HOWLUN' MUTTS CHASIN' AN OLD HORSE UP THE STREET, THINK OF THIS TERROR-TIDBIT I'VE JUST FED YOU. DON'T LAUGH! THEY MIGHT BE THE STATE MEDICAL BOARD HOUNDING DOCTOR SHELDON



REMSEN! HEE, HEE. WELL, THAT ABOUT WINDS UP G.K.'S MAG. I'LL BE COOKIN' AGAIN IN THE VAULT OF HORROR! 'BYE, NOW.

**TERROR**



NO. 38  
OCT. - NOV.

# TALES



10¢

FROM THE

# CRYPT

**FEATURING**



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER





# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEN, HEH, WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS... YOU'RE EITHER *FANS* OR *FRIENDS* FOR PLUNKIN' DOWN GOOD U.S. DOLLARS FOR THIS BEERIN' MAG. IN ANY CASE... *GREETINGS SHOULD!* WELCOME, ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR... TO THE FRIGHT PAGE OF THIS... THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAG, I'M READY TO START OFF THE EVIL FESTIVITIES WITH AN ODD TALE TOLD TO ME BY AN ODD TELLER OF ANY TALE... A *FRUNK*. LISTEN, NOW, TO THE STEAMER'S OWN BOREAL-STORY, WHICH IT CALLS...

## TIGHT GRIP!



THE LAYERS OF DUST THAT HAD SETTLED UPON ME OVER THE YEARS HAVE BEEN SCRUBBED AWAY, AND NOW I LIE UPON WILMA'S BEDROOM FLOOR. MY LID FLUNG WIDE, TAWNING HAPPILY AND THALLDONTING THE NEATLY FOLDED CLOTHES SHE IS BUSILY PACKING INTO MY INSIDES. I FEEL CLEAN AND FRESH AND NEW AND ALIVE AGAIN AFTER LYING DEAD FOR SO LONG IN THE GLENT LITTERED ATTIC. AND THERE IS A JOY WITHIN ME THAT MINORS WILMA'S JOY. FOR TODAY, WILMA IS TO BE MARRIED...

TUM-TH-TUM-TH-TYE-OYE-DEM  
OH, YES, FEEVES, WHAT IS IT?

MR. ROOSEWELL IS  
HERE, MRS WILMA...



WILMA IS LIKE A CHILD AGAIN AS SHE FLITS ABOUT HER BEDROOM SINGING RAPIDLY... THE CHILD I *KNEW* WHO USED TO STEAL UP TO THE ATTIC WHEN WE WERE *BOTH* NO FINGER AND FEET *JINGLE* ME AND FINGER THE OLD LACE AND CLOTH THAT HAD BEEN STORED IN ME AND FORGOTTEN...

CARL? OH... HE'S *EARLY*? I'M NOT EVEN *READY*? SHOW HIM *MY* JEWELS.

YES, MA'AM



YES, I AM AN OLD THING. I WAS WITH WILMA'S PARENTS ON THEIR *HONEYMOON*. I WAS *AFR*, THEN AND I CARRIED THEIR BELONGINGS WHEN THEY MOVED *HERE*... TO *THIS HOUSE* AND THEN I WAS PUT *AWAY*, UP *THERE*, WHERE ALL I COULD DO WAS *WAIT* AND *LISTEN* AND *WISH* OLD...

CARL, CARL... CARL...

WILMA, MY PET



I HEARD MANY THINGS WHILE I LAY THERE BATHING IN MY ATTIC GRAVE. I HEARD THE LUSTY CRY OF THE NEW-BORN INFANT NAMED WILMA. I HEARD HER CHILDISH VOICE AS SHE SCAMPED ABOUT DOWNSTAIRS AND I SAW HER WHEN SHE CAME TO ME AND PLAYED WITH ME AND LAUGHED GAILY.

ALMOST *PACKED* WILMA, DEAR?

ALMOST, CARL...



AND I LOVED HER. EVEN *AFTER* SHE'D *SHOWN* AND NO LONGER *CAME* TO ME AND SEARCHED MY CONTENTS AND TRIED ON MY SHAWLS AND DRESSES AND SCARFS. I LOVED HER. EVEN WHEN ALL I COULD DO WAS *LIE* THERE AND *LISTEN* TO HER... *BELIEVE*... LISTEN TO HER FOOTSTEPS *DOWN HEAVY* WITH THE *FEARS*, AND HER MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS *DIS-APPEAR* WITH THEIR *DEATHS*...

I'VE CALLED THE *JUSTICE OF THE PEACE* AND HE'S *WAITING* FOR US. THE *RESERVATIONS* AT THE HOTEL ARE *SET*.

OH, CARL, I'M SO *NERVOUS*? I CAN *SCARCELY* *PAGE*.



AND I FELT HER YOUTH PASS AS SHE FELT IT PASS. AND I *PRAYED* AS SHE *PRAYED*... THAT SHE WAS *NOT* DESTINED TO A... LIFE OF *LONGEVITY*... THAT SHE WOULD *MEET* SOMEONE AND HE WOULD *ASK* HER TO BE HIS *WIFE*. AND *NOW* OUR *PRAYERS*, WILMA'S AND MINE, HAD COME *TRUE*...

*HERE*... LET ME! YOU DO MY *HEADS* I'LL *FINISH* UP.

YES, OH, DEAR... I HOPE I HAVEN'T *FORGOTTEN* ANYTHING...



JUST ONE THING THOUGH... ONE THING THAT *BOTHERS* ME... ONE THING THAT *SPOILS* THE JOY I FEEL... *THIS MAN*... *THIS CARL ROOSEVELT*... THIS MAN WHO EVEN NOW ANXIOUSLY STUFFS THE LAST FEW ARTICLES OF WILMA'S NEWLY-PURCHASED TRousseau INTO ME. I AM *AFRAID* OF THIS MAN.

THEY'RE *READY* TO *GO*, WILMA?

READY, CARL?



I FEEL HIS ROUGH HANDS UPON MY LIP, SLAMMING IT DOWN, AND I WHINE... *NOT* WITH *PAIN*, *NOT* FROM *THE HOUSE*... I WHINE WITH *FEAR*. THERE IS SOMETHING *ABOUT* THIS MAN. SOMETHING... *TERRIFYING*.

LET'S *GO*, THEN...

YOU *RARE*, WAGNET?

CARRY MY *TRUNKS* OUT TO THE *CAR*, JEEVES?



NOW JEEVES IS COMING TOWARDS ME AND I FEEL MYSELF BEING LIFTED AND CARRIED.

HEAVY, HEAVY?

NOT VERY, MA'AM.



AND SUDDENLY I FEEL THE WARM SUN UPON ME FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIRTY-NINE YEARS...

JUST TESS IT ON THE BACK SEAT THERE, JEEVES.

YES, MR. NORWELL.



AND AS CAR DOORS SLAM AND THE MOTOR ROARS, I SMILE HAPPILY. MY FEARS FORGOTTEN.

GOOD-BYE, JEEVES.

GOOD-BYE, MISS WILMA. GOOD LUCK! HAVE A HAPPY HONEYMOON.



I SIT CONTENTELY, FEELING OF THE SILK AND LACE AND FLAMBY THINGS INSIDE ME AND THE WIND UPON ME AS WE SPEED SOUTH... WILMA, AND I, AND THE SUN.

HAPPY, DARLING?

VERY.



AND THEN WE STOP AND WILMA AND CARL LEAP FROM THE CAR AND HURRY, SINGING UP A FLOWERED WALK. AND I SEE THE SIGN AND HEAR THE WELCOMING VOICE OF THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

RIGHT ON TIME. COME IN, COME IN.



I WAIT, DREAMING, AND AFTER A WHILE WILMA AND CARL COME OUT, AND THERE IS A BARD OF GOLD ON WILMA'S THIRD FINGER OF HER LEFT HAND AND I KNOW THAT SHE AND THE MAN ARE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

GOO BLESS YOU, AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU BOTH.

THANKS

BYE



AND NOW IT IS EVENING, AND THE SKY GROWS DARK. WE PULL OFF THE HIGHWAY INTO A ROAD LEADING TO A VINE-COVERED HOTEL... WILMA AND CARL'S HONEYMOON HOTEL.

IT'S A DARLING SPOT, CARL?

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, WILMA!





STRANGE HANDS PULL ME FROM THE CAR, CARRY ME ACROSS THE HOTEL LOBBY, AND DROP ME TO THE FLOOR BEFORE THE ELEVATOR, AND I LISTEN TO THE SCRATCHING OF THE PEN AS CARL REWRITES...

MR. AND MRS. CARL ROSSELL. LOOKS SO GOOD, EX. MONEY?

IT LOOKS WONDERFUL, CARLING.



NOW WE ARE ALONE... WILMA AND I AND CARL. ALONE IN THIS HOTEL SUITE. AND SUDDENLY THAT FEAR IS BACK AGAIN. THAT FEAR OF THIS MAN WHO HAS TAKEN MY WILMA AS HIS BRIDE.

FRED, DEAR?

VERY...



WILMA'S NERVOUS FINGERS CUP MY LIP AND SHE PUMPS THROUGH ME, LIFTING OUT HER PRETIEST GOWN. FOR THIS IS THE NIGHT WE'VE BOTH DREAMED OF... WILMA'S FLOODING RIGHT...

WILMA?

YES, CARL? WHAT?



CARL STARES BEFORE WILMA, THE GLASSING AND THAT HE'S JUST TAKEN FROM HIS BRIDE IN HIS HAND.

CARL? THAT ARE...

I'M GOING TO FILL YOU, WILMA...



CARL? YOU'RE JOKING?

YOU'RE A FOOL, WILMA! DID YOU REALLY THINK I COULD LOVE YOU? DID YOU THINK I'M ALMOST FORTY I'M TWENTY-SEVEN IT WASN'T FOR, WILMA! IT WAS YOUR MONEY.



I PLANNED ALL THIS, WILMA. PLANNED IT CAREFULLY. YOU'RE GOING TO GET RICH... WE'VE CONFIRMED TO YOUR ROOM. AND ALL THE WHILE, I'LL BE GETTING RID OF YOUR BODY PIECE BY PIECE. AND WHEN IT'S ALL BEEN DISPOSED OF, I'M GOING TO SAY YOU RAN AWAY... THAT WHEN I WOKED UP, YOU WERE GONE. AND THE POLICE WILL LOOK FOR YOU AND THEY WON'T FIND YOU. AND YOUR MONEY WILL BE MINE...



THEY ARE BLAZE CUTE WILMA'S SCREAM FOR HELP SHORT AS CARL BRINGS IT DOWN UPON HER BLANCHED FACE...

NO, CARL! NO! YAA... GGGH...

YES, WILMA



I AM EMPTY NOW. CARL HAS STRIPPED ME OF MY CONTENTS...THE NEWLY-FURNISHED LINEN...THE SHOES...THE DRESSES. I LIE BESIDE THE BATH-ROOM DOOR, MY LID WIDE, WAITING... LISTENING IN HOPE FOR AN CARL. DISMEMBERS WILMA'S BODY WHERE HE'S CARRIED IT. IN THE TUB.



EH, EH, EH

THERE IS A SADNESS IN ME SOMEWHERE...DEEP IN THE WOODGRAINS, IN THE METAL REINFORCEMENTS, IN THE LEATHERETTE THAT COVERS ME...THERE IS A CRYING, AND A SADNESS AND AN ANGER. I FEARED THIS MAN. I FEARED FOR WILMA. NOW SHE LIES DEAD, BEING RENT ASUNDER BY THIS MAD MANIAC. SUDDENLY, I DESPISE HIM... DESPISE HIM WITH EVERY NUT AND SCREW IN MY BODY...



INTO THE TRUNK YOU GO.

I RECALL AS THE DISMEMBERED SECTION OF WILMA'S ONCE PROUD BODY DROPPED INSIDE ME, AND I FEEL ITS SOFTNESS AND THE FLUID THAT FLOWS FROM IT. I SLAM MY LID DOWN IN FRONT AND LOATHING AND



POOFEEEE

BAM

AND SUDDENLY, AND MY SADNESS, THERE IS GLEE. I HAVE HUNT THE MADMAN WHO HAS TAKEN MY LOVED ONE FROM ME. I CAN HURT HIM AGAIN...



BLASTED @W@! TRUNK! STAY OPEN, BLAST YOU!

ANOTHER PART OF WILMA IS TOSSED WITHIN ME AND AGAIN I SLAM MY LID SHUT UPON HIS CURSED BLOODY PAN...



P-P-P-P-P

WHAM

NOW CARL HAS JAMMED A STICK INTO MY MOUTH... FORCING MY LID TO STAY OPEN, PREVENTING ME FROM HURTING HIM, BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. I WILL WAIT. HE FILLS ME WITH WILMA'S SEVERED REMAINS AND I ENRAGE THEM LOVINGLY...



THERE! DONE! NOW TO SHUT AND LOCK IT, AND CLEAN UP THE PLACE

I LIE LOCKED, WAITING... THE SLIMY SPUR INSIDE ME. I LISTEN AS CARL PAGES DOWN TO THE DESK



MY WIFE DOESN'T FEEL WELL. I WONDER IF YOU COULD SERVE OUR MEALS IN OUR ROOM. SHE WANTS TO REMAIN IN BED. AND... OH, PLEASE, LEAVE WORD WITH THE CHAMBERMAID THAT WE ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED

CARL IS **OLEVER... VERY** OLEVER. HE HAS TAKEN PILLOWS AND LAID THEM NEATLY UPON THE BED AND COVERED THEM WITH BLANKETS SO THAT IT APPEARS AS IF **WILMA LIES THERE**.

YOUR DINNER, MR. ROSWELL... OH, I THANK YOU, MRS. ROSWELL IS ASLEEP IN THERE.



AND EVERY SO OFTEN, HE COMES TO ME AND UNLOCKS ME AND REMOVES A DISMEMBERED SECTION OF WILMA'S BODY AND WHIPS IT CAREFULLY IN THE PAPER HE'S BROUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE AND GOES OUT FOR A **WALK**.

LOSER! OUF, MR. ROSWELL, HOW'S MRS. ROSWELL? MUCH BETTER. REMEMBER, SHE'S **NOT TO BE DIS-TURBED**.



AND NO ONE SUSPECTS THE PLOT! ONLY I KNOW THE GRISLY TRUTH. THE DAYS PASS, THE PARTS INSIDE ME ARE SLOWLY **DISAPPEARING**, AND I GROW **DESPERATE**. I MUST **IMMEDIATELY** THIS PLOT, **EXPOSE HIM**.

OK, THEN. TIME FOR ANOTHER **WALK**. I'LL... I'LL... WHAT THE...



CARL STRUGGLES WITH THE LOCK BUT I HAVE JAMMED IT WELL. HE CHARGES, KICKS ME.



OPEN, PLAST YOU...

BUT MY LOCK HOLDS FAST. AND NOW CARL IS **DESPERATE**. THIS WILL CALL FOR A **CHANGE OF PLANS**. I LISTEN AS HE PHONES...



OK, DEAR! OH, WILL YOU **SEND UP A BOY**? MY WIFE IS FEELING BETTER NOW AND WE'LL BE **CHECKING OUT** IN THE MORNING. WE HAVE A **FIXING** UP HERE WE'D LIKE TO **SEND ON AHEAD**...

THE BELLBOY ARRIVES WITH HIS DOLLY, AND I FEEL MYSELF LIFTED AND FEEL WILMA'S DIED AND RIGID REMAINS DRIFT WITHIN ME.

TAKE IT DOWN TO THE **EXPRESS OFFICE**, SON. HERE'S THE ADDRESS IT GOES TO... YES, SIR...



AND NOW I AM BEING **WHEELED** OUT OF THE ELEVATOR, ACROSS THE CROWDED LOBBY. THIS IS WHAT I **PLANNED**. THIS IS WHAT WILL **EXPOSE** MY LOVED ONE'S MURDERER. I SNAP OPEN MY LOCK... **SWING WIDE** MY LIPS...



WATCH IT!

OH...

WHAT THE...

GOOD LORD!

CHUCK.

THE LOBBY OF THIS PLEASO HOMETOWN HOTEL REVERBERATES WITH SCREAMS AS I SPILL FORTH MY BLOOD-STAINED GORY CONTENTS UPON THE PUSHTY CARPETED FLOOR.



AND UP ABOVE, CARL HEARS THE SCREAMS AND KNOWS THAT THE TRUTH IS OUT THAT HIS HORROROUS DEEDS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED, AND HE MAKES HIS EXIT...



AND NOW IT IS FOUR YEARS LATER. ONCE MORE I LIE IN DARKNESS BATHING BUST...



I LIE IN A WAREHOUSE WHERE THE POLICE HAVE BROUGHT ME UNTIL THEY CAN CATCH CARL, AND BRING HIM TO TRIAL, AND PUT ME UP AS 'EXHIBIT A'.



I LIE THROUGH THE YEARS AND I WAIT. BUT NO ONE COMES FOR ME, NO ONE COMES TO TAKE ME OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT, AND I GROW ANGRY AND HUNGER FOR REVENGE. NOW! AND WOULD I REVENGE.



Voices, voices in the darkness, AND ONE VOICE IS FAMILIAR. TWO SHADOWS WITH GLEAMING FLAME-LIGHTS MOVE TOWARD ME WHERE I LIE AMONG WARDROBES OF MEN COATS AND BOXES OF STOLEN ARTICLES THAT THE POLICE HAVE RECOVERED AND ARE HOLDING FOR THEIR CLAIMANTS.



THAT NAME. THAT VOICE. FOR FOUR YEARS I HAVE WAITED, STILL FEELING WILMA'S GORY REMAINS WITHIN ME. STILL HATING. STILL PRAYING FOR REVENGE. AND NOW, CARL ROSENTHAL IS HERE. BESIDE ME. I BRUSH...



THE BOXES POLED UPON ME TUM-  
BLE WITH A CLATTER TO THE  
FLOOR. SOMEWHERE A VOICE  
CALLS OUT.



WHO'S  
THERE??

HIDE  
QUICK!

I FEEL ROUGH HANDS UPON MY  
LID. FAMILIAR ROUGH HANDS...  
CARL'S HANDS. HE SWINGS ME  
OPEN, STEPS INTO ME, AND I SWAL-  
LOW HIM GREEDILY.



HE BRINGS THE LID DOWN... CRASHING  
SILENTLY. BESIDE ME, LISTENING.



HMM?? MUSTA  
BEEN A CAT...

THE FOOTSTEPS DISAPPEAR. CARL TRIES TO OPEN THE  
LID. BUT I HAVE HIM NOW. I WON'T LET HIM GO. I  
AM MY LOCK... LISTENING TO HIM STRUGGLE.



CHOK... I'M SUFFOCATING  
IN HERE, WILLY GET ME  
OUT. QUICK

BUT WILLY DOESN'T ANSWER. WILLY HAS RUN OFF,  
LEAVING CARL TO HIS FATE. CARL SNIFFS. THE AIR  
GROWS THICK. FINALLY, IN DESPERATION HE PULLS  
HIS LID... FIRING IT THROUGH MY TOES...



SNIFF. NEED AIR... SNIFF. BETTER  
TO... CHOK... CHANGE BEING URGENT  
THAN

AND NOW I TAKE MY REVENGE. I BREATHE DEEP AND THEN EXHALE. I  
SCREAM ALL OF THE HATE AND LOATHING AND DESIRE FOR REVENGE  
WITHIN ME. AND **CRASHING**, MY **SHOES CLOSE DOWN** AND MY **TOP**  
**SPRINKLES DOWN** AND I GROW **SMALL** AND CARL SCREAMS UNTIL HE CAN  
NOT SCREAM ANY MORE AND HIS FLESH Oozes FROM THE BULLET HOLES  
LIKE GEMS FROM A JEWELER'S DECORATING BAG. AND WHEN THEY COME, THEY  
FIND ME... A TINY BOX WITH A MOLD OF COMPRESSED BONE INSIDE ME AND  
A THOUSAND YARDS OF FLESH-RIBBON AROUND ME...



CHOK...

HEHEHEH YEP, KIDDER. WILMA'S  
OLD TRICK SHUT CARL UP ALL RIGHT.  
ANYBODY CARE FOR A FOOT SQUARE  
BONE CUBE? IF YOU COULD FIND A  
MATE FOR IT, YOU COULD MARK 'EM  
WITH SPOTS AND HAVE A **PIECE** OF A  
**SHAP** GAME. NOT MY **SHUT**. I'LL  
USE IT AS A PAPER-WEIGHT TO HOLD  
DOWN MY NEXT TARN TILL WE MEET  
AGAIN LATER ON IN MY MUCH MAN.  
FOOT! NOW, THE **PAINT-KEEPEE**



SHUTS WITH **AND**  
OPENING. I'LL  
BE SHOVELING  
OFF. TILL WE  
SEEK AGAIN  
'BYE!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEEMENT YEP, CREEPY... IT'S YOUR SCREAM-STORY-TELLER IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH ONE OF MY CREEPY COLLECTOR'S ITEMS. FOR MY SPOT IN C.R.'S... IT... MAY, I HAVE CHOSEN A BAT TALE OF MARCH BRAD MORRISITE ENTITLED...

## ...ONLY SKIN DEEP!

HERBERT HAD MADE UP HIS MIND. THIS WOULD BE THE LAST TIME HE WOULD GO TO NEW ORLEANS FOR MARCH BRAD WOLF AND SET IN THIS CROWDED CAPE... WHERE HE'D FIRST MET SUZANNE... AND WAIT FOR HER. THIS WOULD BE THE LAST LONELY YEAR HE'D SPEND, DREAMING THROUGH THE SPRING AND SUMMER AND FALL UNTIL FEBRUARY ROLLED AROUND AGAIN AND HE'D PUSH SOUTH FOR ONE HEAVENLY WEEK. YEP, *FINE* DEAR! WAS LONG ENOUGH. THIS TIME HE WOULD ASK SUZANNE TO MARRY HIM. HE SAT SILENTLY HUNTING HIS SPRING, SEARCHING THE MASKED, COSTUMED THROTT FOR SUZANNE'S FAMILIAR FIGURE. AND THEN SHE WAS COMING TOWARD HIM, OUT OF THE HELLARITY AND MADNESS...



SUZANNE... DARLING...

HERBERT...



AND NOW THEY WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, AND HE WAS HOLDING HER CLOSE AND FEELING HER WONDERFUL WARMTH AND HIS YEAR-LONG DREAM WAS A REALITY ONCE MORE...

SUZANNE... SUZANNE... I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU EVERY DAY... EVERY MINUTE... I MISSED YOU SO...

ON HERBERT, A YEAR AGO... IN SUCH A LONG TIME, HOW'VE YOU BEEN...



HOW HAVE I BEEN, DARLING? I'VE BEEN GOOD! CRAP!... TELLING ABOUT YOU. I WON'T LET YOU GO THIS TIME, BUT I WON'T LET YOU GO... EVER AGAIN.

HUSH MY DEAREST WE HAVE A WHOLE WAGON FOR BEEN AHEAD OF US...

LET'S GET **QUIET** OF HERE, DUE. LET'S GO SOME-  
PLACE WHERE IT'S  
**QUIET**... WHERE  
WE CAN **TALK**...

THERE'S  
NOTHING  
TO **TALK** **IF**  
ABOUT,  
HERE.  
**IS** THERE?

YOU...YOU REALLY WANT TO MARRY ME, HERBERT... WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHAT I LOOK LIKE...?

I KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU, BUT... AND THAT YOU LOVE ME... THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT...

ARE YOU **SURE**, HERBIE, DON'T **SUPPOSE**, BENEATH THIS MASK, I WAS NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME. **SUPPOSE** I WAS...

YOU'LL **NEVER** BE ANYTHING BUT **BEAUTIFUL** TO ME, EVE, NO MATTER **WHAT** YOU LOOK LIKE IT DOESN'T **EVEN** **MAATTER**...

ON HENRI, I'VE WAITED FIVE YEARS FOR YOU TO SAY THAT...

WE'VE WAITED SO MUCH TIME, MY SWEET, I'VE WANTED TO SAY IT FOR FIVE YEARS...

AND NOW THE MADNESS AND THE NOISE AND THE MURMURING WERE FAR BEHIND. OVERHEAD, STARS PEERED THROUGH BOWED CYPRASSES, AND THE LAKE WAS A MIRROR OF BLACK...

NOW THAT WE'RE AWAY FROM THE GARDENS AND THE DIN...  
ASK ME AGAIN...

MARRY ME,  
SUE. I LOVE  
YOU...



HE REACHED FOR HER HAIR... TO  
LIFT IT AWAY... SO HE COULD TOUCH  
HER HAIR WITH HIS. SHE GRABED  
HIS HAND...

NO, HERBIE!  
DON'T! YOU  
SAID IT DIDN'T  
MATTER...

IT DOESN'T,  
HONEY. I JUST  
WANT TO  
KISS YOU...



MARRY ME  
FIRST, HERBIE.  
THEN WE CAN  
UNMASK... WHEN  
WE HAVE OUR  
LIVE COMPLETE.

HOW?  
TODAY??



WE COULD HIRE A CAR...  
DRIVE UPSTATE. WE  
COULD FIND A JUSTICE  
OF THE PEACE...

LET'S  
GO...



THEY RAN, HAND IN HAND... LIKE CHILDREN. AND SOON,  
NEW ORLEANS WAS JUST A BAY BELOW TO THE SOUTH.  
AND THEY WERE HUMMING UPSTATE IN A HITCHED CAR...  
LIKE TWO PHANTOMS...

THERE, DARLING! THERE'S  
A BUS...

A.M. MOORE, JUSTICE  
OF THE PEACE, MAR-  
RIAGES PERFORMED, NO  
WAITING! THIS IS IT!



THE OLD J.P. PERFORMED THE CEREMONY WITH RAISED  
EYEBROWS. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D EVEN  
MARRIED A COUPLE WHOSE FACES HE DID NOT SEE, BUT  
THEN... IT WAS MARRY! READ WILL...

I NOW PRODUCE YOU  
MAN AND WIFE...





LATER... THE SMALL HOTEL... THE GRINNING BELL-BOY CARRYING THEIR HASTILY PACKED BAGS... LEADING THE NEWLYWEDS TO THEIR ROOM...



OF FROM NEW ORLEANS, EH?

YES... WE WERE JUST MARRIED.

AND NOW... ALONE AT LAST, THE SUDDEN EMBARRASSMENT OF THE INTIMATE MOMENT...



WELL, DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO GET A LOOK AT YOUR NEW HUSBAND... AND I...

WELL, HERE! NOT YET, FIRST...

HE WATCHED, HIS HEART BEATING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER IN HIS CHEST, AS SHE REACHED FOR THE LIGHT, FLICKING IT OFF...



HE COULD SEE HER IN THE DIM HALF LIGHT FROM THE MOON SHINING OUTSIDE... SILHOUETTED... MOVING LITHELY... BEAUTIFUL...



AND THEN SHE WAS COMING TOWARD HIM AND HE COULD HEAR HER BREATHING... THE SHORT GASP... EXCITED... PASSIONATE...



LATER... LYING IN THE DARKNESS BESIDE HER, SMOKING A CIGARETTE, HERBIE SMILED...



YOU KNOW, DARLING? I KNOW I NEVER *did* GET TO SEE YOUR FACE...

HER BREATHING BECAME HEAVIER... REGULAR. SHE WAS ASLEEP. HERBIE LAY THERE ANWHILE, SMOKING, THE CIGARETTE BURNED DOWN AND HE PUT IT OUT. HIS THOUGHTS DRIFTED BACK ACROSS FIVE YEARS... TO THE FIRST MARCH DEAR WIFE...



I REMEMBER SEEING HER FOR THE FIRST TIME... WEARING THAT REVOLTING MAG-MASK... AND KNOWING THAT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...

YEA, THE MASK HAD HIDDEN HER FACE, BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE HER LOVELY VOICE. HER SMILING EYES AND HER YOUNG CURVACEOUS FIGURE MADE THE MASK SEEM SO OUT OF PLACE.



"CAFE TO DANCE."

"LOVE TO."

HE REMEMBERED HOW THEY'D DANCED THAT FIRST NIGHT, NUMBER AFTER NUMBER, UNTIL THE CROWD HAD GONE AND THE MUSIC HAD ENDED...



"CLOSING UP, NOW..."

"OH..."

"LET'S WALK..."

AND HE REMEMBERED HOW THEY'D TALKED BY THE LAKE BENEATH THE CYPRESSES AND WATCHED THE SUN COME UP...



"TOMORROW, I GO BACK HOME..."

"WILL YOU COME NEXT YEAR... TO HARRY'S CAFE?"

HENRIE REMEMBERED HOW HE'D TRIED TO UNMASK HER THAT FIRST TIME.



"BUT I'LL GO AWAY WITHOUT EVER KNOWING WHAT YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE..."

"IT'S BETTER THAT WAY, HENRIE. YOU'LL REMEMBER ME AS YOU IMAGINE ME. FANTASY IS SOMETIMES MORE DESIRABLE THAN REALITY!"

AND HE REMEMBERED HOW THEY'D VOWED TO MEET AGAIN THE FOLLOWING YEAR... IN THE SAME CAFE... AND HE'D DREAMED ABOUT HER TILL THEN...



"SUSANNE... YOU REMEMBERED?"

"I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D COME. I'D HOPED... BUT I WAS AFRAID..."

FIVE YEARS. YEAR AFTER YEAR. MEETINGS AND DANCING AND TALKING AND FALLING IN LOVE. AND NOW SHE WAS HIS WIFE. AND—AND—



"AND, BY GOD, I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN HER FACE..."

HENRIE REACHED FOR THE LAMP ABOVE THE BED. HE DRAPPED IT ON...



"IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, DOES IT? REALLY? IT'S JUST THAT, THAT..."

**GOOD LORD!**



HERBIE REACHED OVERHEMPTLY...  
UNTIEING THE SILK CORD THAT  
HELD BUE'S MASK IN PLACE...



HE LIFTED THE MASK AWAY...



THERE WAS NO DIFFERENCE, THE FACE...THE  
MASK...THEY WERE THE SAME...



HERBIE SAT BOLT UPRIGHT IN THE DARKNESS... DAWDLE.  
HE WAS WET AND CLAMMY AND RELIEVED...



HE GLANCED AT THE WOMAN SLEEPING BESIDE HIM... A  
COLD SHIVER OF FEAR RIPPLED UP HIS SPINE...



HE REACHED FOR THE LIGHT... NERVOUSLY BREATHING...



THE MASK... SHE'S STILL  
WEARING HER MASK... JUST  
LIKE IN MY DREAM...



HERBIE STRUGGLED WITH THE  
STRIPS... PULLING IT... RIPPING IT...

BLAST IT...

NOVA... THERE'S  
STOP...



SUE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH TERROR  
IN HER EYES. HE CLAWED AT THE  
MASK...

DON'T, HERBIE!  
DON'T TRY TO  
TAKE IT OFF!

IT'S TIME I  
SAY, BUT  
IT'S  
TIME!



HE WAS A WILD MAN NOW... HIS FINGERS DIGGING IN...  
TUGGING... PULLING... FRIGHTENED BY THE DREAM... HE  
HAD TO KNOW...

NO, HERBIE! I BEG  
OF YOU! YOU SAID  
IT DOESN'T MATTER.  
YOU SAID...

IT DOES  
MATTER... NOW...



A FINAL, DESPERATE, ANGRY PULL...

THEN... SUE'S SCREAM OF PROTEST... BLOOD-CURDLING...  
MYSTERY... AND THE MASK COMES AWAY...

NO! NO! EEEEEEEEEEE...

NOW...  
WE'LL  
SEE...



HE HELD THE SOFT WET COVERING IN HIS HANDS, STARING DOWN AT HER.  
HER BLOOD FLOODED OUT OVER THE PILLOW. HER BARE FLESH GLOWERED  
LIVERLY. HER EYES BLAZED. HER BICKLY GRIMACING MOUTH... NOW  
STRIPPED OF ITS FLESH LIPS... CROOKED OUT THE WORDS AS HIS  
STOMACH HEAVED...

I... BUNBLE... NEVER... MORE... A MASK...  
HE BEG...

CHOKER...



WATCH IT, HERBIE. THAT'S SUE'S SKIN  
YOU HAVE IN YOUR HAND! DON'T FLING  
IT FROM YOU LIKE THAT! WE MAY  
LOSE FACE! WELL, HERBIE... THAT'S  
MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE CRYPT-  
KEEPER'S WAR FOR THIS TIME. I'LL  
SEE YOU NEXT IN MY WAR, THE  
FAULT OF HORROR. BUT BEFORE I  
TURN YOU BACK TO C. E., SOME SOUND

ADVICE. DON'T TRY  
TO REMOVE A GUY'S  
MASK AT GUNTER TILL  
YOU'RE SURE HE'S  
WEARING ONE, OR  
YOU MAY BE STUCK  
WITH THE CHEEK!



**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**

**WEIRD  
SCIENCE**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

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**WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY  
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:  
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY**

**TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR**



As he poised on the edge of the lake, Stan Albert chuckled aloud. This Mr. Karin was a real smart joe. He realized that a small expenditure can often bring fabulous returns if you're not wishy-washy about using methods that are slightly illegal. His offer to Stan was a good example of a shrewd operator skirting with ethics in order to win a potful of money. Stan tensed and his bronzed body arched in a neat dive; hardly a ripple signaled his entry into the water. With powerful strokes he slid quickly under the surface, to the spot where Karin and this dope Foster were fishing from their rowboats. All he had to do for the \$500, Stanley reflected as he surged forward underwater, was detach the bait from Foster's fishing line, so that Karin could land a bigger catch. There was \$5,000 riding on the contest . . . the man to bring in the larger fish would pocket as much as Stan ordinarily made in a year! Smart of Karin to offer half-a-grand just to make the bet less of a gamble for himself! The easiest dough Stan Albert had ever made!

In the greenish water Stan saw Foster's hook: with a powerful surge Stan slipped through the depths toward the object of his pact with Karin. 500 bucks, Stanley thought as he reached out and steadied Foster's bobbing line . . . just to help a man win a contest! A small fortune to make certain that the right man brought in a bigger fish than his opponent!

Carefully, his fingers moving with

great delicacy, Stan began to slide the bait free. This guy Foster was a chiseler, too, Stan grinned. His hook was bigger than had been agreed on; this was a battle between two unscrupulous operators. And he stood to profit from the contest!

Now the bait was almost off the hook, and Stan felt his chest tightening as his lungs clamored for fresh air. The bait was caught on the bent part of the hook and Stan gave a tug to wrench it free. Another 30 seconds was all he could endure without coming to the surface . . . he'd have to throw discretion to the winds and pull the hook good and hard!

Suddenly the line became taut under his fingers and Stan felt the hook slithering free. With surprise he was aware of the glittering metal moving upward. Then a ripping sensation at his throat sent a spasm of pain stabbing through his body. The big hook had become cruelly imbedded in Stan's throat and was tearing the tender skin open with each passing second. Already the water was becoming discolored with the reddish fluid pouring from his gaping wound!

Stan felt himself growing faint as he struggled futilely to escape the torturous hook, and as the life drained swiftly from his writhing body he was dimly aware that he was being lifted laboriously toward the surface. All around him the water had become a swirling mass of blood . . . his fingers were losing all feeling . . . the taste in his mouth was hot, acid, gagging.

In his last moment, before darkness closed in and blotted out Stan Albert's shuddering agony, he knew that Foster . . . working frantically to pull in his line . . . had caught himself a really big fish!



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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Well, look! Seems that our Horror Mt. Parade has created quite a stir among you keep-keepers! Here are the latest contributions to our collection, courtesy of Nelson Bridwell of Oklahoma City, Okla., Minna Hughes of Mayville, Ky., Dick Bowman of Glenbrook, Wis., Patrick McKernan of Greensboro, Pa., Emanuel Peles of Brooklyn, N. Y., Richard Reamer of Staten Island, N. Y., One Barton of Manassas, N. Y., Roger Toddlar of Fresno, Calif., Miss. Joe Randall of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lynn Weber of Woodchill Lake, N. Y.

## OKLAHOMACIDE

BERNARDEL POLKA

A-ROUND THE CORNER

ANNIE GORY

SLAUGHTER ROY

I LOATHE YOU CRUELLY

SUNK-HOUSE BLUES

THE TENNESSEE VAULTS

SOMEBODY ROLLED MY PAL

HOW'RE YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM (AFTER THEY'VE READ E.C.)

BETTY NO-HEAD

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN, (HORROR, HORROR!)

I GOT HER SON IN THE MORNING, (TODDIE SCARE THAT NIGHT)

SEVERED HEADS AMONG THE GHOULS

WHO MUNCHED ON THAT BODY IN THE COFFIN, (CHUCK, CHUCK!)

(THE ONE WITH THE FETTERED VEIL)

WHEN YOU WERE-WOLF

OLD CROAKS AT HOME

CHUCK ME, DRILL ME, SQUISH ME

And while in a musical vein, here are some BOF letters from some of you cats:

Dear Crypty,

Dig this, man! I think your comic books are real gone.

J Formano  
Rensselaer, N. Y.

I'd walk a mile for your mag. . . it's real cool!

Judy Albarado  
Chicago, Ill.

Man! That one-a-o-a-ary cool story, "The Howler," by Roy Broadbent, in the last cool issue of "Tales From The Crypt," was real cool!

Magister Jim Mason  
Richmond, N. Y.

P.S. Dig that one-a-o-a-ary underbaker!

. . . I want to congratulate you and your "secret federates" for turning out such super-George stories.

I'd like to start an E.C. fan club. Anyone interested can write to:

Lynn Weber  
Woodchill Lake, N. Y.

Anyone interested can write to US, Legal! Yep, my short editors have informed me that, due to the huge quantity of requests (even if the E.C. organization is contemplating starting some sort of fan club. The last issue (7) was now busy at work contemplating. Further announcements will be forthcoming when the contemplations have been completed. But don't worry, it's not money! See THE VAULT OF HORROR No. 22 for the next exciting episode in this latest money-grubbing effort!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

If someone doesn't have enough sense to buy E.C., then he's probably too stupid to understand them anyway.

Rob West  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I can't help thinking how much Shakespeare missed by not reading or writing stories like yours. They're super!

Ronald Frager  
Dayton, Ohio

How is the heck could a human live in the same apartment with a corpse for almost two months? I'm referring to "Cemetery Baked . . ." in T.C. No. 26. Wouldn't it . . . well . . . kind of smell? Certainly, when Mrs. Clayton called upon Mr. Baxton, and he opened the door wide open, wouldn't she have smelled the smell from the smell? If not, please explain.

Jack Lova  
San Antonio, Texas

Cryptophyl?

Dear C.E.,

You have forgotten an important character in horror literature . . . the GHOUL. Won't you try to put a GHOULish story in your books?

Dorothy Simpson  
Andover, Pa.

We may oblige you sooner than you think, Crypty!

In closing, the usual commercial announcement: The third annual TALE OF TERROR, E.C.'s longest anthology, (26 pages of chills!) contains complete stories (seven) not counting 4 brief . . . capsules from 1957 . . . is now available for 15c, your name, and your address! Subscriptions to any E.C. mag will cost you the unheard-of price of 75c . . . 5¢ of a dollar . . . for air . . . half a dollar . . . across E.C. fan club? They're still contemplating! Address where you send for all this shiver . . . or where YOU send US shiver . . . to:

The Crypt Keeper  
Room 706, Dept. 28  
225 Lafayette St.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

# ERNIE VISITED THE DOCTOR BUT NEVER EXPECTED THE **LAST LAUGH**



ERNIE SHIFTED UNCOMFORTABLY ON THE LEATHER CHAIR IN THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM. FROM TIME TO TIME, THE EXPRESSION ON HIS LOOSE FLABBY-FEATURED FACE WOULD CHANGE FROM ONE OF ANXIETY TO THAT OF A CHEERFUL SMILE, AND HE WOULD CHUCKLE SLIGHTLY OR LAUGH OUT LOUD. WHEN THAT HAPPENED, HE WOULD CLUTCH HIS STOMACH AND THE SMILE WOULD FADE AND THE ANXIETY WOULD RETURN ONCE MORE. HE THROSE HIS HEAD BACK AFTER HIS MOST RECENT OUTBURST OF HILARITY AND LOOKED UP WITH RELIEF AS DOCTOR FALGER ENTERED.





THE DOCTOR BENT OVER THE SINK AND BEGAN TO WASH HIS HANDS...

STRAINED YOURSELF, MR. CEELEY? NOW? OH... IF YOU'LL PLEASE REMOVE YOUR SHIRT...

SURE, DOC! YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURE HAPPENED FOR SEE, DOC... I GO FOR PAIN!



DON FALDER LOOKED AT ERNE QUIETLY AS HE SAVED HIS SCRUBBED HANDS...

SO FOR PAIN, MR. CEELEY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

PAIN, DOC! LARGEST LARGE CHARGES? I GET A BANG-OUT OF JOKES! PRACTICAL JOKES...



THE DOCTOR SLIPPED INTO HIS WHITE LAB COAT...

OH, I SEE!

MY LAST WHEN I NEARLY DIED LAUGHING! I PULLED THIS GAS, SEE AND I FIGURE I STRAINED MYSELF LAUGHING OVER IT.



ERNE STOOD BEFORE THE DOCTOR, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST... THE EXAMINING ROOM LIGHTS REFLECTING ON HIS OBERON SMOG. DOC FALDER PLACED HIS STETHOSCOPE TO HIS EAR...

DO YOU'RE A PRACTICAL JOKER, ER, MR. CEELEY? WHAT SORT OF PRACTICAL JOKERY?

AM, YOU KNOW, DOC. STUFF LIKE I CALL UP A NUMBER, AM OLD NUMBER. SOME NIGHT...



AND I SAY...

THIS IS THE ELECTRIC COMPANY, MACHA. WE'RE CHECKING ON THE STREET LAMPS IN YOUR AREA. WOULD YOU KINDLY LOOK AND SEE IF THE STREET LAMP OUTSIDE YOUR HOUSE IS LIT?

OF COURSE. HOLD ON, PLEASE...



DO THE SUCKER BOYS, SEE, AM WHEN THEY COME BACK THEY SAY...

YES. THE STREET LAMP OUTSIDE MY HOUSE IS LIT.

WELL, BE SURE TO PUT IT OUT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED, HUH, HONEYBEE.



ERNE BEGAN TO LAUGH UPRIGHTLY...

THEY HEH... THEY FALL FOR IT EVERY TIME, DOC... HUH... HEH... THEY... OOOOHH! IT HURTS...

BREATHE DEEPLY AND HOLD IT.



THE DOCTOR MOVED THE STETHOSCOPE ABOUT ERNIE'S CHEST, LISTENING GRIMLY...

ALL RIGHT. EXHALE.  
SO ON, MR. SEELY.

OR I CALL UP A  
CANDY STORE.



"AM I SAY"

ROBERTS CANDY STORE? YES, SIR!  
YOU GOT PHILIP  
MORRIS IN A  
CARTON?

YES,  
SIR!

WELL, LET 'EM  
OUT, HUNT ME  
DOWN! MY  
OWNERS'S GETTIN'  
COLD.



THE DOCTOR FOLDED AWAY HIS STETHOSCOPE AS  
ERNIE SUFFERED HEARTILY AGAIN...

STUFF LIKE THAT. HEH, HEH!  
WHAT A BUST! HEH, HEH! I  
OOOOOHHH

AND LAST WEEK?  
YOU SAY LAST  
WEEK YOU SEEMED  
TO STRAIN YOURSELF?



DOCTOR FALDER WRAPPED THE BLOOD-PRESSURE GAG  
AROUND ERNIE'S ARM. ERNIE MOODED, GRIMACING...

DOO! LAST WEEK I PULLED  
THE GREATEST... THE HONEST.  
THE BEST FAR I EVER PULLED.  
I TELL YOU... I NEARLY DIED  
LAUGHIN'!

AND WHAT WAS  
THAT, MR. SEELY?



ERNE STARTED TO CHUCKLE...

I GOT THE IDEA WHEN I NOTICE THAT THE FIDS  
IN THIS HERE ALL PLAY DOWN BY THE RAILROAD  
TRACKS. AN' I NOTICE THAT THE LIMITED GOES  
THROUGH, SOM' ABOUT SEVENTH, EVERY DAY AT NOON.



"SO LAST WEEK, I BUY ME SOME HUNKS OF HORSE-WEAT.  
REAL CHEAP STUFF. AN' I HAD AN' BLOOD. AN' I  
BUY ME SOME KID'S CLOTHES. AN' I STUFF THE MEAT  
IN THE KID'S CLOTHES AND I GO DOWN TO THE TRACKS  
ABOUT NOON AND I LAY THE MEAT ON THE TRACKS NEAR  
WHERE SOME KID IS PLAYIN'."





ERDIE WENT OUT INTO THE WAIT-  
ING ROOM AND SAT DOWN. HE  
COULD HEAR DOCTOR PALDER MOVING  
EQUIPMENT AROUND BEHIND THE  
CLOSED EXAMINATION ROOM DOOR...

JUST RELAX, MR.  
CEELY. I'LL BE  
READY FOR YOU  
SHORTLY.

OHAY,  
DOY?

FIFTEEN MINUTES WENT BY. ERDIE  
BEGAN TO SHOW IMPATIENCE. TWENTY  
MINUTES, ERDIE FELT A PUNNY  
PIERCING PAIN IN HIS STOMACH.  
THIRTY MINUTES, FINALLY...

I'M READIN',  
CEELY. WILL  
YOU COME IN  
NOW?

DOY? SOME-  
THIN'S NUP-  
PENIN'! HERE!  
IT HURTS... EVEN  
WHEN I DON'T  
LAUGH, DOY...

ERDIE FOLLOWED THE DOCTOR INTO  
THE EXAMINATION ROOM ONCE MORE.

GET COMPLETELY  
UNDRESSED, MR.  
CEELY... HAVE FOR YOUR  
SHORTS? AND WHILE  
YOU'RE DOING THAT,  
LISTEN TO WHAT I  
HAVE TO SAY...

OHAY, DOY,  
BUT ARE  
WHAT YOU  
CAN DO  
ABOUT THESE  
NEW PAINS  
I GOT AGORHAY?

THE DOCTOR NODDED SPILLY, WATCHING ERDIE DIS-  
ROBE. HE BEGAN TO TALK...

THERE WAS A FAMILY IN THIS  
TOWN, MR. CEELY? A MOTHER,  
A FATHER, AND TWO CHILDREN...  
BOYS... ONE, EIGHT... THE YOUNG  
ONE, THREE...

CAN'T STAND  
RIGHT BOY, YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
SEEN THEIR  
FACES WHEN  
THEY SAW THAT  
BLOODY MESS...



BUT THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WANDERED AWAY... LEFT THE  
THREE-YEAR-OLD... DISOBEYED HIS MOTHER'S WHINES...  
AND THE THREE-YEAR-OLD GOT ALL BUSY PLAYING  
WHERE HE SHOULDN'T HAVE...

OH, STEVEY? JUST  
LOOK AT YOU!



ONE DAY THE MOTHER SENT HER TWO BOYS OUT TO  
PLAY. SHE TOLD THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD TO WATCH THE  
THREE-YEAR-OLD AND KEEP HIM OUT OF MESSIER...

SEE THAT STEVEY DOESN'T  
GET HIMSELF DIRTY, JEFFERY.

YES,  
MAMA!



THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WENT TO PLAY WITH HIS  
FRIENDS. HE'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIS  
LITTLE THREE-YEAR-OLD BROTHER UNTIL HE HEARD  
A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM...



JEFFREY THOUGHT THAT THE BLOODY REMAINS LYING UPON THE RAILROAD TRACKS WAS HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, STEVE! HEAN CLUTCHED AT HIS LITTLE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD HEART. HE STARTED RUNNING HOME WILDLY. HE NEVER SAW THE TRUCK.

MA! MA!

LOOK OUT!

THE MOTHER RUSHED OUT OF HER HOUSE WHEN SHE HEARD HER OLDER SON'S SHOUT OF FEAR AND THE SQUEAL OF THE TRUCK'S BRAKES!

JEFFREY MY BABY!

IN HER FRIGHTENED ANXIETY, THE MOTHER'S THOUGHTLESSLY LEFT HER THREE-YEAR-OLD SON IN THE TUB WHERE BATHS BEEN BATHING HIM.

MAMA, DON'T MAMA



ERNIE STOOD, DISORIENTED, BEFORE THE DOCTOR, STAMMERING AT HIS WIDE FLAMING EYES.

YOU?

YES, MR. GEELY, THAT WAS MY FAMILY'S STORY. THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DIED FROM BEING STRUCK BY THE TRUCK. THE BABY DROWNED. MY WIFE DROPPED DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK.



DOCTOR FALDEN'S GRIP WAS LIKE A VISE OF STEEL AS HE TIED ERNIE GEELY TO THE EXAMINATION TABLE.

YOU SAY YOU ALMOST DIED LAUGHING WHEN YOUR PRACTICAL JOKE, MR. GEELY? WELL, NOW YOU WILL DIE LAUGHING IF THOSE CAPSULES I GAVE YOU CONTAINED FISH HOOKS... BARBED LITTLE FISH HOOKS...

NO! NO!



DOCTOR FALDEN HOLLERED OUT THE EQUIPMENT HE'D PREPARED AND SET IT ABOUT THE STRIPPED BODILY FIGURE OF SCREAMING ERNIE GEELY. THEN THE DOC TURNED ALL OF THE EQUIPMENT ON. AND THE FEATHERS TWIRLED THE SOLES OF ERNIE'S FEET AND HUGGED HIS BUMB AND UNDER HIS ARMS AND BEHIND HIS EARS...

DIE LAUGHING, ERNIE! DIE LAUGHING!

HEH... HEH... NO... HEH... NO... YAAAAAAAHHH!

HEH... HEH...



AND SO WE LEAVE ERNIE GEELY WITH THE LITTLE FISH HOOKS IN HIS GUTTERING STOMACH, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THE DOC WILL MAKE SURE ERNIE GETS THE POINT OF THIS ONE... BARBED POINTS! IN FACT, ERNIE... THIS LAST ONE WILL KILL YOU AND NOW, THE OLD BITCH SMITS WITH HER KETTLE OF CRABBY, CRABBY... BOOBY.

ONE, TWOFOUR, ERNIE JUST HAS HIS LAST BELL. LAUGH! A HEAL RIB-TICKLER. GOODBYE HIS BOY, HE DID!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WEE, WEE! AND NOW THAT YOUR APPETITES FOR HORROR HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENTLY PICKED BY MY FELLOW BLINK-BLINKERS...E.E. AND V.V., IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FEED YOU FOUL FARE. SO NOW INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR, FIENDS, AND YOUR HOSTESS IN HEAVEN, THE OLD WITON, WILL GIBB OUT THE DELICIOUS DELVING INTO THE DELIRIOUS, CALLED—

## MOURNIN' MESS

THE CEMETERY LAY SILENT BENEATH A COLD MOON THAT HIPPED IN AND OUT FROM BEHIND DARK CLOUDS THAT RACED ALONG ON A BRISK NOVEMBER WIND. BELOW, THE MUFFLED SOUND OF DIGGING ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT. A MAN STOOD KNEE-DEEP IN AN EXCAVATION AMONG THE FLAT PLAINLY-MARKED GRAVES, ANXIOUSLY SINKING HIS SPADE INTO THE SOFT EARTH AND TOSSEING IT ONTO A GROWING PILE BEHIND HIM. EVERY SO OFTEN THE MAN WOULD STOP HIS WORK, LISTEN, AND THEN... HEARING NOTHING...CONTINUE DIGGING...

"I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING SCREEFY ABOUT THE WHOLE SET-UP, RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING. I FELT IT. NOW I'M GOING TO FIND OUT... FOR SURE."



THE MAN FURIOUSLY SPADED THE BLACK LOAM OUT OF THE EVER-DEEPENING HOLE...ALL THE WHILE MUMBLED TO HIMSELF...

"THE GRATEFUL WOMEN'S SOCIETY"? HMPH! IT SMELLED FUNNY FROM THE START! AN EXPERIENCED REPORTER LEARNS TO SENSE THESE THINGS. AND I SENSED IT... THAT FIRST DAY... AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.



"I REMEMBER HOW FORTYFOUR OLD  
MAYOR WERE STOOD BEFORE US AND  
WHISPERED OUT HIS ANNOUNCEMENT...

BENTLEMAN! OUR FAIR CITY HAS  
LOWLY HAS THE PROBLEM OF DIS-  
POSING OF ITS DEPENDENTS AND  
HOMELESS ONES WHO PASS  
AWAY WITH NO FRIENDS OR  
RELATIVES TO PROPERLY  
BURY THEM...

HERE TOFORE, THESE WRETCHED  
UNFORTUNATES HAVE BEEN LAID  
TO REST IN OUR CITY IN POT-  
TER'S FIELDS MAINTAINED BY  
YOUR TAXES. NOW, THIS BAD  
RESPONSIBILITY HAS BEEN TAKEN  
OUT OF YOUR CITY'S HANDS.  
BENTLEMAN...

...MAY I PRESENT FELIX J. COPE-  
HARD, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE  
GRATEFUL HORROR SOCIETY,  
WHO WILL TELL YOU OF THE  
WONDERFUL OFFER HIS  
ORGANIZATION HAS MADE. THE  
OFFER I HAVE GRACIOUSLY  
ACCEPTED! MR. COPEHARD...

"I REMEMBER EMPLOYED MR. COPEHARD... EARLY...  
SOFT-SPoken..."

BENTLEMAN, "THE GRATEFUL HORROR OUTCASTS,  
AND UNWANTED LAYAWAY SOCIETY", THE  
GRATEFUL HORROR SOCIETY FOR SHORT... WAS  
FORMED BY A GROUP OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS  
AND PROFESSIONAL MEN WHO FELT THAT THEY  
OWED A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO THIS FAIR CITY.

ALL THE MEMBERS OF THIS ORGANIZATION CAME TO  
THIS CITY AS DOWN-AND-OUTERS, DRIFTERS, DE-  
PENDENTS, OR JUST PLAIN Bums. BUT HERE, THEY  
FOUND OPPORTUNITY. HERE, THEY FOUND FINAN-  
CIAL SUCCESS. AND SO, IN GRATITUDE, THEY  
HAVE Banded TOGETHER TO AID AND ENDOW  
OTHERS LESS FORTUNATE THAN THEMSELVES...  
OTHER DRIFTERS AND UNWANTED. THEY HAVE  
PURCHASED A SMALL PARCEL OF LAND IN ONE  
OF OUR CITY'S SUBURBS, LANDSCAPED IT... AND  
HAVE TURNED IT INTO A DEMETERY...

...A BEAUTIFUL DEMETERY... WHERE THE POOR  
OUTCASTS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN AS FORTUNATE  
AS THEY MAY BE LAID TO FINAL REST IN  
DIGNITY WHEN THEY PASS FROM OUR  
MORTAL WORLD...

"THE GRATEFUL HORRORS... WHO PREFER TO REMAIN  
SHORT-CHORTS... HAVE CREATED AN EMPLOYMENT FUND  
THROUGH MUTUAL CONTRIBUTIONS, WITH WHICH ALL  
FUNERAL AND DEMETERY UNREPAID EXPENSES WILL  
BE MET. NO LONGER WILL YOUR TAXES BE NEEDED FOR  
THIS PURPOSE. NO LONGER WILL SHODDY POTTER'S  
FIELDS MAR THE BEAUTY OF OUR FAIR CITY'S SUR-  
ROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE. NO LONGER WILL...

"YES, IT SMILES FUNNY ALL RIGHT I REMEMBER LISTENING TO MR. CORPARD HAVE ONE, EXPOUNDING UPON THE WONDERFUL GROUP OF PHILANTHROPISTS HE REPRESENTED... AND I REMEMBER FINALLY ADMIRING."

MY QUESTION, MR. CORP... I HAD TO **WHY** SHOULD A GROUP OF **RICH MEN** SUDDENLY BECOME CONCERNED ABOUT SOME **DERELICTS' FUNERALIST**?

EXPLAINED SIR, ALL OF THESE MEN...

YES, YES, THEY WERE ALL **ONCE BOMBS THEMSELVES**. YOU EXPLAINED THAT, BUT **WHY** WAIT UNTIL THESE **DERELICTS** **DIE** BEFORE HELPING THEM? COULDN'T THE MONEY BE PUT TO **BETTER USE** BY **REHABILITATING** THEM WHILE THEY ARE **ALIVE**?

"THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS**" ARE ALL **SELF-MADE MEN**, SIR. THEY RECEIVED NO HELP WHEN THEY WERE DOWN.

THE **PRESENT** CONDITION OF THE **DERELICT** IN OUR CITY DOES NOT CONCERN THESE MEN. LET THE **DERELICT RISE UP** AS THEY HAVE DONE. BUT WHEN THE **DERELICT** CAN NO LONGER **RISE UP**, WHEN HE HAS **PASSED ON**, THEN LET HIM BE **HONORED IN FINAL REST**...

I STILL DON'T GET IT...

I REMEMBER ATTENDING THAT FIRST FUNERAL... AND BEING "THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS' SOCIETY**"'S CEMETERY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ASHER TO ASHER... DUST TO DUST.

NICE PLACE, BREWSTER.

YEAH, **BEAUTIFUL**! IT ALMOST PAYS TO **DIE PAINLESS**.

"AND I REMEMBER IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, RETURNING FROM TIME TO TIME AND SEEING THE ROLLING LAWNS WITH THE SIMPLE GRAVE MARKERS."

HOW COME NO GRAVE MARKERS?

I ONLY FOUND HERE, WATER. THE **SOCIETY** SAYS THAT IN THE **MODERN** WAY A CEMETERY SHOULD LOOK... SO I DO LIKE THEY SAY...

BUT AFTER A WHILE THE WORD OF "THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS' SOCIETY**" BECAME STALE NEWS AND I TURNED TO OTHER THINGS. THEN, THIS MORNING, MY EDITOR CALLED ME IN.

BREWSTER, YOU COVERED THE OPENING OF "THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS' SOCIETY**"S CEMETERY FOR OUTGATS AND UNWANTED, DIDN'T YOU?

YEAH, CHIEF! WHAT'S UP?

WELL, ACCORDING TO THE **DRIFT** DEPARTMENT THEY'RE BLURTING THE **THOUSANDTH DERELICT** TODAY. TAKE A RUN OUT AND **COVER** IT FOR US, HUH? IT **COULDN'T** BE WORTH A **PARAGRAPH OR TWO**...

SURE, CHIEF! HEY, DID YOU SAY THE **THOUSANDTH DERELICT**?





"AFTER THE GRAVEMEN LEFT, I STOOD A WHILE  
LOOKING OUT OVER THE ROLLING LAWNS WITH THE  
SIMPLE MARKERS AND THE NEW FRESH GRAVE-MOUND  
JUTTING OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB..."



"THAT'S STRANGE!  
VERY STRANGE..."

"I STARTED PACING. I PACED ALONG THE GATE ON THE  
WEST SIDE OF THE CEMETERY. THEN I PACED ALONG  
THE GATE ON THE NORTH SIDE..."



"I'M RIGHT. I KNOW I'M RIGHT!"

"I WENT BACK TO THE CAR. I  
STARTED SCRATCHING AROUND ON MY  
MIND-PAD... FIGURING..."



"JUST WHAT I THOUGHT!  
THERE ISN'T ENOUGH AREA  
IN THAT CEMETERY FOR A  
THOUSAND GRAVES!"

"THERE WAS SOMETHING FRIGHT  
ABOUT THIS MOUND. I KNEW IT.  
I TOOK A LAST LOOK AT THE  
SINGLE MOUND AND THE GREENERY..."



"THEY MUST  
BE STACKIN'  
THEM ONE  
ABOVE THE  
OTHER...  
UNLESS..."

"AND DROVE TO THE NEAREST SHOP-  
PING SECTION. I STOPPED AT A  
HARDWARE STORE..."



"I'D LIKE TO BUY A SPADE..."

"I DROVE BACK TO THE CEMETERY AND HAD MY CAR. I  
SCALED THE FENCE, MOVED A HOME PLACE, AND  
WAITED... WATCHING IT BECOM DARK..."



"I'LL FIND OUT. I'LL FIND  
OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!"

"AND THEN, SOMETHING HAPPENED. SOMETHING  
WEIRD AND FRIGHTENING. THE MOUND... THE  
SINGLE GRAVE-MOUND... SUNK DOWN INTO THE  
EARTH... SUNK DOWN UNTIL IT WAS LEVEL WITH  
THE SURROUNDING GRASS..."



"GOOD LORD..."

THE CEMETERY LAY SILENT BENEATH A GOLD MOON. THE MUFFLED SOUND OF GRASSING ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT. THE MAN MUMBLED TO HIMSELF AS HE DUG FURIOUSLY...



THE SOUND OF METAL STRIKING METAL NEVER ENDED IN THE DEEP HOLE THE MAN HAD DUG. HE LOOKED AROUND, CONFUSED...



THE MAN CLEARED THE SOIL AWAY FROM THE METAL FLOOR OF THE GRAVE...



THE MAN STOOD UP IN THE GRAVE. HE STARED AT THE OLD HOUSE NEARBY, BEYOND THE CEMETERY GATES. THERE WERE LIGHTS ON INSIDE IT, SHINING THROUGH SHADED WINDOWS...



SUDDENLY THE METAL FLOOR BENEATH THE MAN'S FEET COLLAPSED AND HE PLUMMETED DOWNWARD.



GOOD EVENING, MR. SWEENEY. I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU KNOWING.



IT IS TOO BAD THAT YOU DISCOVERED OUR LITTLE SECRET, MR. SWEENEY.



EXACTLY, MR. SWEENEY, AND NOW, IF YOU WILL LEAD THE WAY, BEHIND THIS CURTAIN I HAVE HERE... I WILL SHOW YOU OUR INTRIGATE UNDERGROUND NETWORK.

BUT WHY? WHY ALL THIS?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, MR. SWEENEY, WE GOT THE IDEA FROM A COMIC MAGAZINE! IN... NOTICE THAT THERE IS A STEEL TRAP DOOR BENEATH EACH SEAT! LOCATION ALL THIS ELIMINATED DRINKING, YOU SEE!

THAT'S WHY THE MOODS SUNK DOWN! EX... YOU SAY YOU GOT THE IDEA FROM A COMIC MAGAZINE?

YES! A HORROR MAGAZINE... 'TALES FROM THE CRYPT', I BELIEVE IN IT WAS A STORY CALLED 'MIDNIGHT MESS!' UP THOSE STAIRS, PLEASE.

'MIDNIGHT MESS'? WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?

IT WAS ABOUT AN ORGANIZATION OF VAMPIRES WHO ESTABLISHED A RESTAURANT WHERE THEY COULD GET THE BLOOD THEY NEEDED THROUGH THAT DOOR, PLEASE.

THE GRATEFUL HORROR?? VAMPIRES??

OH, NO, MR. SWEENEY, WE MERELY APPLIED THE STORY TO OUR OWN NEEDS. ALL WE DID WAS BUY THIS HOUSE, AND... IN THERE, PLEASE...

GOOD LORD?

THERE WERE TWENTY OR THIRTY OF THEM... SITTING ABOUT THE MAJE DANCING TABLE... PATTING THEIR MOUTHS WITH THEIR NAPKINS...

MEET THE 'GRATEFUL HORROR, OUTCASTS AND UNWANTEDS' LAYAWAY SOCIETY, MR. SWEENEY, WE ARE WHAT OUR INITIALS STAND FOR.

CHOICE...  
**GHOULS**

'AH, SEE, SEE?' 'OH, GOOD, BEAT!' 'STICK 'EM IN THE ARM CHAIR!' 'HIS BONES ARE PICKED CLEAN!' 'YES, YES! THAT'S THE ORGANIZATION'S GHOST, CREEPY!' 'NO CHOKING!' AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO PUT OUT THE FIRE UNDER MY GRIDDY CAULDRON AND CLOSE THE DOOR TO MY REERING RESTAURANT FOR FARTY TERROR TONIGHTS. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE WALK OF HORROR. TILL THEN, GET YOUR DINER'S WORTH! READ THIS WHOLE MAGAZINE AGAIN! I DARE YOU!



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DOUBLE-SIZED HORROR!

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NO. 3



NOV

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER





# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL, HEY! SO YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE GORE, EH, FRIEND? WELL, THIS IS THE SPOT FOR IT! WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS IS YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY TO START THE BRAME ROLLING IN MY RIPPING-RAG WITH ANOTHER SPINE-TINGLING TALE FROM MY CREEP-COLLECTION. TWENTY YOUR BELTS SO YOU WON'T BE SCARED OUT OF YOUR PANTS, AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-GORDELCH I CALL...

## UNDERTAKING PALLOR



MR. ESPROCK'S BLACK PANEL TRUCK HAD PULLED UP BEFORE HIS MORTUARY, AND SOMEHOW HE'D GOTTEN THE COSENT SUCKER WITH ITS SPIRIT CONTENTS INSIDE, WHILE OUT IN THE LITTER-STREAM BACK YARD, THE BOX HAD CREPT TO THE BACK WINDOW ON TIPTOES, LIKE US MANY GREY SHADOWS... LIKE SO MANY MICE, THEY'D POCKETED INTO THE PORCELAIN AND GLASS-LINED UNDERTAKING PALLOR WITH WIDE EYES AND CHATTERING TEETH. WHISPERING...

THAT'S OLD MAN  
PROVES  
HE DID  
YESTER-  
DAY!

MR. ESPROCK'S  
WITIN' READY TO  
FUMBLIN' HIM.

I DON'T  
WANT TO  
LOOKY'N  
SCARED!

JESSE?

THERE IS A MORBID CURIOSITY IN CHILDREN, A STRANGE FASCINATION WITH DEATH. IT HURRIES THEM TO THE SCENES OF ACCIDENTS, SUCKS THEM INTO MOVIE THEATERS TO WATCH IT UNFOLD ON SILVER SCREENS, PROMPTS THEM TO MAKE-BELIEVE ABOUT IT... AND DRAWS THEM TO WINDOWS IN UNDERTAKING PARLORS.



WHAT'S HE  
DOIN'?  
SHARRY?

HE'S TAKIN'  
OFF THE  
CLOTHES?

SH-NAH!  
HE'LL HEAR  
YOU!

DEATH IS THE UNKNOWN IN THE LIFE EQUATION. IT IS THE ULTIMATE FINAL RESULT OF EVERY LIVING EXAMPLE. IT IS THE UNQUESTIONABLE TO YOUNG MINDS CLASPING FOR ANSWERS.



NOW HE'S  
SHARPENIN'  
HIS SCALPEL?

WOLLY!  
I DON'T  
FEEL SO  
GOOD!

SO IT WAS ONLY NATURAL FOR CHERRY AND PETE AND BILLY AND PERCIVAL TO WANT TO SEE MORE OF THIS UNTHINKABLE PROBLEM. TO WANT TO LEARN WHAT NEXT ON BEHIND MR. ESPROCK'S CLOSED MORTUARY DOOR.



IF IT MAKES  
YOU SICK...  
DON'T  
LOOK,  
PERCY?

UGH! HE'S KICKIN'  
OLD MR. ESPROCK!  
DOWN AT THE BASE  
OF HIS NECK...

INSIDE THE MORTUARY, OLIVIOUS TO THE WIDE PYING EYES THAT FOLLOWED HIS EVERY MOVE, AVERILL ESPROCK LABORED SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, AS IF HE ENJOYED HIS WORK.



WHAT'S THAT HE'S  
DOIN', BILLY?

STICKIN' A NEEDLE WITH  
A FINE INTO THE GUT HE  
MADE IN MR. SPONES' NECK!

AND AS HE WORKED, AVERILL HUMMED SOFTLY, FILLING THE MORTUARY WITH HIS MUTED GREEN MUSIC.



HE'S TURNIN' ON SOME  
KIND OF MOTOR?

HE'S PUMPIN'  
OUT THE BLOOD,  
THAT'S WHAT  
HE'S DOIN'!

WHAAAA!

THE PUMP BEGAN TO GURGLE, GURGLES THE SCARLET LIQUID OUT OF THE DEAD BODY THROUGH THE PULSATING TUBE AND SENDS IT INTO THE PORCELAIN SINK.



WOLLY! WE COULD CHARGE  
THE ROBOT OF THE BANG  
ADMISSIONS TO WATCH  
THIS!

MR. BRUDDER! YOU'RE  
ALWAYS THINKIN' OF  
WAYS T' MAKE MONEY!

AFTER A WHILE THE GURGLES STOPPED AND THE PUMP RAN QUIETLY.



THE BLOOD'S  
ALL PUMPED  
OUT?

NOW  
WHAT?

HE'S TAKIN' DOWN THAT  
BIG JAR OF LIQUID!

MR. ESPROCK RIPPED THE HOSE THAT RAN OFF INTO THE RED-STAINED PORCELAIN SINK AND PUSHED IT INTO THE NECK OF THE JAR WITH THE COLORLESS LIQUID.



I'LL GET A NICEL THAT'S EMBALMIN' FLUID!

I'LL GET YOU'RE RIGHT!

I'M GOIN' HOME, MY PAIR'S BEEN SICK AND

STICK AROUND, PERCY!

EVERILL PRESSED A SWITCH. THE PUMP REVERSED ITSELF. THE BUBBLING BEGAN AGAIN. THE COLORLESS LIQUID IN THE JAR BEGAN TO SLOWLY DISAPPEAR, FORCED INTO MR. GROVES' EMPTY ARTERIES.



DEET? WHAT'S I TELL YOU!

OHAY, SMART GUY? SO YOU KNOW EVERYTHIN'!

REALLY, PELLERS. POP'S BEEN IN BED, AH.

STICK AROUND, PERCY!

THE LAST DROP OF THE EMBALMING FLUID BUBBLED OUT OF THE JAR AS THE LAST DROP OF A SODA IS SUCKED FROM A FOUNTAIN GLASS THROUGH A PRAYED STRAW. MR. ESPROCK SHUT OFF THE MOTOR.



IS HE COMET?

WAIT AN' DEET!

LISTEN. SOMEONE JUST CAME IN THE FRONT DOOR.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MORTUARY, A BELL TINKLED. MR. ESPROCK STIFFENED. A FIGURE SNEAK ASIDE THE CURTAINS AND CAME INTO THE BACK ROOM.



HONKY, EVERILL! I COME FOR MY GUY!

ANYBODY SEE YOU COME IN, MORTY?

THE KIDS PEERING THROUGH THEIR FIST-FISTS WHISPERED EXCITEDLY...



IT'S MR. GROVES! THE DROGGIST! WHAT'S HE? WHAT?

LISTEN! MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT?

MOP...NOBODY SAW ME. HOW MUCH DO WE MAKE THIS TIME?



FIFTY BUCKS EACH! THAT'S THE BEST I COULD DO! THE GROVES' FAMILY DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY. I FINALLY TALKED 'EM INTO THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR FUNERAL. I CLEAR A HUNDRED ON THAT ONE!

FIFTY BUCKS? FOR DRYIN' OUT LOUD, IT DON'T PAY TO TAKE SUCH CHANCES FOR THAT LITTLE DUGH.



WELL, NEXT TIME YOU POISON A PRESCRIPTION, MAKE SURE IT'S FOR SOMEBODY WHO CAN AFFORD A BIG FUNERAL.



WHAT'S YA THINK?  
I GET A CHANCE TO DO  
IT EVERY DAY IN THE  
WEEK! I GOT TO  
WAIT TILL SOMEBODY  
GETS SICK FIRST...  
AND NEED A  
PRESCRIPTION FILLED!



I KNOW!  
I KNOW!  
DON'T  
GET  
SICK!

I'M NOT SURE. IN  
FACT, I FEEL PRETTY  
GOOD! THE NEXT  
FUNERAL YOU GET  
WILL BE THE BIGGEST  
ONE THIS TOWN'S  
EVER SEEN!



WHO'S  
SICK,  
MORT?



NEEDY BUT  
THE RICHEST  
MAN IN TOWN.  
AND I DELIVERED  
HIS PRESCRIPTION  
THIS MORNING!



HEH, HEH!  
GOOD! GOOD!  
WE OUGHT TO  
KNOW BY  
TONIGHT...



OUTSIDE, THE KIDS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, HORRIFIED.

THE BIGGEST GUY IN  
TOWN? WAS THAT  
PERCY'S OLD MAN...



HEY, WHERE  
IS PERCY?



HE'S NOT  
HERE!



DO YOU THINK  
WE HEARD?



I DON'T THINK  
NOT BELIEF, WHAT'LL  
WE DO?



G'WENT!



BILLY AND CHUBBY AND PETE TOOK OUT OF THE ALLEY-  
WAY BEHIND MR. ESPROCK'S MORTUARY AND RAN ALL  
THE WAY TO PERCY'S HOUSE. WHEN THEY GOT THERE,  
THEY FOUND PERCY SITTING ON THE FRONT STEPS,  
SOMBER...

PERCY!  
MR. GRADY  
AND MR.  
ESPROCK...  
HEY, WHAT'S  
UP WITH PERCY?



MY... BOB...  
MY POP! HE  
DIED A LITTLE  
WHILE AGO!



BOLLY  
REE!



THEY WERE TOO LATE. THEY STOOD AROUND ANXIOUSLY,  
WONDERING WHAT TO SAY TO POOR GRIEVING PERCY, AND  
THEN THEY LEFT HIM QUIETLY SOMBER...

IT'S BETTER THAT  
PERCY DIDN'T KNOW  
THAT MR. GRADY'S  
THE SPONGE,  
POISONED HIS  
OLD MAN...



...AND THAT HE'S  
WORKING IN CARPETS  
WITH MR. ESPROCK,  
THE UNDERTAKER...



DO YOU  
THINK WE  
OUGHT TO  
TELL THE  
GOPS?





AM, THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE US ANYWAY... A COUPLE OF KIDS?

YEAH, WE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF THIS OURSELVES!

BUT, HOW?



THE NEXT DAY, PETE AND BILLY AND CHUCKY WERE AT THEIR PEEP-HOLE, WATCHING MR. ESBOOK ENBAHM PERCY'S RATHER...

HERE COMES MR. ESBOOK!

SH-H-H-H... LISTEN...



HEY, HEY! WELL, AVERILL, DID YOU STICK 'EM GOOD?

THREE BRAND NEW! WE CLEAR ONE THOUSAND. THAT'S FINE HUNDRED APRIL!



THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, ER... WHAT'S WRONG, AVERILL, IF YOU DON'T LOOK GOOD?

WET? I FEEL ALL RIGHT, MORT? WHY?



I DON'T KNOW! YOU LOOK PALE... NOW DOWN YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A TONGUE! I'LL SEND ONE OVER...

DON'T BOTHER, IT'S THE EXPOSURE, I THINK?



OUTSIDE, PETE GRINNED...

I JUST GOT AN IDEA, FELLERS!

TELL US LATER, PETE. LISTEN...



THE FEDERAL'S TOMORROW MORNING, MORT. I'LL PROBABLY GET PAID TOMORROW NIGHT! MEET ME AT THE USUAL PLACE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR SHARE.

FINE. SAY AROUND MIDNIGHT...



HE'S SORRY! WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, PETE?

CHERRY, YOU GET DOWN TO BRUNN'S BARK STORE AND YOU HANG AROUND IN FRONT... STAY THERE ALL DAY IF YOU HAVE TO!



WHEN HE GIVES YOU A PACKAGE TO DELIVER TO MR. ESBOOK, DON'T BRING IT TO HIM, BRING IT TO OUR GLOTHOUSE, UNDERSTAND?

RIGHT?

AFTER CHUBBY LEFT, PETE TOLD HIS PLAN TO BILLY. THEN THEY WERE ANGRY TO THE FRONT OF MR. ESPROCK'S WAREHOUSE AND WAITED. THEY WAITED UNTIL MR. ESPROCK CAME OUT.



YOU LOOK PALE, MR. ESPROCK. YOU LOOK SICK!

YOU DON'T KNOW! EXCUSE DOWN WITH SOMETHING, MR. ESPROCK!

I DON'T KNOW! EXCUSE DOWN WITH SOMETHING, MR. ESPROCK!



MR. ESPROCK WENT BACK INTO THE WORTERY. THE KIDS DARTED AROUND TO THE BACK WINDOW IN TIME TO HEAR:



OUTSIDE MR. BRUGHT'S STORE, CHUBBY WAITED PATIENTLY. FINALLY, MR. BRUGHT CAME OUT.



CHUBBY TOOK THE PACKAGE AND RUSHED STRAIGHT TO THE CLUB HOUSE WITH IT. PETE AND BILLY WERE WAITING.



MR. ESPROCK OPENED THE DOOR TO HIS WORTERY TO SEE CHUBBY STANDING BEFORE HIM, HOLDING A STRAY CAT IN ONE HAND AND THE BOTTLE OF 'TONIC' IN THE OTHER.



CHUBBY HELD OUT THE BOTTLE OF 'TONIC', LETTING IT SLIP FROM HIS FINGERS.



THE BOTTLE SMASHED INTO A THOUSAND GLITTERING FRAGMENTS AND THE 'TONIC' POOLED OUT OVER THE WORTERY FLOOR. CHUBBY RELEASED THE STRAY CAT.



THE CAT WAS BUSILY LAPPING UP THE SPILLED TONIC. CHUBBY HESITATED...

I SAID GET THAT CAT OUT OF HERE!

LOOK, MR. ESPROCK!

THE CAT NERVOUSLY FILLED WITH THE RAP-POISON, IT BOVEALED AND ROLLED OVER...

WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

GOOD LORD... IT'S DEAD!

MR. ESPROCK STUCK HIS FINGER INTO THE POOL OF 'TONIC' AND SWIPPED IT...

WHY THAT DIRTY DOUBLE-CROOK!!! THIS IS POISON!

WELL, I GOT TO GO, MR. ESPROCK!

THE NEXT DAY PETE'S FATHER'S FUNERAL WAS HELD IN A STEADY DOWNPOUR. THE BOYS WATCHED FROM AFAR...

THINK ESPROCK FELL FOR IT?

WE'LL SEE TOMORROW WHEN HE MEETS GRUBBY!

LATE THAT NIGHT THE KIDS WAITED FOR MR. ESPROCK TO EMERGE FROM HIS MORTUARY. TOWARD MIDNIGHT, HE CAME OUT. THEY FOLLOWED HIM AT A SAFE DISTANCE AS HE MADE HIS WAY SILENTLY OUT OF TOWN...

HE'S HEADED FOR THE CEMETERY!

P-P-POLLY?

C'mon!

PETE AND BILLY AND CHUBBY FOLLOWED MR. ESPROCK INTO THE CEMETERY. MR. GRUBBY WAS WAITING...

THAT JOE ANDRELL?

SURPRISED GRUBBY? YOU THOUGHT I'D BE DEAD BY NOW, DIDN'T YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANDRELL?

I'M TALKING ABOUT THAT POISONED TONIC YOU SENT ME, MORT. ESPROCK THE BOY DROPPED IT!

THE KNIFE IN MR. ESPROCK'S HAND GLINTED IN THE MOONLIGHT...

ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME, BRUDY? WELL NOW... I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME, BRUDY? WELL NOW... I'M GONNA KILL YOU!



MR. ESPROCK DROPPED THE KNIFE DOWN INTO MR. BRUDY'S CHEST. MR. BRUDY'S SCREAM ECHOED THROUGH THE DEAD CEMETERY.

YAAAAAAN!



SUDDENLY THE NIGHT WAS VERY STILL, SAVE FOR AVERILL ESPROCK'S HEAVY BREATHING AS HE STOOD OVER MORE GRUDY'S PROFOUNDLY SPRAWLED BODY... AND THEN...

AAAAAGGGGG!

WHO'S GONNA THERE?



MR. ESPROCK SPUN AROUND, THE KNIFE GRIPPED TIGHTLY IN HIS HAND.

WHO'S THERE?

G'WON! LET'S RUN FOR IT!



THE BOYS BEGAN TO RUN. MR. ESPROCK SCREAMED AFTER THEM.

COME BACK! G'WON! HERE, YON...

I... BRADY... I CAN'T... BRADY... RUN... BRADY... FASTER.



THEY RAN WILDLY OVER THE GRAVE-MOUNDS... THE THREE TERRIFIED BOYS WITH MISPLACED MR. ESPROCK CLOSING BEHIND THEM, BRANDISHING THE BLOODY KNIFE...

FOR BRADY! RUN!

I CAN'T! I'LL KILL YOU! I SWEAR! IF I'LL...



SUDDENLY, MR. ESPROCK PLUNGED FORWARD, SPLATTERING HIS HEAD UPON THE SHARP CORNER OF A NEWLY CUT TOMBSTONE...



AND WHEN THE BOYS CAUTIOUSLY RETURNED TO WHERE HE LAY...

HE'S DEAD?

LOOK! LOOK AT THE BLOOD ON THE HEADSTONE!

IT'S FRESH! IT'S FRESH! IT'S FRESH! IT'S FRESH!



HEY, HEY! THERE'S A STRIKING WIND-UP TO A TERROR-TALE, ER, CREEPY! NOW, THE HARRY-KEEPER SMITH WITH HIS TALE OF COFFINS AND CADAVERS, SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HIM. I'LL DO YOU LATER, TALKING 'BOAT BODIES, AS THE FRENCH BEE-BOPPER SAID WHEN HE SAW THE GUILLOTINE... 'MAN, DID THAT CRAZY BARBER CHAIN!'





# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH... AND NOW, FOLLOWS, IF YOU WILL VENTURE INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR, YOUR HOST, THE VAULT-KEEPER WILL ENTERTAIN YOU. FOR THIS,

MY OFFERING IN C.F.T.M.A.S., I HAVE CHOSEN A GRAVE TALE. HEH? IT'S TOLD BY A GRAVE! SO, CUDGLE UP TO THAT CORPSE OVER THERE AND I'LL BEGIN THE DRAMA OF DREAD AND DEATH CALLED...

## THE CRAVING GRAVE!



THE WIND BLOWS LADLY AROUND THE MARBLED AND BENT TREES AROUND ME. IT WHISPERS PAST THE GOLD STONE MONUMENTS THAT THE OTHERS PROUDLY HOLD UPWARD TOWARD THE NIGHT SKY. BUT UPON MY BREAST THERE IS NO GOLD STONE FOR THE WIND TO CURE OVER. I LIE SILENT WITH AN EARTHNESS WITHIN ME... A YEARNING. THE OTHERS SIGH CONTENTEDLY, SHIFTING AND CRACKING, EMBRACING THEIR CHANGES... THEIR RICH CHILDREN. BUT I AM BARREN... FRUITLESS. BENEATH MY MOUNDED OXEN SKIN-CRUST, NO RICH CHANGE LIES, NOTHING. I AM LOVELY. I AM GRAYFORD...



I AM AN UNCONQUERED GRAVE, SMILING WITH THE DYING WIND... WAITING FOR MY LINEAGES TO END...  
WAITING FOR A BODY!

I HAVE WAITED LIKE THIS THROUGH THE CENTURIES, WATCHING THE OTHERS AROUND ME, EACH IN THEIR TURN, OPEN WIDE THEIR YEARNING MOUTHS AND TAKE IN THEIR WARDS, CROAKING THEM HAPPILY WITHIN THEIR EARTH-WOMBS...



LOWER THE COFFIN...

SOR...SOR...

I HAVE LAID FALLOW THROUGH THE FREEZES AND THE THAW, HEALING THEM NURSING THEIR FOSTER-CHILDREN, AND LONGING FOR MY OWN. ON SUNDAYS, I HAVE LISTENED TO THE MOORWARRS AND REMEMBERS COME AND CRY UPON THE OTHERS AND PLACE FLOWERS UPON THEIR ROOSTS...



SOR...SOR...

HE WAS A GOOD MAN...

ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS ONE... WHEN THE SKY IS OVERCAST WITH LOW HANGING RAIN-CLOUDS, WHEN I CAN SEE NO STARS... I CAN ONLY LIE AND LISTEN TO THE HAPPY CHATTERING OF THE BRAVES AROUND ME GUARDING, PROTECTING, CARING FOR THEIR BROOD. I CAN ONLY LIE AND LISTEN AND YEARN. I TEAR FOR THE DAY WHEN I, TOO, WILL REACH FORTH AND DRAW IN MY DEATH-FETTER AND HOLD IT FAST, SUGGING IT WITH MY CAMPANEL...



HERE IT IS, WILLIE.

LET'S GET IT, AL. NOT MUCH TIME LEFT TILL MORNIN'!

AND ALWAYS WHEN THE WIND COMES UP ACROSS THE OTHER WAVES, IT CARRIES THEIR LAUGHTER TO ME. THEY LAUGH BECAUSE THEY HAVE FULFILLED THEIR PURPOSE. THEY LAUGH BECAUSE THEY ARE NO LONGER EMPTY AND BARRER AND CHILDLESS. THEY LAUGH AT ME.



WHY HARD AS A ROCK?

HERE, USE THE PICK...

BUT, WAIT! WHAT IS THAT I HEAR? VOICES IN THE WIND... VOICES IN THE NIGHT... VOICES OVER ME? AND WHAT IS THAT I FEEL? GOLD STEEL BENTING MY CRUST... CRACKING OPEN MY EARTH-SKIN...



WHAT? WHY DON'T PEOPLE DIE IN THE SUMMERTIME... WHEN THE GROUND IS SOFT?

I'LL TELL MY CONGRESS-MAN THEY'LL PASS A LAW!

THERE IS A TREMBLING DOWN DEEP WITHIN ME... A SURGE OF EXCITEMENT AND ANTICIPATION. THE WIND DIES... AND THE LAUGHTER DIES...



NOW OLD WAS DIED

SIXTY-THREE...

ALL THESE YEARS OF WAITING. ALL THESE YEARS OF LONGING AND TEARFUL AND DYING. THEY'RE ALMOST OVER. THOSE MEN UPON MY GUEST... THEY'RE BRAVE OLD MEN...



AND NOW IT IS MORNING. I LIE WITH MY INSIDES TORN FROM ME AND HEAVED UP AT MY SIDE. I LIE OPEN, FEELING THE SUNLIGHT. THE COLD AIR. I HEAR THE GRUNTING STEPS THAT I HAVE HEARD SO OFTEN... HEAR THE GRIENTS OF THE PALLBEARERS THAT HAVE NEVER UNTIL THIS DAY DELIVERED INTO ME. AND I SMILE...



THE COFFIN IS LOWERED. I REACH UPWARD FOR IT, ACCEPTING IT, FEELING OF ITS SMOOTHNESS, AND SENSING OF ITS CONTENTS... MY DEATH-WARD. MY CORPSE-CHARGE... IN DOWN.



"SOME, ROLAND? IT IS DONE."

"YES... YES... YES, SIR!"

THE GRAVE DIGGERS TRUDGE OFF, I AM FULFILLED. THE EMPHATICNESS WITHIN ME IS DONE...THE TEARINGS VANISHED. THE BODY LIES UNARMED INSIDE ME. I WHISPER TO IT... SOOTHING IT...COMFORTING IT IN ITS FINAL REST.



THE DAYS AND WEEKS PASS, BUT THE BODY WITHIN MY FOLD DOES NOT LIE AT REST. THE BODY WITHIN ME IS NOT AT PEACE. THERE IS A STIRRING INSIDE THE COFFIN WERTLING IN MY BOWEN. A FLUTTERING... A SCRATCHING...



I LISTEN WITH A DRUNKEN JOY TO THE CEREMONY, FEELING THE MOURNERS' FEET UPON MY BREAST. THERE ARE NOT MANY MOURNERS... A NEPHEW, HIS WIFE, AND A LAWYER-FRIEND. BUT I DO NOT CARE. IT IS NOT THE MOURNERS WHO I AM INTERESTED IN. IT IS THE ONE FOR WHOM THEY GRIEVE.



"ASKED TO ASKED. DON'T TO BURY..."

THE MOURNERS LEAVE. THE GRAVE DIGGERS STEP FORWARD WITH THEIR SHOVELS. I EMBRACE THE COFFIN MORE AND MORE AS THEY RETURN. MY SOIL-INGRESS TO ME. THEY STAND, FINALLY, UPON MY REPAIRED BODY, TAMING DOWN MY OUTER SOUL, STITCHING UP THE SOUND.



"ALL RIGHT, AMBITIOUS. THAT'S ENOUGH. COME ON."

"TAKE IT EASY, WILLY."

THE BODY TELLS ME HER STORY. HER NAME IS CYNTHIA WENDOWS. SHE WAS, LIKE ME, LONELY ALL HER LIFE. SHE'D REMAINED UNMARRIED...BARRER, FRUITLESS... YEARNING FOR THE THINGS HER MARRIED SISTER ENJOYED.



"IT'S A LONELY BABY BOY, MYRA. WHAT IS HIS NAME?"

"I'M GOING TO CALL HIM ROLAND."

THE BODY STIRRING WITHIN ME TELLS ME OF THE LONELY YEARS... THE LONGING SHE'D FELT FOR A CHILD OF HER OWN... AND I UNDERSTAND, HADN'T I FELT THE SAME AS SHE?



MAMA SAYS YOU'RE AN OLD MAID, AUNT CYNTHIA. WHAT'S AN OLD MAID?

IT'S... IT'S A WOMAN WHO NEVER MARRIES, ROLAND. A WOMAN WHO HAS NO CHILDREN OF HER OWN.

AND THE EMPTY YEARS HAD CRAWLED BY... AS THEY CRAWLED FOR ME. SHE MADE WISE INVESTMENTS OF THE INHERITANCE SHE'D SHARED WITH HER SISTER, AND SHE'D GROWN WEALTHY. WHILE HER SISTER...



GEORGE'S BUSINESS FAILED, CYNTHIA. HE'S LOST EVERY CENT WE HAD!

I'M SORRY, MYRA. I'LL TRY TO HELP YOU!

MYRA'S FALLEN ILL SUDDENLY. SHE'S DEAD WITHIN THE WEEK...



WHAT...SOB...WHAT ABOUT ROLAND, CYNTHIA? WHAT WILL I DO WITH HIM?

I'LL...I'LL LOOK AFTER HIM, GEORGE... IF YOU WANT ME TO.

AND SO, THE LONELY YEARS HAD ENDED FOR CYNTHIA AS MY LONELY YEARS HAD ENDED. SHE'D TAKEN ROLAND TO HER ROOM AS IT'D TAKEN HER...



BUT I WANT MY MONEY!

YOU MOTHER HAS NONE ANYMORE, ROLAND. SHE'S GONE AWAY FOR A LONG TIME.

SHE'D FELT THE LAUGHTER...THE SCORN AROUND HER AS IT'D FELT SCORN. SHE'D WATCHED THE OTHER WOMEN SHE'D SEEN MARRY AND HAVE CHILDREN. AND SHE'D GRIED. AS IT'D GRIED...



SOB... SOB...

HURRY, EDITH! DINNER'S READY.

YES, MOMMA!

AND SHE'D WAITED THROUGH THE YEARS... AS IT'D WAITED. FINALLY...



WHAT IS IT, GEORGE?

IT'S MYRA, CYNTHIA. SHE'S DESPERATELY ILL. PLEASE...HURRY, QUICKLY!

ROLAND'S ARRIVAL IN CYNTHIA'S HOUSE HAD MEANT THE END OF THE LAUGHTER AROUND HER...THE END OF SCORN...JUST AS HER ARRIVAL HAD MEANT THE END OF SCORN FOR ME.



ROLAND? DINNER'S READY. HURRY.

YES, AUNT CYNTHIA!

HURRY!

CYNTHIA, TOO, HAD BEEN FULFILLED. SHE'D REWARDED ROLAND...COMFORTED HIM, AND HE'D GROWN INTO MANHOOD... BUT THERE WAS A STINGING WITHIN HIM...JUST AS NOW,CYNTHIA STIRS...

I'M GOING AWAY, AUNT CYNTHIA. I CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER.

ROLAND? DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE.



THE SCORCHING, CLAWING BODY WITHIN ME TELLS HOW ROLAND HAD LEFT HER...DESPITE HER PLEASING... LEFT HER TO THE LAUGHTER AND THE SCORN AMONG HER ORDS MORE...

SOB... SOB...



AND THEN SHE'S DISCOVERED ~~HOW~~ ROLAND HAD LEFT SO SUDDENLY.

POOR CYNTHIA. HOW SORRY I FEEL FOR HER...TO YEARN FOR ~~SURELY HER~~...TO YEARN FOR IT FOR SO LONG...TO FINALLY GET IT, AND THEN TO LOSE IT ONCE MORE. SHE TELLS ME OF HOW BROKEN-HEARTED THE WAR...

SHE TELLS ME HOW SHE'S TRIED TO FORGET HIM... SHE TELLS ME HOW ~~HOW SHE'S TRIED TO FORGET HIM~~... TO MAKE HER WEALTHIER AND WEALTHIER. AND THEN...SIX YEARS LATER...

THE MONEY? I HAD THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THIS DRAWER. IT'S GONE!



ROLAND. SOB... ROLAND.



YES, WHO IS IT? WHO...~~ROLAND~~? YOU'VE COME BACK!

YES, AUNT CYNTHIA, AND I'VE BROUGHT SOMEONE...



CYNTHIA'D BEEN SO GLAD TO SEE ROLAND SHE'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE CRIME HE'D COMMITTED WHEN HE'D LEFT...

THEY'D COME TO LIVE WITH HER. ROLAND'D BEGGED CYNTHIA'S FORGIVENESS...

THIS IS MY WIFE ENID, AUNT CYNTHIA. ENID, THIS IS MY AUNT CYNTHIA.

ROLAND'S TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, AUNT CYNTHIA!



I WAS FOUL AND FOOLISH, AUNT CYNTHIA. IT WAS WRONG OF ME TO TAKE THE MONEY! I'M SORRY!

THERE, THERE, ROLAND. IT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO!



SO ONCE MORE THE LAUGHTER AND SCORN AROUND CYNTHIA'S DEAD AUNT. ROLAND HAD COME BACK. AND HE'D BROUGHT HIS WIFE. CYNTHIA HAD TWO CHILDREN NOW...



YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU'VE MADE AN OLD LONELY WOMAN, ENDS... ROLAND?

WE BOTH LOVE YOU, AUNT CYNTHIA!

YES, AUNT CYNTHIA...

BUT THEN CYNTHIA TELLS ME WHAT ROLAND AND ERIC HAD PLANNED...



ONCE WE GET HER TO MAKE OUT A WILL LEAVING ALL OF HER DOUGH TO US...

...WE KICK HER OFF!

AND NOW I KNOW WHY THE BODY I EMBRACE WITHIN MY EARTH-WORM IS NOT AT PEACE. NOW I KNOW WHY IT SCRATCHES AND STINGS ME. CYNTHIA MURDERED HAD BEEN MURDERED...



THE BODY WITHIN ME TURNS AND PUSHES AND SCRATCHES. I TRY TO STOP IT... TRY TO MAKE MY INSIDES HARD... BUT IT IS DETERMINED. THEN, ONE NIGHT... MONTHS AFTER I HAD FIRST EMBRACED IT... THE BODY PUSHES UPWARD INTO THE COOL AIR... PUSHING OUTWARD PAST MY BRISTLY SKIN...



HER MERE AND NEPHEW HAD PUSHED HER DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF CELLAR STAIRS. THEY'D TOLD THE DOCTOR...



WE HEARD HER SCREAM AND FALL! WE CAME AS FAST AS WE COULD! WHEN WE GOT HERE... SHE...

WHAT A HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE ACCIDENT! FOR...

SHE'S... SHE'S DEAD!

DESPITE MY PLEASING, IT TOTTERS OFF... ACROSS THE OTHER SIDING... INTO THE COLD WIND... THE WIND THAT CARRIES BACK TO ME ONCE AGAIN THE LAUGHTER AND SCORN OF THE OTHERS...



AND WITHIN ME THERE IS AN EMPYNESS AND A TEAR-ING ONCE MORE. I AM LONELY ONCE MORE.

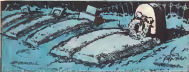
WE WERE THE SAME, CYNTHIA AND I. **HAPPEN AND PROFFLESS AND WAITING**, AND THEN THE WAITING ENDED FOR BOTH OF US. **ROLAND WAS GIVEN TO HER, AND SHE TO ME.** BUT LIKE ROLAND LEFT CYNTHIA TO THE LAUGHTER AND THE SCORN, SHE TOO HAS LEFT ME. NOW, I CAN ONLY DO AS SHE DID, TRY TO FORGET.



IT IS CYNTHIA. SHE HOLDS THEM IN HER VIC-LIKE GRIP AND STAMERS ACROSS THE OTHER GRAVES... THE OTHER GRAVES THAT HAVE SUDDENLY STOPPED LAUGHING. SHE HOLDS THEM...**ROLAND AND ERIC... HOLDS THEM OUT TO ME...**



CYNTHIA IS GONE AWAY NOW. THE SCREAMING HAS STOPPED. YES, WE **WENT** ALINE, SHE AND I. EACH WAITED...EACH GOT WHAT SHE WAITED FOR... ONLY TO LOSE IT AGAIN. BUT WHAT WE LOST WAS EVENTUALLY RETURNED TO US. **ROLAND'S AND ERIC'S TWISTED SUPPUCATED BODIES LIE DEEP WITHIN ME, PRESSED AGAINST MY EARTH-SCORN.** AND NOW IT IS **I** WHO CAN LAUGH...**LAUGH AT THE OTHERS.**



...FOR NOW I KNOW MY **REAL FULFILLMENT**. I **WASN'T LIKE** THE OTHERS **AFTER ALL** THEY'RE ALL **SINGLE GRAVES**. I AM A **DOUBLE ONE!**

THE WIND BLOWS SILENTLY ACROSS THE CHARLED AND BENT TREES AROUND ME. IT WHISPERS PAST THE COLD STONES I LIE SILENT WITH THE EMBODIES WITHIN ME. AND I WAIT. AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, FAR AWAY... I HEAR IT. THE SCREAMING...



SOMETHING IS COMING TOWARD ME, DRAGGING THE SCREAMING BEHIND IT...

...AND I REACH FOR THEM. CYNTHIA HELPS ME REACH. SHE SHOVED ASIDE MY SEEN-CRUST, SCOOPS OUT MY INSIDES, PUSHES THEM, SMIRKING, INTO MY EMBRACE.



HEH, HEH. AND SO, KIDDER... OUR LITTLE **FEEL-FASH** ENDS ON THE GRAVE NOTE. **ROLAND AND ERIC WERE PUNISHED FOR THEIR CRIME. BURIED ALIVE...BY CYNTHIA'S SCORPEE**, AND OUR LITTLE GRAVE NOTTED THEM **HAPPILY EVER AFTER**. SO NOW...**WHAT?** WHERE'S CYNTHIA THERE SAYS, YOU ARE? WHY SHE JUST WANDERED AROUND TILL SHE FOUND SOME **OTHER**



# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

BEHIND, I HAVE RECEIVED SUCH A FLOOD OF REQUESTS LATE... THE EDITOR'S MOTHER-IN-LAW... I HAVE DECIDED TO TELL YOU *ANOTHER* INFANTILE INSANITY. AFTER CAREFUL AND INTENSE RESEARCH, I HAVE DISCOVERED THE TRUE FACTS BEHIND THE GRIM FAIRY TALE ABOUT THE PRINCESS WHO SLEPT ALL THOSE YEARS. YOU KNOW... THE ONE CALLED...

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY!



ONCE UPON A TIME, LONG, LONG AGO, IN A KINGDOM FAR AWAY... EVEN FURTHER THAN BROOKLYN, MAYBE... THERE STOOD A CASTLE, COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY A HIGH IMPENET... IMPENETRA... IMPENETRA... IT WAS A THICK GROWTH OF BRAMBLES, ALL THORNY AND WHAT-HOT... AND TO THIS CASTLE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY THE IMPENET... IMPENET... THE STUFF, CAME A PRINCE...

PARSON ME, MY GOOD MAN.  
WHAT PLACE IS THIS?

HUNT!

I SAID, WHAT PLACE IS THIS? WHO  
RESIDES IN YON PALACE COMPLETELY  
SURROUNDED BY THAT IMPENET...  
IMPENET... THAT BRAMBLE  
FOREST?

SO WHO  
WANTS  
TO KNOW?







SO, IT IS I... THE  
HERO OF THIS  
WUNDERABLE FICTION...  
CHARMING PRINCE  
CHARMING?

PLEASED  
FAMEET  
YUH!  
I'M  
MELVIN?



MELVIN??



LIKE I SAID, MELVIN...  
MELVIN?... AND  
RESIDES IN YOUR  
CASTLE COMPLETELY  
SURROUNDED BY  
THAT THORNY  
OVERGROWTH?

BEYOND THAT  
IMPERIAL...  
THAT IMPERIAL...  
THAT... BRAMBLE  
ARMS... SLEEP  
THE SLEEPING  
BEAUTY...  
SLEEPING!



AM? THE SLEEPING  
BEAUTY... FEAR DANGER  
IN DISTRESS... AWAITING  
HER RESCUE... WHEN I  
WILL FOREVER  
CARRY OUT!

DAN IT,  
BUTTER!  
THAT  
BRAMBLE  
BUSH IS  
IMPERIAL...  
IMPERIAL...  
IT'S THICK!



FEAR NOT, MY GOOD MAN...  
I, CHARMING PRINCE  
CHARMING, WILL RESCUE  
MY VERY THORNY  
THAT GROWTH WITH  
THIS...

BOARDS!  
BALDWIN!  
BRIAN  
AND  
CRICKETS...  
A SOLID GOLD  
PLAYED BOY  
ABOUT KNIFE!



WHEN I OBTAINED  
BY TEARING OFF THE  
TOP FROM A LARGE  
BUSH BRANT AND  
BRINGING IT ALONG  
WITH MY BARE  
AND ADDRESS...

THE DIRTY  
BROODS...  
THEY NEVER  
BENT WE  
BURN!



TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN...  
WHAT IS THE LEGEND  
OF THE SLEEPING  
BEAUTY?

DID THE  
SQUARE? HE WON'T  
KNOW THE  
LEGEND!



WHY DOES THE  
SLEEPING  
BEAUTY SLEEP?

WHAT A DREAM!  
EVERYBODY  
KNOWS THE STORY  
OF THE SLEEPING  
BEAUTY!



NO?

NO HOW SHOULD  
I KNOW?

ISN'T IT TRUE, MY GOOD MAN, THAT MANY YEARS AGO, A KING AND QUEEN LIVED IN THAT CASTLE?



IT FIGURED!

AND THE KING AND QUEEN WANTED A CHILD... VERY BADLY...



IT FIGURED!

AND FINALLY, THE SUDDEN PRESENTED THE KING WITH A SOUNDING BABY GIRL...



CATCH, KING!

HA HA HA!

NOT SO HARD JOSEPHINE!

THE KING WAS SO OVERJOYED WITH HIS NEW PRINCESS, THAT HE ISSUED AN INVITATION...



HERE IS A LIST OF EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY WANTS THEM TO A FEAST... IN HONOR OF MY NEW DAUGHTER...

YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

THE NERDS OF THE KINGDOM FLOCKED TO THE FEAST...ER...PEASED TO THE FEAST...ER...THEY CAME TO EAT...



SOME SPREAD!

IT MUST BE JELLY, 'CAUSE JAR DON'T SHARE LIFE THAT...

BUT THE KING, WHO WAS A FURNISHED KING, HAD FORGOTTEN TO INVITE ONE BIG WHEEL...



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... YOU WILL ALL MAKE A PREDICTION CONCERNING THE HAPPY FUTURE OF MY NEW DAUGHTER!

G'MON, ETHEL! THE PARTY'S GETTIN' HOTTIN' BULL!

THIS BIG WHEEL WAS FIT TO BE TIED, HEH, HEH... BUT WHY THEY TIED? WHEE! TIE ON THE WHEELS ON, NEVER MIND! ANYWAY, THIS BIG WHEEL ROLLED IN AT THE HEART OF THE FEAST...



YOU WANT A PREDICTION, KING IRVING? ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE... THE PRINCESS WILL DIE ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY...

EVERYONE AT THE FEAST WAS SHOCKED AT THE PREDICTION OF THE BIG-SHOT WHO HADN'T INVITED...



OH THE GREASY!

ALWAYS CLOWN-ING!

G'MON, SCRAM!

GATE-CRASH!

BUT A THOUGHTFUL NERD CALMED THE HORRIFIED GATHERING BY PUTTING IN ACH TWO CENTS...



ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, THE PRINCESS WILL NOT DIE, BUT WILL GO TO SLEEP.

WELL, G'MON ETHEL, THE PARTY IS GETTIN' HEAT BULL!



UNTIL A CHARMING PRINCE WILL AFFECTION HER WITH HIS KISS OF LOVE? WE'LL HUG ME? AND KISS HER... AND KISS HER... AND...

ALL RIGHT, ALREADY.



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE BABY PRINCESS GREW UP TO BECOME A LUSCIOUS CHICK THAT ANYBODY WOULD WANT TO HUG AND KISS...

TOMORROW IS YOUR EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, CHILD. I'M A GROWN WOMAN. LOOK AT ME! LOOK!

LISTEN, DAD! I'M NO CHILD! I'M A GROWN WOMAN. LOOK AT ME! LOOK!



LISTEN, WOMAN! TOMORROW IS YOUR EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY. NOW I WANT YOU TO STAY IN YOUR ROOM! NOBODY SLEEPING AROUND HERE!

LOOK AT ME! LOOK!



BUT THE NEXT DAY, THE KING AND QUEEN DISCOVERED THEIR DAUGHTER. OHHH, YOU LADY... IRVING! GET UP!

IRVING? SHE'S DEAD!

NO! WAIT! SHE IS ALIVE! THE PREDICTION HAS COME TRUE!



LOOK, WHIM! OUTSIDE THE CASTLE!

BRAMBLES HAVE GROWN UP OVER-NIGHT, BEATING AN IMPDET. IMPDET... A FROG WALL OF THORNS...



HOW WILL WE GET OUT? HOW WILL THE DELIVERY MAN GET IN? WE'LL STARVE!

WHAT ABOUT MY BUSINESS?



THE PRINCE STOOD BEFORE HERSELF, CLASPING AND UNCLASPING HIS SOLID GOLD-PLATED BOY BOO UT KIST...

ISN'T THAT THE STORY, MY GOOD MAN?

CORRECT! YOU HAVE NOW THIRTY-TWO DUCATS! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY FOR SIXTY-FOUR?



AND ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THE PRINCE CHARMING AFTER ANOTHER HAS TRIED TO NEW HIS WAY THROUGH THE BRAMBLE BURN?

YES, AND THEY ALL WERE CAUGHT AND WERE HORRIBLE BEATING... IMPALED UPON THE SHARP THORNS!

THE PRINCE STOOD UP, BOGGERE AND STORNS.

THAT'S BECAUSE NONE OF THEM HAD A SOLID GOLD-PLATED BOY SMOOT KNIFE!



THE PRINCE TURNED TO THE BRAMBLES...

IT IS LATE! SOON IT WILL BE DARK! I MUST HURRY! 'BYE!'



THE BRAVE PRINCE STRUCK OFF INTO THE THICK GROWTH OF THORNY BRAMBLES...

SEE HOW THE LETHALLY ARMED BRANCHES FALL BEFORE THE KEEN BLADE OF MY TRUSTY SOLID GOLD-PLATED BOY SMOOT KNIFE...



... HOUR AFTER HOUR, HE HACKED...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? IT'S A **HACK** STORY!



... TIME AND TIME AGAIN, HE PASED DIED-UP, MARYHELES, MUMIFIED BONES OF PRINCE CHARMINGS WHO HAD VAINLY ATTEMPTED TO REACH THE SLEEPING BEAUTY...



... THE SUN WAS JUST BEGINNING TO SET WHEN CHARMING PRINCE CHARMING REACHED THE CASTLE DOOR...

ONE MORE **HACK** AND I'LL BE THROUGH...



EDITOR'S NOTE: ONE MORE **HACK** FARM LIKE THIS AND WE'LL ALL BE THROUGH.

FINALLY, THE PRINCE SWUNG OPEN THE CASTLE DOOR...

SLEEPING BEAUTY? I AM HERE!



BREATHLESSLY, HE RUSHED FROM ROOM TO ROOM...

SLEEPING BEAUTY? WHERE ARE YOU?



AND THEN...

HEY! THE SLEEPING BEAUTY... SLEEPING?



CHARMING PRINCE CHARMING  
STOOD BEFORE THE SLEEPING  
SLEEPING BEAUTY...



MAN! WHAT A BEAUTY!

SLOWLY HE BENT AND KISSED HER...



OUTSIDE, THE SUN HAD SET. THE  
SLEEPING BEAUTY FLUTTERED HER  
EYELIDS... OPENED HER EYES...



IT IS I, SLEEPING BEAUTY!  
I HAVE REMOVED YOU!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY SAT UP...

ALL THESE YEARS, YOU **SUCKER!**  
HAVE SLEPT, UNTIL  
I...



WROOT!



ONLY IN THE DAY-  
TIME DO I SLEEP,  
CHUM!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY LEAPED  
FROM HER BED...

AT NIGHT, I'M **WIDE AWAKE!**  
I GO OUT INTO THE WOODS...  
IMPERETRA... THE **BEES** OUT  
THERE AND **FIND** THE **SUCKERS**  
WHO ARE **TRAPPED** IN IT...



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY'S FANGS  
BLISTERED...

...AND I **DRINK** THEIR BLOOD!  
FOR YOU SEE...



... AS SHE BUNG THEM INTO  
CHARMING PRINCE CHARMING'S  
THROAT...



I'M A **VAMPIRE**..  
**SUCKER**...

**GOOD LORD!**

HER, HUH? WELL, THAT'S MY **OLD**  
GRILLER FOR THE **WIFE**, CHUM.  
HOPE YOU **LIVED** MY **HAIR-RAISING**  
**MURDER** **WICKET**? AND NOW,  
I'LL **TELL** THE **OLD** **WIFE**'S **POT**



**BREATHING**. THE **OLD**  
**SAL** IS **WANTING**  
TO **FEED** YOU  
**FOUL** **FANG**  
AND **WIND** UP  
MY **FEEL-  
FAR**. SO I'LL  
BE **SHOVELING**  
**ALONG**! **HEART**  
**HOLD** **HOLD**!  
**EYES**..  
**RIGHT**..

**THE END**

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEY! AND NOW IT'S WIND-UP TIME IN C.K.'S MAD-MAG, AND YOUR HOSTESS IN THE HAUNT OF FEAR, YOUR STEWER OF SCARY STORIES, YOUR DISH-WAIF OF DELICIOUS DESSERTS, THE OLD WITCH, IS READY WITH HER RECKING CAULDRON! SO TUCK YOUR DRINK CUPS UNDER YOUR GUMMERING CHINS AND I'LL BEGIN THE FOOL FARE & CALL...

## SHADOW OF DEATH

COME WITH ME TO A LONELY CORNER IN THE DOWNTOWN BUSINESS SECTION OF A LARGE CITY. OVERHEAD, THE LAST FADING STAR IS FINALLY RETREATING BEFORE THE ADVANCING LIGHT OF DAWN, AND THE SLEEPING CITY IS AWAKENING TO THE BOUNDS OF JINGLING ALARM CLOCKS. BUT LONG BEFORE THE CITY'S OFFICE WORKERS AND BURY NEWSWYRES HAVE RISEN FROM THEIR WARM BEDS, EZRA MORTON HAS BEEN ON THE JOB. THERE HE IS NOW, UNLOCKING HIS LITTLE NEWSSTAND AND BRINGING WIDE ITS DOORS. NOTICE HOW EZRA LABORS, WINCING IN PAIN. YET, DEAR READER, EZRA IS AN INVALID... A CRIPPLED NEWSDEALER. EZRA MORTON IS PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN...



NOTICE THE BUNDLE OF MORNING NEWSPAPERS STACKED ON THE GUNGE BESIDE EZRA'S NEWSSTAND, READY TO BE UNLOADED AND LAID OUT NEATLY ON DISPLAY. SEE HOW EZRA STRUGGLES, BENDING IN HIS WHEELCHAIR AND LIFTING THE HEAVY PACKAGES...



NOW SEE THE DARK AND DESERTED SUBWAY KIOSK NEARBY, INTO WHICH, IN A FEW MINUTES, THE OFFICE-BOUNDED SECRETARIES AND THE FACTORY-BOUNDED LABORERS WILL BEGIN TO POUR, ARMED WITH THE NEWSPAPERS THEY HAVE PURCHASED FROM EZRA'S STAND...



YES, DEAR READER, EZRA SMILES. HE SMILES BECAUSE HE IS CONTENT. FOR THIS IS HIS **LIFE**... ALL THAT MATTERS TO HIM, THIS LITTLE NEWSSTAND, WITH ITS FIVE HUNDRED DAILY PAPER SALES, IS EZRA'S CASTLE. ITS MEAGER PROFIT IS THE LINE DRAWN BETWEEN INDEPENDENCE AND STARVATION FOR HIM. SO EZRA SMILES. BUT EZRA DOES NOT SMILE FOR LONG. SUDDENLY EZRA CATCHES SIGHT OF A FIGURE STANDING NEAR THE SUBWAY KIOSK...



AND NOW THE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO GURRY FROM ALL DIRECTIONS TOWARD THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE. BUT THE TWO THOUSAND FOLKS WHOSE FEET HAVE STOPPED TO MEET THEM ON STORMY LOTS THAT ARE NOT WITHERED AND PARALYZED AS EZRA'S ARE...



NOW, EZRA IS READY FOR THEM! FOR THE PARADE OF HUMANITY TO RUSH BY HIS STAND AND TOSSE ITS COPPER PENNIES UPON HIS PAPERWEIGHTS AND GET AWAY AT THE STACKS UNTIL ONLY A FEW LAST BATTERED COMES HOME. SEE NOW HE SMILES.



...A MAN CLUTCHING A STACK OF NEWSPAPERS UNDER HIS RUDE ARM...



YES, EZRA DOES NOT SMILE. FEAR GRIPS EZRA'S HELPLESS BODY. THAT MAN...THAT MAN WITH THE PAPERS AND THE VIOLENT CRIES OF STRONGER PAPER-SELLERS THAN ORDINARILY WOULD BE EZRA'S...



EDNA BEGINS TO DO WHAT HE HAS NEVER DONE BEFORE. HE DALLS OUT, TRYING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION, CALLING FOR SALES, IMPLORING, REMINDING THE MASS OF HUMANITY WITH HEALTHY LENS THAT IT HAS ALREADY BOUGHT ITS PAPERS FROM HIM...



PAPER? MORNING PAPER? GET THEM HERE...

MORNING PAPER, NA'AM? THANK YOU, NA'AM?

AND NOW, THE MORNING RUSH HOUR IS ALMOST OVER. EDNA'S PAPER STANDS STRONG AND UNBOLETERED. THE MAN WITH THE HEALTHY LENS WIVES TO EDNA...



ALL SOLD OUT, SIMPLY? I'LL BE SEE YOU TOMORROW!

THE MAN MOVED OFF. EDNA STARED AT THE UNSOLD PAPERS PILED UP IN HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD QUARTER...



OH... I'LL... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SELL THESE NOW...

BUT THE SLEEPY-EYED PEOPLE ARE BLIND. IN THEIR RUSH TO CATCH THEIR TRAINS, THEY DO NOT NOTICE THAT THEY ARE BUYING THEIR MORNING PAPERS FROM SOMEONE NEW...



PLEASE? I'VE HAD THE CORNER FOR EIGHT YEARS! THERE ARE MY CUSTOMERS! YOU'RE STEALING! PLEASE! FINE YOUR OWN CORNER!

DO WE SOMETHING, SIMPLY? I'LL BE SEE YOU TOMORROW!

ALL DAY LONG, EDNA SITS IN HIS WHEELCHAIR TRYING TO SELL HIS PAPERS TO THE FLOWING CROWD OF HIS STAND...



PAPER? GET YOUR PAPER...

FINALLY, DARKNESS BEGINS TO FALL. EARLY, EDNA TIES HIS UNSOLD PAPERS INTO BUNDLES AND DEPOSITS THEM ON THE CURB FOR THE TRUCKS TO PICK UP WHEN THEY DELIVER THE NEXT DAY'S EDITIONS...



NO... NO...

THE NEXT MORNING THE MAN IS THERE AGAIN, SHOUTING ABOUT ON HIS STRONG LEGS SELLING HIS PAPERS TO THE UNWARY PARADE, WHILE EDNA SITS IN VAIN...



GET YOUR PAPERS HERE!

MORNING PAPER, LADY? THANK YOU...



THE DAYS PASS. EVERY MORNING THE MAN IS THERE, STEALING SALES FROM EZRA. AND EVERY NIGHT, EZRA COUNTS HIS UNSOLD PAPERS AND TIES THEM INTO BUNDLES...



I'LL...I'LL NEVER HAVE ENOUGH TO LIVE ON THIS WAY!

BUT WHAT CAN EZRA DO? WHAT CAN A CRIPPLE DO TO A MAN WITH A HEALTHY STRONG BODY? THE TRUCKMAN LEAVES... EZRA SITS WITH HIS IDEAL, UNREAL DREAM...



IF...IF I WEREN'T PARALYZED... IF I WEREN'T CRIPPLED AND HELPLESS... IF I WERE STRONG, I'D SHOW HIM! I'D...SOMETHING!

ABOVE, THE SKY IS JUST BEGINNING TO GROW LIGHT. THE GLOW FROM A NEAREST STREETLAMP CASTS EZRA'S SHADOW ON THE WALLS AND FLOOR...



I'D...SOMETHING... I'D...

A WEEK GOES BY. TWO, ONE MORNING, A TRUCKMAN WHO DELIVERS EZRA'S PAPERS WARMS HIM.



IF YOU CAN'T SELL MORE PAPERS THAN THIS, EZRA, WE'LL PUT YOU OUT OF OUR DELIVERY ROUTE.

I'LL...I'LL TRY. I'LL DO SOMETHING!

SUDDENLY, EZRA'S SHADOW LIFTS ITS HEAD FROM ITS HUNGE.



IT RISES FROM ITS WHEEL CHAIR, BARKING...



IT GLIDES OFF, DOWN THE DESERTED STREET, ON UNSTEADY LEGS...



...IT SLIDES ACROSS BRICK WALLS...



...BOARDS FENCE...



...HESITATES BEFORE A HANGING SPOON...



IT REACHES IN, FLICKING THE SHADOW OF THE AXE HANGING IN THE WINDOW...



...LIFTING AWAY THE SHADOW OF THE SHOVEL, STANDING AMONG THE GARDEN TOOLS...



...BACK ACROSS BOARD FENCES...



...BACK ACROSS BRICK WALLS...



...TO A FAMILIAR CORNER WHERE A FAMILIAR SHADOW STANDS WITH THE SHADOW OF A HUGE BUNDLE OF PAPERS UNDER ITS ARM...



EDRA'S SHADOW LIFTS THE SHADOW OF THE AXE IT  
HAD STOLEN...



THE SHADOWS OF THE PAPER! SCATTER ACROSS THE  
BUILDING WALL AS THE FIGURE CRUMPLES, SPURTING  
A THROB-FOUNTAIN FROM ITS WOUND...



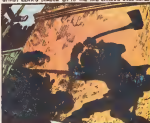
NOW EDRA'S SHADOW DRAGS THE LIFELESS SHADOW  
DOWN THE ALLEY BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS...



... AND BRINGS IT DOWN UPON THE FAMILIAR SHADOW  
WITH THE PAPER UNDER ITS ARMS...



EDRA'S SHADOW PEEKS AT IT, THE CRUMPLED SHADOW  
STIRS. EDRA'S SHADOW LIFTS THE AXE SHADOW ONCE MORE.



...DEPOSITING IT IN AN EMPTY LOT BESIDE A FADED BILL-  
BOARD...



WITH THE SHADOW-SHOVEL, EDRA'S SHADOW DOES A  
SHALLOW SHADOW-BRIBE BESIDE THE BILLBOARD...



...AND PUSHES THE LIFELESS SHADOW IN...



...AND SHOVELS THE SHADOW-SOIL IN UPON IT...

THEN, EDRA'S SHADOW RETURNS TO  
THE NEWSSTAND WHERE EDRA STILL  
SITS WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS...



SOB... SOB... THAT'S...  
SOB... THAT'S WHAT  
I'D DO!

...AND EDRA'S SHADOW ASSUMES  
EDRA'S POSITION AS EDRA HEARS...



HEY! THIS  
GUY'S DEAD!

WOOF!

EDRA ROLLS HIS WHEELCHAIR TO THE  
CRUMPLED FORM OF THE BIG MAN WITH  
THE HEALTHY LEGS LYING AMONG HIS  
SCATTERED PAPERS...



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

HEART ATTACK...  
LOOKS LIKE!

LATER, THE MORRIS-MARSH ATTENDANTS LIFT THE BODY OF THE MAN WHO  
ALMOST STOLE EDRA'S BUSINESS FROM HIM. AS THEY CARRY IT TO THE WAIT-  
ING TRUCK, EDRA GEEPS...



GOOD LORD!

WHICH IS THE *HEAVIEST* THING OF  
THE WEEK, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? WELL,  
THAT'S MY REVOLTING REGIME  
FOR THIS ISSUE, CREEPS. NOW IT'S  
TIME TO PUT OUT THE FIRE UNDER MY  
HOT AND CLOSE THE DOORS TO THE  
MOUNT OF FEAR, SO  
TODDLE ALONG. WE  
GADGET-MASTERS WILL  
ALL BE BACK NEXT  
IN 'K.K.'S MAG, THE  
VAULT OF HORROR.  
'BYE, NOW. ER...  
I SAID 'BYE'!  
GO ON 'N  
SCRAM,  
ALREADY!



[FOR, ALTHOUGH THE MORNING SUN IS SHINING BRIGHTLY, THE DEAD MAN'S  
BODY CASTS NO SHADOW...]